



The Abbot Courant

January, 1923

ANDOVER, MASS.
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY
1923

JANUARY, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-THREE

THE
ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME XLXIX, No. 1

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Contents

	Page
Chung Hsin	4
<i>Rose Lobenstine, 1923</i>	
The Talking Chair	6
<i>Elizabeth Maxwell, 1923</i>	
Wind	7
<i>Carolyn Lakin, 1923</i>	
Robert W. Service, A New Poet	8
<i>Genevra Rumford, 1924</i>	
Christmas Eve	9
<i>Laura Bliss, 1924</i>	
An Incident	10
<i>Adelaide Hammond, 1924</i>	
Patterns	10
<i>Emily Van Patten, 1923</i>	
The Law of the Outlaw	11
<i>Anne Darling, 1923</i>	
A Parable	14
<i>Adelaide Hammond, 1924</i>	
Snowflakes	15
<i>Rosamond Martin, 1923</i>	
Fireplaces	16
<i>Mary Newton, 1923</i>	
The Ebbing Tide	17
<i>Miriam Sweeney, 1923</i>	
Gratitude	18
<i>Charlotte Kitchin, 1925</i>	
A Mood: Trying to Realize the Loss of a Friend	19
<i>Edith Damon, 1923</i>	
The Klan Acts	20
<i>Elizabeth Maxwell, 1923</i>	
Money	22
<i>Doris Holt 1923</i>	
Fords and Their Drivers	23
<i>Elizabeth Peck, 1923</i>	
A Mince Pie Tale	24
<i>Elizabeth Willson, 1925</i>	
Wednesday	25
<i>Elizabeth Flagg, 1923</i>	
Sleep	26
<i>Mary Catherine Swartwood, 1923</i>	
Editorials	32
School Journal	38
Alumnae Notes	46

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BRADFORD-ABBOT DAY ON DAVIS GREEN

THE ABBOT COURANT

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JANUARY, 1923

No. 1

Chung Hsin

The setting sun shed a few lingering rays on the bent form of an old man who was trudging wearily along a dusty footpath. He was a very old man, nearly doubled over with age; his long hair and his flowing beard were white, his tired face, deeply lined and wrinkled. One gnarled old hand grasped a stout stick on which he leant heavily; the other held the familiar basket that classed him as a beggar. His clothes were patched, faded and threadbare. His straw sandals were no protection to his cut, bare feet. Yet despite all, he wore a cheerful smile on his face and his old dim eyes brightened as he raised his head and looked at the little village in the distance. For Chung Hsin was coming home, coming home to see his first grandson — the grandson for whom he had longed and prayed, who would carry on the family name. The gods at last had answered his prayer. His name would live after him. He had not much longer now to live; he was an old man. Chung Hsin was coming home to die. He heaved a sigh and stood still a moment looking over the fields; he was happy. For would he not be at home when he died? Would not his son give him a suitable burial? Ah! how he had worried for fear he would die in the city, alone, friendless, to be

buried in a public field, unprayed for! Now he knew his soul could rest in peace.

The darkness began to fall about him, and he quickened his pace along the narrow path. On either side the wheatfields stretched fresh and green. They swayed softly and bent over, only to rise again as the gentle breezes swept over them. They made him think of the spring years ago when he, Chung Hsin, as young and graceful as they, had left his home hopefully and set out for the big city to find adventure and a fortune. He thought of the long years of toil, first in the factory, terrifying with its noise and din, then as a shopkeeper in a tiny shoe store. Those had been happy days. He had married; he had had a son who in his turn had grown up, married and then gone back to the old country village to live, to work the small farm and to be with his very aged grandparents. And he, Chung Hsin, had stayed behind with his wife. Then they were prosperous. But trouble soon came. People no longer bought at his store; there were better ones. He grew poorer, his wife died, and later he had been turned out into the streets. Then it was that he had become a beggar. Now for two months he had been diligently saving his pennies to take this trip home. Two weeks ago he had heard from his son, telling of the birth of his first grandson. His son had sent some money for the trip—but that was gone now. But still this was a bright day for the old man.

Tap! Tap! His wooden stick struck against the first cobblestone of the narrow, crooked street of the little village. Chung Hsin looked eagerly around him at the once familiar shops. They had not changed very much. The dim oil-lights showed him the food and hot-water shops, no larger than before. Several men were seated at the tables, eating their bowls of rice and vegetables. A child ran across the street, carrying a teapot to be filled with boiling water. The cotton shop next door was closed for the night, but Chung Hsin could hear a steady, twirring sound inside. Work was still going on there. The meat shop across the way was open but no customers were around. Venders were packing their wares in their baskets and carrying them away, for night was coming. Several children were playing in the streets with a few pennies; it was an old gambling game. A pig

was lying in the gutter, her young ones squealing and tumbling about her. A dog barked at him from a dark doorway. In one house the family had gathered at the square table for supper. A red candle was burning in the center and was their only light; their chopsticks made a little clicking noise as they hit the bowls now and then. The mother sat in a corner, crooning her baby to sleep. Suddenly some men called out to all to clear the way. Frightened chickens scurried across the road to the gutter. Chung Hsin stepped into a doorway just as four men came around the corner, carrying on their shoulders a sedan-chair in which sat some official. A crowd of children and several older people thronged after it, talking and chattering to the chair-bearers. Chung Hsin scanned the crowd eagerly for a familiar face, but there was none. He moved from his doorway and the children stopped and jeered at him, for, from his basket and clothes they saw he was a beggar. But he paid no attention to them and trudged wearily on. From above one closed store the sound of a Chinese instrument came floating out onto the air. He passed one or two newer shops, brass shops and silk shops, and there was a hum of business around them. And then he turned off into a still narrower alley that was very dark, for no street lights were here. Now and then a faint light glimmered forth from some house. At the last door he stopped and smiled. He knocked, almost timidly, and laughed at the barking of a dog inside, at the familiar voice of his son who called out, "Who is there?" And then he answered, "It is I, Chung Hsin, thy father. Open the door for me. For because of the great goodness of the gods, I have been allowed to come to see my new grandson: I have been allowed to come home to die!"

Rose Lobenstine, 1923

The Talking Chair

People may say that this is an age of facts, that fancy is out of date and that wonders are no more; but I like to think that it is not a matter of vogue whether we see fairies or not and that we live in a world as full of the marvelous as in the days of Cinderella and Bluebeard.

The Talking Chair was poor and old and decrepit, and she lived in a Rickety House with only one companion, the Creaking Floor. She had seen better days; indeed it had not been many years since she had dwelt in pomp and luxury in the Palace, beloved by the king. All that was changed now. Man's favor is short and a king's whim is fleet. Color and grace, delicacy and beauty were discarded for strength and symmetry, austerity and character. Time and neglect and want had greatly warped and aged her; she was bent and broken and all but lingering traces of her former beauty had fled.

One windy, rainy night the Talking Chair was trying to escape from the terror of the storm by telling stories of the court to the Creaking Floor, her constant companion and sole support.

There was a lull in the tumult outside and the two old tenants heard the silver notes of a herald's bugle.

"Oh, how vividly that brings back the joy and gaiety of the days of my youth!" sighed the Talking Chair. "How sad it is to think that I shall never again be a part of that life!"

The Creaking Floor sighed responsively, but she was born to a life of service and burden and she could not realize how deeply the once proud and haughty chair felt the disgrace of her dismissal from the royal apartments.

Just then a strange thing happened. Through the long-unopened door came a colorful group. First a herald, resplendent in silk and purple, carrying in one hand a silver bugle and in the other a blazing torch. Following him were four footmen, bewigged and powdered, wearing the king's livery and the royal arms. They were mincing along, holding close the satin tails of their long coats so that they would not touch the dust and the

cobwebs, picking their way carefully over the rotten boards of the Creaking Floor.

The Footman with the Big Nose said, with a sniff, to the Footman with the Bushy Eyebrows, "Did you hever see such a terrible 'ole?" And the Footman with the Bushy Eyebrows answered, "Hi should say Hi never did. And the hidea of wanting an hold chair just 'cause hit can talk. The king always was one for wanting things 'cause they're new and queer." A third broke in, the one with His Wig a Size Too Big, "And when 'e 'as so many other nice, new ones too." "Come along, come along; 'ere she is, h'over in this corner. 'E said we'd find 'is h'old favorite 'ere, and we wus to give 'er h'every care and h'attention; take 'er to a shop of fine stuffs and get 'er h'all she needed. We mustn't wonder why 'e wants the old 'un 'cause king's orders is king's orders." Thus spoke the oldest of them all, who had lost his teeth and his waist-line in the service of the king.

They proceeded to the dusky corner where the Talking Chair sat in astonishment and joy, and taking her roughly by the arms, they hurried her away, speechless for the first time in her life.

As the little procession went out, the Creaking Floor said to herself, "It is just as the Talking Chair said, 'The favor of man is short-lived and the whim of a king is fleet'."

Elizabeth Maxwell, 1923

(Written for Odeon)

Wind

I fan the flames of the open fire;
I whisper and sing with the leaves of the tree;
I ripple the streams which seem never to tire;
I frighten the birds if they're mocking at me;
I play with the clothes that are hung out to dry;
I carry the fragrance of each different flower;
And I scatter the smoke that drifts up to the sky —
There are thousands of things that I do in each hour.

Carolyn Lakin, 1923

Robert W. Service, A New Poet

Modern poetry, very different from the old kind, has sprung into being within the last decade or two. The work of the modern poets has rhythm rather than rhyme for its chief characteristic. Rhythm is the all-important factor. The subjects chosen by the new poets are most interesting. They are usually taken from everyday life. They are things which a poet of the nineteenth century would, perhaps, have thought unworthy of a minute's thought. These subjects taken from the things we see around us every day have, however, proved very worth-while. Such subjects as automobiles, trains, cities, and odd characters are commonly used; one man even wrote a very amusing poem about one hundred white linen collars.

Robert Service is one of my favorites among these new poets. I like his works because they can make me see his characters, and I really feel that I know them. He has written several poems about the Yukon territory in Alaska; in these he describes his sensations so well that when I am reading them, I really feel those biting, cutting winds that whistle across the vast ice-fields, shoot up and down my back. In his poem entitled "The Cremation of Sam McGee," I really shudder when I read:

"The flames just soared, and the furnace roared — such a blaze you seldom see;
And I burrowed a hole in the glowing coal, and I stuffed in Sam McGee!"

I think his "Spell of the Yukon" is splendid. In this poem Service uses very suitable words to express his meaning. He takes a great pride in telling what a horrible, loathsome, and unlivable country the Yukon is and yet how he loves it so much that he is unable to stay away from it. "Premonition" is impressive and extremely weird. It begins:

"'Twas a year ago and the moon was bright
(Oh, I remember so well, so well);
I walked with my love in a sea of light,
And the voice of my sweet was a silver bell."

The poet goes on to tell of how suddenly his sweetheart seemed to change and she seemed only a ghost to him. The poem ends with:

"A year has gone and the moon is bright,
A gibbous moon, like a ghost of woe;
I sit by a new-made grave to-night,
And my heart is broken — it's strange, you know."

I think "Comfort" is a very charming poem. In this, Service strikes just the right note in sympathizing with a man whose every reason for living seems to have been taken from him. The man is discouraged and disgusted; Service reminds him that he still has the beautiful out-of-doors and God, and of these no man can rob him.

In all his poems Service talks in a straightforward way. He uses plain words that are easily understood, and through all his works, he seems to be talking simply as one man to another.

Genevra Rumford, 1924

Christmas Eve

The great square houses frosted by the snow,
With rosy chimney-stacks and green-wreathed doors,
Await a guest tonight. The legends say
On Christmas Eve the Christ-Child wanders through
The streets of all the world, seeking for shelter.
Lest He should stumble in the dark and drifts,—
For snow lies deep, the wind is very chill —
To guide the Holy Child and welcome Him
A candle shines from every window-sill.

Laura Bliss, 1924

An Incident

Venice was dark and stifling. Little shrieking steamers floundered up and down the Canal, packed with limp, exhausted human beings, out for a breath of air.

On the terrace near the Rialto, three people were drinking coffee. A thin man was speaking in his nervous, decisive voice.

" It happened in Poland — war-story, you know. Two peasants sent their son off to fight, and waited two years for him to return. He didn't come. Then one day, in the town, they heard that — I've forgotten his name — had returned. They were ignorant, you know, and suspicious — and insane from two years of practical starvation. They had a bag of savings hidden away in their hut, and a mad idea came to them that the soldier was an imposter . . . to steal that bag . . . The woman told her husband he must kill the boy; he was too dangerous. . . . Well, he killed him . . . Got drunk in a café, and shot the boy in the fight. The father went home when his stupor was worn off, and . . . found that the 'imposter' . . . was his son"

"But how did he find out?" questioned Mrs. Painter's irritable voice.

"They didn't tell me that," replied the man.

Just then a gondola passed, in a soft swish of movement.

Adelaide Hammond, 1924

Patterns

Grey laces on a snowy glade,
Long, cool, blue fingers smoothing o'er the sand,
Hot checkerboards of sunlight and of shade,—
Patterns of twisted fancies on the land.

Cloud-kites tossed high by all the winds that blow,
Great cloud-ships on the blue seas drifting high,
Clear, twinkling diamonds from the heavens hung low,—
Patterns of Nature's weaving in the sky.

Emily Van Patten, 1923

The Law of the Outlaw

His skis creaked and squeaked as he slid over the hard-packed snow that was sparkling in the frosty morning air. His spirit soared and he whistled a merry, rollicking tune. What if he *had* robbed the mail and killed a man who, in a fit of drunken anger, had been indiscreet enough to challenge him to a duel? What if the law *was* after him and had set a price upon his head? The price was a large one — he was proud of that. What if he *had* been obliged to hide himself away in a little log cabin on the bank of a frozen creek? It was a cozy little log cabin and he desired no other companion than Barry — a bright, wiry young Airedale pup. He was in the midst of the nature he loved.

The great silent forest that talked only when the wind blew through it was his friend. It could tell many tales of lives like his own, for it had hidden and protected men like himself, as well as bad men, for years and years — ever since the great Northland was opened.

On this morning he was glad — glad that the law was hunting him. It added zest and excitement to life. He knew what the law would do to him when it caught him, as it undoubtedly would some day. But even if he did hang from the highest cross-bar, he would meet death unflinchingly as he had met every severe test in his life. He would never feel that he was a criminal because he had deemed it best to make a law unto himself and take money from the mail in order to save a starving trapper's family whose winter provisions had given out, and because he had fought a duel when his honor was at stake.

He slid on with Barry — a very wrigglesome, happy Barry — rushing around and calling on all his friends, the squirrels, who were not "at home" that morning, nor likely to be for many long months. He sniffed for rabbit tracks which were indiscernible in the hard snow. He felt the glory of the winter morning and he felt that his master was in unusually good spirits.

All at once they came out into a small, open plain, surrounded on three sides by foothills and farther off by mountains that grew

higher and higher in the distance. Everywhere there was silence and greatness and fullness of nature's beauty.

Big Sargent — for thus he was called because of the bigness of his soul as well as of his body — was a little awed, and Barry stopped his caperings and stood still with his master. This was Big Sargent's God — the glorious Nature of the great Northland.

They went out across the plain and into the shade of the thick forest on the south, toward home. A quarter of a mile from the cabin Barry stopped and sniffed — first the air and then the ground. Big Sargent stood still and watched. He had not been whistling the gay tune since he entered the forest; his mood had changed and he was thinking how much he would hate to have the law really get him and take him away from all that he loved.

Barry was a good watch-dog, so Big Sargent leaned on his pole, looking at him, and waited. Finally the dog found the scent and started off warily toward the cabin. There was danger in the air; he could feel it. Big Sargent skirted around so that he could come up unseen to the back of the cabin where there were no windows. He crept silently. The noonday sun had melted the frost from the air as it does the dew, so his skis made no sound. Barry crouched in the snow, obedient to his master, and waited. There was the presence of a stranger in the atmosphere.

Big Sargent crept around to the door with his revolver in his hand. He flung it open and covered a man who wheeled at the sound. He had been kneeling at the window with his eyes just above the sill, watching for Big Sargent.

"You again, Patterson! You should have had me this time — but you can't win out against Fate. Does the law consider my life of such great importance that it is making you waste a perfectly good life searching for me?"

"Did you ever know the law to give up?" grunted Patterson disgustedly. It was maddening to have the prize snatched away again when it was almost within his grasp.

"No," said Big Sargent, still covering him with his revolver. "It has too much perseverance for my comfort. Sit down, Patterson. I'm sorry, but I'm afraid you might consider your

duty to the law to come before everything else, so I must see that you sit down securely."

Then he bound him tightly to the chair. That done, Big Sargent prepared dinner as though nothing were amiss, talking to Patterson all the while. These two men liked and admired each other immensely, and they regretted the die that had cast them such different lots. They would far rather have been brothers-in-arms than strive to outwit each other in such a serious matter as life and death.

Dinner ready, Big Sargent first fed Patterson, as though he were a child, then gave Barry his dinner, and lastly ate his own. He hated to think it was his last meal in the little cabin, but he must go. Carefully he made everything neat, tied up a camp bundle of blankets and food, and turned to Patterson.

"We have always played the game fair, Patterson. If I undo your bonds, will you give me a full hour's start?"

"I will give you an hour and ten minutes' start, Big Sargent."

So Big Sargent cut the cords, shook hands with him and set out on his skis with his snowshoes and pack strapped to his back, and Barry trotting at his heels. The fight was on again and for once it did not appeal to him. It hurt him to have to run away continually from Patterson—he would have made such a delightful companion.

Fate was still on Big Sargent's side, for during the two hours in the cabin, the sky had become cloudy and a light snow was falling. He started out in the tracks he had made that morning—but in what a different frame of mind! He crossed the white plain and wound in and out among the foothills, always climbing higher. Finally from the top of one that overlooked the rest and sloped gently toward the north, he started his long downward slide. Down, down he went, with Barry racing in his tracks, until both were lost in the forest at the base.

Deeper and deeper into the great Northland they went, to find another home far away from man and the law.

Anne Darling, 1923

A Parable

There was once a King who ruled over a fruitful land, blessed in things beautiful. One day a man came to the King, and said:

"O Sire, I am inspired to write a great book, but I cannot compose it in the turmoil of the cities. I am poor, and do not own a plot of land in the country. Help me, O King, to find a quiet spot."

So the King helped him, and the place was chosen on a hillside, where there was great peace, far away from the turmoil of the cities. And the man sat him down there to compose the great book. And as he sat thinking, he became aware of sounds all about him. He listened. The birds sang, the crickets made insistent chirping, and the tall poplars rattled their leaves.

As the man listened, he frowned, and again placed his pen on a fair white sheet to write. But presently he again became aware of sounds about him. He could only lift up his head and listen. So it went on for hours, and the man was in despair. Then came the King, and spoke to him:

"O Sage, hast thou completed the great book?" And the man shook his head.

"I am distracted here," he said. "The sounds of the earth fill my ears and I cannot write. Help me, O King, to find a quiet spot."

Then the King caused the poplar-trees in that land to wither and dry up, the birds to die, and the crickets to cease their chirping. Even the grass lay down and died.

Then the sage again placed his pen on a fair white sheet to write. There was a great silence everywhere. As the man moved his pen slowly over the sheet, it rattled. He started and looked up. All about him was great stillness. He was alone in a silent land. Terrified, he stood up. He longed for the rattle of one poplar-leaf, the chirping of a single cricket. He called aloud in his terror. Then the King came and said:

"O Sage, why didst thou call?"

The Sage answered, "I am terrified, O King. The great stillness oppresses me. Help me to find a place where I may write the book." Then the King smiled and answered:

"Behold, it is Death which terrifies you. It is the silence of Death which oppresses you." And he lifted up his hand.

On the hillside where there was great peace, the birds sang again, the crickets made insistent chirping, and the tall poplars rattled their leaves. Even the grass grew. The King spoke again:

"Behold," he said, "this is Life. It has no silences which will oppress you. Write the book in peace."

And the Sage understood. And he sat him down to write the great book, on the hillside, far away from the turmoil of the cities.

Adelaide Hammond, 1924

Snowflakes

A flake of snow fell down from on high;
It left its home, the cold grey sky,
And ventured lonely through the air,
But not for long — for soon a pair,
And then a host, began to fall;
This was the winter's first bleak call.

A great white mist filled all the space
And tucked the earth in soft white lace;
It never ceased till dawn appeared,
And saw the world in drapery weird;
The snowflakes sparkled all the day,
Till selfish rain washed them all away.

Rosamond Martin, 1923

fireplaces

Fireplaces, how many and how varied they are! Each one seems to have different characteristics; some are cold and haughty in appearance, some friendly and cozy; some are homely, some pretty; each one has an atmosphere all its own.

Take for example a rather small fireplace with a narrow white mantelpiece. It has beside it a brush, firetongs and shovel, to be sure, but they look as though they had never been used. The fireplace itself looks very clean and the white birch logs stand out in relief against the primness of the rather austere andirons. On the mantel are a pair of candlesticks, one at each end, a loud-ticking clock standing straight and dignified in the center, and hanging above it a roughly framed sampler. Can't you see the rather cold, old-fashioned room of which this is a part? The old-fashioned four-poster bed on one side stands so high with its fluffy feather bed and downy comforter that a low stool is placed conveniently near, waiting to offer help to a guest unacquainted with feather beds. A small stand nearby holds a large Bible; a chest of drawers, a few straight-backed chairs, one or two braided rugs complete the picture.

Or take another fireplace. One can easily see that the cheerful fire blazing on this hearth was not laid by a scientific hand, and yet it burns and burns brightly, although the paper *was* put on top and there *were* too many ashes underneath. The woodwork above is dark and on the broad mantel is a cluster of trophies of all sorts,—cups, mugs, pictures, pipes, all in gay disorder. Above hang two or three banners. The character of this room fairly cries out at you. The comfortable Morris chair, worn slippers, floor lamp and reading table, the bookcases, desk and couch are all taken for granted. The fireplace sounds the keynote.

Now we see a fireplace which is very large indeed, for the cordwood which is piled up in it seems lost in the gaping mouth. An iron spit swings at one side, a long-necked crane at the other. Above the crane in the brick is the door of a large brick oven.

On the mantel is an old powder-horn, plates of pewter, and a motto framed in birchbark. The background for this fireplace cannot be mistaken. A bare room with many windows, large oaken beams across the ceiling, wide well-worn boards for the floor, wide panelled doors divided at the center, rough furniture, and at one side a large soapstone tank into which the clear sparkling spring water runs.

And again, we see a little fireplace with a cozy fire burning behind the watchful firedogs; a screen stands guard before it; in the woodwork frisking dogs chase each other about; a cuckoo clock ticks merrily away on a paper covered with "Red Riding Hoods," "Mistress Marys," "Jack and Jills," and all the other quaint folk. Upon the hearth lie a few scattered toys, a ball, a drum, one stray wooden soldier, fallen, weary after his many battles. And we can imagine that not far off another tired little soldier lies in his nurse's arms, lulled to sleep by her crooning lullaby.

Mary Newton, 1923

The Ebbing Tide

When, like a dream, earth's clamor dies,
And restful sleep steals o'er my eyes,
Then through my window, open wide,
The music of the ebbing tide
Creeps over all the quiet night,
And fills me with a weird delight.

Out o'er the broad, unbounded sea
My restless spirit wanders free;
All vain desire, all vain regret
Is left behind, and I forget.

Miriam Sweeney, 1923

Gratitude

A little dirty, huddled heap lay in a gutter — was there any value there?

An elderly gentleman stepped from a limousine over the heap of dirt. Some strong, irresistible power made him turn back and look down at the ragged bit of dogdom, into a pair of clear, wistful brown eyes. A very small bit of pink appeared in the vicinity of the eyes. And the little heap moved, ever so slightly, emitting a faint whine.

The gentleman reached down and picked it up. "By Jove!" he exclaimed under his breath.

* * * * *

A YEAR LATER

"I say, Mary, if Jerry doesn't prove he's worth something pretty soon, I'm going to sell him," declared Mr. Warren vehemently.

The collie on the hearth stirred uneasily, realizing that they spoke of him.

"Well," he thought, "what can a fellow do when he hasn't had the chance?"

"Give him time, Jim, he'll turn out finely soon. You wait and see. I'm sure he will."

ABOUT MIDNIGHT

All was quiet in the big house except now and then a faint scratching on the window as the wind shook the tree outside.

In the corner of the room, Mr. Warren sat with his back to the door, busily writing, unaware of the dog at his feet or of the narrow pair of eyes regarding him from behind the portiere. Jerry stirred a little in his sleep, perhaps because he felt the nearness of danger, perhaps he dreamed.

The portiere parted and a man, slipping a revolver from his pocket as he walked, came quickly and quietly across the room.

Mr. Warren turned just in time to see a hurtling brown form meet the intruder in mid-air. There was a crash as the dog brought the man to the floor by the impetus of his attack. His master started up with a cry that brought servants and his wife.

After the thief had been taken care of and the excitement had died down, Mr. Warren turned to the dog, standing quietly beside him, and laid his hand on his head. Then looking deep into Jerry's eyes he thanked him as only a dog lover knows how, and Jerry turned away, happy in the knowledge that he had proved himself to be of far greater value than his master had believed him.

Charlotte Kitchin, 1925

A Mood: Trying to Realize the Loss of a Friend

I was dazed, dumbfounded, speechless. Could it be true that Tam, my dear dog, my faithful companion and guardian, was dead! It could not be true. But as I sat there on the rocks, gazing way out over the immense, never still, cold ocean, everything around me seemed to tell of it. The moon was so dull that it only made the faintest path on the water. I felt that perhaps she, too, had lost one of her dearest friends and this was the way she was sympathizing with me. It comforted me a little. But, then, there were so many dark, gloomy shadows on the rocks. They made me shudder. Even the waves of the big, pitiless ocean were taking a delight in tormenting me. They would dash high on the rocks, crash and then with a low, sucking sound like the moan of a dying person, recede to help the next wave dash higher. From off in the distance came the sound of jazz music in the dance pavilion. Did no one feel sad? Oh! this heartless, cruel, unsympathizing world was all I could think of. Could the world go on without Tam?

I sat watching the constant flow and ebb of the tide, sometimes hearing the jazz music, sometimes the low sucking tide, slowly realizing that one person's sorrow did not and should not affect the whole world.

Edith Damon, 1923

The Klan Acts

"The Ku Klux was out again last night," Pete Lively announced one morning at breakfast to a tableful of his fellow tool-dressers. "Well, how do you know?" "That's right, you weren't with us when we left the rig last night." "Who did you beat up?" and "What did you get out of last night's work?" were a few of the jocular remarks immediately thrown at him.

The dining room of a boarding-house in the rough, raw oil-fields of the Southwest hears many things. National and local events are topics of general conversation and nothing is too big or too trivial for comment. All the men are interested in the things that are going on around them.

In this particular county even the deputy sheriffs were mere grafters and were in league with the bootleggers and the lowest element of the fields. The Ku Klux Klan was beginning to take affairs into its own hands and to enforce liquor laws when the county officers wouldn't or couldn't. Everyone was anxious to find out the latest moves of the Klan and, since no man knew whether or not his neighbor was a member of the organization, all the men at this particular breakfast table were very curious about the last night's occurrence. They seized upon Pete Lively's apparent first hand knowledge of the affair as a foundation for a great many laughing accusations. Finally Pete was able to make himself heard above the din.

"Last night, as you know, I left the rig late. I thought that I would be able to catch up with the rest of you before you got back here, but I was delayed. It was almost one and the moon had gone down before I left. I walked along the road, whistling to keep from listening to the wind in the weeds by the roadside, but thinking that I'd never seen the derricks so tall and black. The lights on top were just strong enough to make things look like what they weren't, and the way to the boarding-house had never seemed so long and so lonely. I passed John Watkins' store — he calls it a store, but I guess we all know what he sells, from the way all these rich men's sons from town, come there at

all hours of the night. They think they are so smart when they get drunk on 'choc.' I wish that their mothers would make them stay home nights, — the babies! At the time I noticed a light shining from the back window against the fender of a big car that had been backed up into the bushes and I just said to myself, 'There's Judge Townsend's boy again, a-poisoning himself. I hope he sees so many pink snakes and green mountain-boomers that he'll be so scared he won't ever come out here again.' I had gone on about fifty yards when I heard a shot gun go off behind me. I whirled around. I was on that little rise just opposite the Amerada's new well on the Molly Boyd farm and I could look right down into John Watkins' backyard. The light in the window was out but the lights of the car were blazing away, making the things that were going on look like a play. Three Ku Kluxers, all in white with a red cross over their hearts, had Watkins up against the house with a gun leveled at him. Two of them were on each running board of the car, holding the arms of Charles Townsend, the judge's son. It seemed as if dozens more of the white figures were pouring out of the darkness every minute. They were as quiet as a funeral and I guess that young Charlie Townsend thought it *was* going to be his funeral. I was mighty glad I was where I was, instead of in John Watkins' place. I saw them slipping the irons on him and everything was so still that I could hear 'em jingle as they dropped his hands. Then a great strapping fellow stepped out of the confusion and made a sign. All the rest of the White-caps turned and stood watching him. He spoke, lower and slower than I ever again hope to hear a living man speak, and his words carried clear to where I stood.

"'John Watkins, you are done for. We warned you. Now we punish. Charles Townsend, we warn *you*, *now*. Your father is a good man and you are disgracing his name. Remember this night. You may go.'

"The Ku Kluxers disappeared as if by magic, taking Watkins with them; the engine of the big car began to roar, the lights turned and the next minute its red tail-light had gone over the hill and then I came home, quick. I wonder what they did to Watkins?"

Elizabeth Maxwell, 1923

Money

The three functions of money are to serve as a medium of exchange, as a measure of value, and to prove the superiority of its possessors over the rest of us. This last is the most difficult of the three.

There are other things in the world beside money, but they cannot be obtained without it. If we spend our lives acquiring money, we don't want the other things. If we don't spend our lives acquiring money, we can't have the other things anyway. They're too dear. The only really happy man is the one with a sunny disposition and no money. But his disposition won't stay sunny long. Neither will his creditors.

Money is to happiness as technique is to art — a means to an end. A real artist treats his technique as an Arctic explorer treats his dogs — he administers a kick every once in a while just to show who's boss. But the coin-crazy financier lets his technique run away with him — and it isn't always his own technique.

Philosophers have often explained why the poor are happier than the rich, but they have never explained why those who have experienced both conditions always choose the check-book.

The money we have measures our misery and the money we spend measures our happiness. It isn't getting money that brings enjoyment; it's getting rid of it. But if we get rid of it all, we go to the poorhouse. Money is the most elusive and self-contradictory thing in creation. There is no doubt about it — the man who invented money was a woman.

Doris Holt, 1923
(Written for Odeon)

Fords and Their Drivers

In the little village store the grocer's large, fat wife sits all day long and counts change. She stays there and directs the business and tells customers where to find things, but heavens! it's too much trouble to move! You sometimes wonder if she ever does move. But if you should happen to be passing in the evening, after the day's work, you would see her waddle out and with much puffing, clamber into a dilapidated, old Ford sedan. She always drives. There are always three or four children scrambling around in the back seat. As they rattle off down the street, you wonder why the car slants so peculiarly. Oh yes! It slants towards the driver's seat!

Another Ford driver is the little "Math" teacher in the High School. Every morning she starts at seven to drive the ten miles to school. She is small and has red hair streaked with gray. She sits very straight as she drives along. But by her sunny smile with which she greets everyone, we know her heart is true gold.

The local plumber is trying to live up to the reputation of his brotherhood and now sports around in a Ford coupe. But wait! Just look at the bright yellow curtains at the windows! And the whole inside has blossomed out into red roses on blue cretonne! Who can say Lem doesn't belong to the "Idle Rich"? And there never was anything as beautiful as those yellow curtains, as they flop along in the wind!

Elizabeth Peck, 1923

A Mince Pie Tale

I had eaten a huge Thanksgiving dinner which of course had ended with mince pie and you know what always happens to people who eat mince pie. They dream. If this dream were an ordinary one, I should not bother to write it down, but since it is so different I must ask you if you agree with me about the reason for it.

You see, all at once I found myself sitting in a shadowy corner of a great, high cave. There was a real Christmas tree in the center of it, just loaded down with little, white packages and it was all lighted up with little lights that moved around all over the tree. On the opposite side of the cave was a huge fireplace with a roaring red and yellow fire in it. The wood that was burning must have been magic, too, because it made a snappy noise like a million "pop corns," all popping at once. For a few minutes I didn't see anything except the cave and the tree and the fire, but when I grew more used to the darkness I discovered a whole row of little men sitting in front of the fire, silhouetted against its brightness, and while I was watching them, they picked up little violins and horns and began to play on them. It sounded just like a real orchestra far away.

A few minutes later they stood up and came toward me! I didn't think that they knew I was there—but they did! They came and climbed up to my knees and hands and shoulders and talked to me and they invited me to come and sit around the Christmas tree with them. Of course I went but I really didn't expect any presents, but there were three for me and three for each Brownie. One Brownie climbed clear to the top of the tree and threw down packages from there: we each had an aeroplane, and a big cake with ice cream and a whole mince pie! Just about this time I discovered what the lights on the tree were—they were fire-flies!

Pretty soon I began to wonder how I had happened to be invited to this party. Now why do you s'pose it was? Because I had eaten only one piece of pie! If I had eaten two, I should have had a bad dream instead!

Elizabeth Willson, 1925

Wednesday

The very whirr and clang of the bell on Wednesday morning seems to have a different sound from what it does on other mornings, — more rollicking and frolicking, calling to freedom rather than to the monotony of routine. These other mornings the bell rings *so* early! You are quite certain that the night has been only three hours long. At the last possible moment you rise, rush around, doing everything quite wrong and getting very cross at everyone and everything.

Wednesdays are different! The bell rings a half-hour later — “*mirabile dictu!*” How rested you feel, for all the loss of sleep of those other nights has been made up! No lying in bed today! A grand rush for a tub, and you greet your teachers with a smiling and gladsome “Good morning”. Today you are your own mistress; you may do practically as you wish. At breakfast you celebrate by drinking two cups of coffee, and quite forget that today you were going to start dieting. You are very affable and talkative to your neighbor at the table, even though she did get out of the wrong side of the bed. Even an empty mail-rack does not dishearten you. Your mail *always* comes on Thursday mornings, and, what do you care anyway, for there is a half-hour to dance this morning — oh bliss supreme! Then the joy of a long morning with so many pleasant things to do. At lunch you realize that you have only washed and curled your hair, and made out a list of things — the hundred and one things you have planned to do for so long. Where has the time gone? But yet, there is the whole afternoon before you, and the hundred and one things can be done then. Your gay spirit prevails, for isn't it fine — more time to dance! You have decided to curl up on the bed and read and knit, and perhaps make up your studying this afternoon. No, you are positively *not* going out-of-doors! But lo! who mentioned tobogganing? Surely you couldn't miss an afternoon's fun — of course not! Off the crowd goes, returning late, tired but still thrilled. “It was *so* marvelous!” No afternoon study hour. Oh Boy! Another hour is fooled away, and

after dinner you dance some more. Suddenly the Silent Time bell rings. With a thump you come down to earth, and spend your Silent Time wondering *where* the moments have gone. You then realize that your one hundred and one things to be done have dwindled only to ninety-nine, and that you will have to wait until next Wednesday to clean your room thoroughly and darn the holes in your stockings.

Elizabeth Flagg, 1923

Sleep

There's a Sandman that comes when the night shadows fall,
To throw soft, white sleep-sand in the eyes of us all:
He's little and bent, with a hump on his back
That's put there on purpose to carry his sack.

There's a Sleep-nymph that dances all 'round on our pillows,
To float our tired heads on rocking dream-billows:
She's tiny and wispy, with long, flowing curls
Of sweet, resting sleep that around us she furls.

Mary Catherine Swartwood, 1923
(Written for Odeon)

Emily Adams Means

It is not much more than a decade since Miss Means's erect and somewhat severe figure was the dominating one at Abbot; and yet so fast do school-generations pass that not many now remain here to tell what she meant to the school or to them personally.

Her great quality, inspiring to some, to others rather terrifying, was the power to discern the best in people, and to tolerate nothing less. How generous and charitable her judgments were, only her intimates knew. The prig and the sentimentalist found the atmosphere of her presence a rigorous one; but many who felt timid and constrained with her little knew the generous warmth with which she regarded them. She made a study of each girl in the school, and took deeply into consideration the home from which she came, the hopes and fears that actuated her, and the latent qualities which might be nurtured in her. Many a student did not realize this until some large perplexity or shattering sorrow or even some disgrace overtook her; so that it was commonly said that the troublesome girls were always those who best liked Miss Means.

She worked unstintedly for the school, gave literally all her time to the task, so that she did not allow herself even reasonable recreation or exercise. The aesthetic side of her nature, always a little subordinate to the moral side, was nevertheless highly developed, and her sensitiveness to beauty in any form, in art, music, nature, or in life itself, was that of an artist. Mr. Strachey speaks of the aesthetic judgments of Dr. Johnson as having "always some good quality to recommend them — except one: they were never right." The reverse was true of Miss Means's judgments. They often failed to recommend themselves, but they usually had the valuable quality of being right.

With so searching a mind, and so strong a trust in herself, she had also an enormous faith in her friends. More than one can say that when inspired by Miss Means's trust in them they often surprised themselves. Small motives and petty fears perished in

the noble warmth of her faith. And it was by that faith that her power came. Her work for Abbot Academy was carried on in a time of less prosperity than now; but it was of the sort that makes heroic character, and that work abides.

The memorial service held in Miss Means's honor in Davis Hall, November 22, was no perfunctory one. Her dislike of having any picture made of herself has left the school without even a photograph of a long-time and honored principal. But the four addresses made by Mr. Flagg, Miss Kelsey, Mrs. Mercer Mason Kemper (Abbot, 1902), and Mr. Stackpole on that occasion, give as many portraits of her, in words which it might well be a matter of pride to any woman to have said of her. There were many who came to hear the praise of that gallant soul who met the adventure of life and death with equal courage. But some came, too, who had also the strong and abiding affection for such a friend as one can rarely find.

Mabel Bacon Ripley

A Memorial Minute to Emily Adams Means

To be spread upon the Minutes of the Board of Trustees

Prepared by REV. MARKHAM W. STACKPOLE

Emily Adams Means belonged to a family group notable for its clergymen and teachers and closely identified with Andover and its three institutions of higher education. Her father was a minister and educator and her mother had been an instructor in Abbot Academy. Miss Emily Means was a pupil at Abbot during three years and completed her course in 1869, afterward devoting eight years largely to the study of art under eminent masters in this country and in Europe.

Early in 1878 she returned to the school as teacher of drawing and painting and continued in that position until June, 1892, retaining her private studio in connection with the family residence in Andover. Portraits from her hand are now in possession of Abbot and Phillips Academies and of Smith College. In her instruction, with its background of severe training and

wide aesthetic culture, she insisted upon technical thoroughness, while she sought to impart her own spirit of seriousness and sincerity in artistic expression and to cultivate refined taste and the love of beauty. The value of studio work under her direction was greatly enhanced by Miss Means's rare personal influence.

During the closing year of Miss McKen's administration, 1891-92, Miss Means had charge of the course in Christian Evidences and Ethics, making the class-room experience memorable for her pupils by the inspiration of her teaching and her character. In other ways, also, she gave especial assistance to the Principal at that time. Apart from these school duties she rendered to the Academy yet another important service as President of the Alumnae Association from 1890 to 1898.

Her interests in the town included an evening drawing class for working boys and men and the November Club for women, of which she was a charter member and the second President.

After more than fourteen years as a member of the Abbot faculty, Miss Means left Andover in 1892 and became teacher of art at the Kent Place School for Young Women at Summit, New Jersey. She gave some time, also, to lecturing upon literary and artistic subjects and to occasional writing for papers in New York.

After six years she was persuaded to return to Abbot Academy as Principal. To this new responsibility she brought the esteem and confidence of friends and former students of the school, an intimate knowledge of its spirit and history, and deep devotion to its welfare.

In the problems of management she proved her practical capacity. Favoring moderate charges and simplicity of conditions, she maintained a system of careful economy, cheerfully accepting the sacrifices and the drudgery which it demanded. She was not ambitious for expansion, though she welcomed needed improvements and cooperated with intelligent counsel in the steady enlargement of the Academy's facilities. During her administration the McKen building was erected, Abbot Hall was renovated, Draper Hall was improved in its interior arrangements, and the admirable John-Esther Art Gallery was constructed. Her plans and her taste were important factors in these undertakings. Meanwhile the school grounds were greatly beautified.

In her relations with the Trustees Miss Means commanded deep respect and confidence. She was independent in her opinions and she sustained her views with clearness and courtesy. It was not in her nature to complain of personal inconvenience or to shrink from official labor. Always foremost in her thought and desire were the welfare of her students and the prosperity of the school.

Her educational aims were in the direction of intensive development. She was therefore especially concerned to secure teachers of the finest type and she showed, in that important task, unusual foresight as well as discernment. Exacting in her personal standards of industry and fidelity, she expected similar devotion to duty in her associates. In selecting pupils Miss Means was primarily interested in character. She was eager to make the school of utmost service. She received not only young women of manifest quality or promise, but those, also, in whom she felt the challenge of hidden possibilities. If her new students in some measure caught the spirit of the place and developed, even slowly, in outward and inward graces she believed that hope and patience had been justified; but she never relaxed her demand for earnest endeavor and appropriate behavior and she did not shrink from necessary dismissals. In discipline she scorned considerations of policy or popularity. Her methods were those of honor and her guiding principle was justice. Her dealings with teachers and pupils alike revealed keen observation and insight. Severe at times in rebuke, she was capable of deep sympathy, also, and remarkable in self-control.

She encouraged athletic activities, not only because of her vigilant care for the health of the scholars and her desire for their happiness, but also because she saw that outdoor contests stimulated a common enthusiasm for the school. Though herself retiring by nature, she was not neglectful of the social pleasures of the school family.

Her own broad culture and mental vigor gave added force to her insistence upon high requirements in scholarship and she was justly proud of the reputation attained by the Academy among the colleges for women. Nor was she unmindful of the historic place of Abbot among similar institutions for girls and of

her responsibility as its representative in the counsels of educators. Yet she was by nature averse to prominence. Her interest and her devotion centered in the school itself and the purpose that above all dominated her effort was that of maintaining the Christian ideals, the spirit of benevolence, and the devout faith that have been cherished in Abbot Academy from its earliest days. To this end her strong personality expressed itself in her teaching of ethical and religious subjects, in her conducting of chapel services, and in her valued personal intercourse with instructors and girls.

In the varied contacts of official duty her attitude was characterized by firmness of decision, candor of expression, and an unwavering sense of the responsibility and the dignity of her position. Her quiet force was felt in all the many-sided activities of the Academy during an administration of thirteen years.

Miss Means was the more deeply esteemed by those who knew her best. Her honesty of heart, calm strength of will and courage, and her austere refinement were manifest. Inheritance and training had given her many of the qualities of the Puritan type. But her innate reserve of temperament only concealed her joy in nature and in all things beautiful, her delight in music, and especially the breadth of her interests and the warmth of her sympathies. Not all who had been in her care or in the circle of her co-workers realized the affection with which her thoughts went out to them, but a great company of her former students and associates will remember her with abiding gratitude as a true and noble woman and an understanding guide and friend.

After her retirement in 1911 Miss Means resided in Boston but returned from time to time to the school as a welcome guest. During those eleven years she devoted many hours to gathering material upon the history of Abbot Academy during the past two decades. It was a labor of love for the institution to which she had given so much of her life and which ever had so large a place in her heart. She died in Cambridge on the twenty-eighth of June and was buried in the cemetery of the South Church in Andover, not far from the home of her younger days.

October 23, 1922.

Editorials

Last October we were suddenly saddened by the death of Madame Stelle. Although we knew that during the summer and fall her health had been gradually failing, we hoped that she might eventually recover and return to us. We could not conceive of her ever-bright spirit losing its hope in the life she lived so vitally and interestedly. Even in her days of extreme lassitude her ever-present whimsicality would spring up and her slow, charming smile and shining glance would make one forget that she had to struggle constantly against her physical weariness in order to maintain at its best her daily work.

We can but honor such courage and regret that she can only live now in our remembrance of her.

The dream of Abbot girls of many years was realized when the new hockey field was dedicated. All present-day Abbot marched, two by two, through the grove and around the new field, singing the Abbot Marching Song. There were speeches by Miss Bailey, Miss Kelsey, and Francelia Holmes, president of the Athletic Association. The first game on the new field, between the Seniors and the Senior Middlers, was a fitting close for the exercises.

This year classes in Musical Appreciation have been added to our regular school schedule. In these classes, which everyone is obliged to attend once a week, we do all sorts of delightful things. For instance, one day Mr. Howe plays a piece for us without telling us its title, and then we pick it apart to find the mood and give it our own title, oftentimes conveying the same idea as the composer's own. Another day we compose original melodies, which Mr. Howe then plays while we try to pick out our own. At still other times we discuss the folk music of different nations, and try to tell from what country a song comes

when it is played on the piano. These classes are interesting and we hope that they have come to stay.

In November of this year we were glad to welcome as our guests Mrs. Rose Ann Day Keep, Mrs. Grace Simonton Young, Mrs. Ethel Perley Tyler, and Mrs. Catherine Buss Tyer, who came as an Advisory Committee to see Abbot. This they proceeded to do thoroughly, going through all the buildings, visiting chapel, attending classes, and inspecting Draper Hall from top to bottom. We are always glad to welcome this Advisory Committee, because then we have a chance to hear about Abbot as it was, and they see it as it is today.

What is the first impression a stranger gets who comes to Abbot for the first time and sees us as we rush madly down the stairs to breakfast, buttoning the last buttons or adjusting the last hairpins as we go? Or a little later in the morning, as we good-naturedly jostle and push each other in the endeavor to find our mail — too often in vain? Or still later as we dash back and forth to classes with a huge pile of books under our arms? The most noticeable thing is the light-hearted optimism of everybody.

We all have our moments when it is best for all concerned that we be left alone. Still, as a rule, it takes a good deal to bother us. We face cheerfully such catastrophes as having it rain the very day after getting a "wave", or, worse yet, having to pass a perfectly good box of candy around to nearly the whole dining-room, finally getting about two pieces for ourselves. Even when we have to crawl out of our nice warm beds at midnight, having been rudely awakened from our slumbers by the clang of the fire-bell, we bear it with a smile. There is one thing which does curb our spirits a little, but even that not for long. That is our report cards. But we soon remember that we've always got along somehow, so why worry?

It is gone, yes, it is gone forever. What? Why the old wooden fence, to be sure. For many years it has stood in front of Abbot, and, although it was not a particularly handsome fence, it had

many associations in the minds of those who have been here before us. In former years it used to be the first thing one saw as one came up from the station on returning from vacations, but it was also the last thing one noticed on leaving. Many of the D. O. G.'s will probably remember it as a roosting-place for Phillips boys on various occasions, such as out-of-door dancing exhibitions and parties. Now if they come down they will have to stand. Perhaps, too, those girls of yesterday will be sorry to hear that this old Abbot institution has passed out of existence, but we of today cannot help rejoicing in the fact that this fence has been removed, for it was certainly not a thing of beauty. Now the question is what to do with it. Some wish to have it made into souvenirs to be sold for the Loyalty Fund, while others wish to place it around the new hockey field. As yet nothing definite has been decided upon, but we feel sure that the famous wooden fence will be devoted to some worthy purpose, even if it is used only to keep us warm during the scarcity of coal this winter.

Many were the gasps of surprise and pleasure when the Abbotites on their return this year saw the fixtures for curling-irons and the large mirrors placed in the bathrooms. For they had come back all prepared to endure their straight hair with Spartan firmness. But, wonder of wonders, here were the very fixtures before their eyes. However, the girls soon realized that these implements were there for a purpose, and proceeded to make use of them. We feel sure that the trustees, when they come to dinner, will appreciate the wavy heads of the girls, and will pat themselves on the back for having been the cause of thus beautifying the school.

Abbot's stage is set, the lights go down, up goes the curtain, and — where are the Abbot girls of yesteryear! Out to church steps a maiden of the films, but the little-girl figures of last year have passed on. Clinging skirts, just missing the sandal strap, hair in the stringy stage so conducive to "just one more cutting," or seemingly abundant locks heaped high, perhaps revealing a tiny curve of pink ear — this is the Abbot girl of the Fall term,

1922. Long, flowing sleeves, narrow ribbon ties ending at the far-away hem, all make us wonder if last year's knee-length skirts, bobbed heads, snappy ties, and short sleeves were only a pleasant dream. Perhaps the skirts have lengthened to hide the cotton stockings, which are replacing the gossamer hose of previous years. Whatever may be the cause, the new "vamp" style is at Abbot for a long visit, and hardly bows to her younger flapper sister hurrying away.

Cold weather has come once more. Are we glad? Some of us seem to be following the lead of the autumn leaves! We settle down and wait for the snows to bury us throughout what seems to us the endless months. But truly winter has its charms as well as the milder seasons. The world has become wearied by the everchanging moods and whims of nature. Spring's garment of velvety green has worn out under the ravaging fingers of Autumn. At the first snowfall, it is transformed into a bright and dazzling new white robe. Even in winter the woodsy paths beckon us to explore them anew. They have fascinating nooks to show us, encircled with heavily laden evergreens. The summer hills, mantled in white, challenge those who will to brave the stinging wind and bring their skis and toboggans. The ponds and lakes offer us their shining surface to skate upon. Is not winter an attractive dress of nature's?

The death of Hon. John N. Cole, who has for many years printed the *Courant*, has been felt by us all. The *Courant* editors especially have always appreciated his ready cooperation and kindly interest.

Changes in the faculty

There are numerous changes in the teaching staff this year. Miss Howey is spending a year's leave of absence teaching in Kobe College, Kobe, Japan. Her place is being filled by Miss Laura K. Pettingell. Miss Pettingell taught Greek and Latin at Abbot six years ago, and has since taught at Smith College and at the Beaver School. As Miss Pettingell was detained in Europe by illness, Miss Alice Sweeney took her classes during the fall months. Miss Sweeney had not planned to return to school this year, and her work has been taken by Miss Susan Bean, a graduate of Bryn Mawr College. Although Miss Dorothy Bigelow assisted in the preparations for Bradford Day, Miss Lydia Nelson of Syracuse University and the Wellesley School of Hygiene, is filling Miss Bigelow's regular place. Because of Miss Bertha Grimes's illness, she cannot be with us this year, so Miss Frances Nason, of the University of Maine, has charge of Miss Grimes's department. Mlle. Foubert, who holds the "certificat" of the Sorbonne, is filling Mme. Stelle's place. Miss Emily B. Manship, who for eight years has been connected with the School of Hygiene at Wellesley, and who was director of the Tree Day dancing at Wellesley, is the new instructor in interpretive dancing, folk-dancing, and social dancing. The resignations of Professor Joseph N. Ashton, now teaching at Wellesley, of Miss Mabel Adams Bennett, and of Mrs. Mildred Gates Wheeler, all of whom will be greatly missed in the school, have necessitated a reorganization of the Music Department. The new director is Professor Walter E. Howe, for the past few years Supervisor of Music in the Public Schools of Norfolk, Virginia, and the conductor of the Norfolk Municipal Orchestra.

Miss Kate Friskin of London, who is a brilliant concert pianist of wide experience, assists Mr. Howe. Miss Friskin has organized the musical work of one of the most important academies for girls near London with notable success. Mrs. Ruth Thayer Burnham, well known as a concert and oratorio singer, is the new instructor in vocal music. Miss Marie Nichols, who has for some years assisted in the work, takes entire charge of the violin pupils. Miss Marion F. Hendrie, of Connecticut College, took Miss Chickering's place for a few weeks in the fall.

School Journal

SEPTEMBER

- 20 School opens.
- 23 Hall Exercises. Miss Bailey on "Characteristics of a Well-bred Young Lady."
- 24 Teas for the new girls.
Chapel. Miss Bailey on "Work as the Road to Happiness."
- 26 Dance for the new girls.
- 30 Hall exercises. Miss Nelson on "Points of Health".

OCTOBER

- 1 Chapel. Miss Kelsey on "Miss McKeen."
- 3 Senior Picnic.
- 5 Miss Blauvelt on "Current Events."
- 7 Hall exercises. Piano Recital by Miss Friskin.
- 8 Chapel. Mr. Oliphant on "Why I Love Jesus."
- 10 Baby Party.
- 11 Tea given by Mrs. Dalrymple for Academic Seniors.
- 14 Hall exercises. Miss Nelson on "Hygiene."
- 15 Chapel. Miss Bailey on "Importance of Prayer."
- 18 Senior Middler Picnic.
- 20 Dedication of the new hockey field.
- 21 Abbot-Bradford Northfield girls' tea.
- 22 Chapel. Miss Anna Kuhn on "The Andover Guild."
- 24 Masquerade.
- 25 Faculty Reception.
- 29 Chapel. Miss Bailey on "What Jesus Christ means to us."

NOVEMBER

- 1 Hall exercises. Miss Chickering on "Current Events."
- 4 Bradford Day.
Chapel. Dr. C. A. Barbour on "Life."
- 7 MacDowell Recital by Mr. Bassett.
- 12 Chapel. Mrs. Harlow on "Smyrna."
- 14 Concert by Abbot Faculty Instructors of Music.
- 19 Chapel. Mr. Henry on "The Courage of being a Christian."
- 21 Hampton Quartet.
- 22 Memorial Service for Miss Means.
- 23-24 Visit of Advisory Committee.

- 25 Recital by John Barnes Wells.
- 26 Chapel. Miss Bailey on "Praise."
- 29 Thanksgiving Service.
Thanksgiving Vacation begins.

DECEMBER

- 1 Thanksgiving Vacation ends.
- 2 Abbot Luncheon at the Copley Plaza.
- 3 Chapel. Miss Marion Selden on "The International Institute in Spain."
- 4 Mr. W. W. Ellsworth on "Molière."
- 5 Mr. W. W. Ellsworth on "Modern Poetry."
- 6 Tea given by Mr. and Mrs. Henry for girls attending Christ Church.
- 9 Students' Recital.
- 10 Chapel. Miss Mary Jordan on "What Life is."
- 12 Professor Andrews on "Czecho-Slovakia."
- 16 Children's Christmas Party.
- 17 Christmas Service.
- 19 Christmas Vacation begins.

The Memorial Service for Miss Means

The Memorial Service for Miss Emily Means, for thirteen years principal of Abbot, was held in Davis Hall on the twenty-second of November, 1922. The service opened with the processional, "I Heard A Sound of Voices," sung by the students. Rev. Markham W. Stackpole read a selection from a favorite book of Miss Means, "The Imitation of Christ," and Rev. Charles H. Cutler, president of the Board of trustees, gave the prayer.

Miss Bailey spoke briefly of the splendid heritage Miss Means had left the school, and read numerous letters and telegrams from alumnae who were unable to be present at the service. Mr. Burton S. Flagg of the board of trustees spoke of Miss Means as the trustees had known her, and especially of her ability to judge character. Miss Means as the "good top-sergeant" of her girls was described by Mrs. Mercer Mason Kemper of the class of 1902. Though austere and dignified, Miss Means was always intensely interested in "her girls." Miss Kelsey, who had known Miss Means for so many years, told of another side of her character, Miss Means as her associates knew her. The memorial minutes of Miss Means, which the trustees had prepared to be inserted in the records, were read by Rev. Markham W. Stackpole. The students sang "Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand" as a recessional and Rev. Charles H. Cutler pronounced the benediction.

Lectures

On October 5, we had the opportunity of straightening our hazy ideas of the Turkish situation. Miss Mary Blauvelt spoke on the subject and explained the Near-Eastern question in an extremely interesting talk.

On Monday evening, December fourth, Mr. Ellsworth gave an interesting and instructive lecture on "Molière." The lecture was accompanied by stereopticon slides, illustrations of France, the theatres, and of his various plays. After a brief comparison of Shakespeare and Molière, Mr. Ellsworth told us of the many influences which surrounded Molière and made him the best comic playwright that France has ever produced. Molière while acting had traveled among the people and studied them so well that his plays, which are based on the follies of the times, were very popular. The selections chosen and read by Mr. Ellsworth from these plays were amusing and entertaining.

Tuesday morning, December fifth, will long be remembered by those who heard Mr. Ellsworth lecture on "The New Poetry." Although Mr. Ellsworth might have disheartened some of our aspiring poets by his remark that only one person in five millions is a real poet, yet he cheered us up by telling us that, on the whole, he considered that the quality of the modern poetry had improved and came nearer the soul. Among the American poets whom Mr. Ellsworth mentioned and some of whose works he read were: Walt Whitman, "portrayer of natural life," Vachel Lindsay, "the startling and daring," Edgar Lee Masters, the writer of "Spoon River Anthology," Robert Frost, "the writer in common language of simple life," Amy Lowell, "the leader of all women in writing free verse," Sara Teasdale, "a writer of joy and love," Hilda Conkling, "the child poet," Carl Sandburg, "the poet of Chicago," and Alan Seeger, "the war poet." Of the English poets Mr. Ellsworth mentioned only a few: John Masefield, who "knows life," Alfred Noyes, writer of "The Highwayman," and Rupert Brooke, "dedicated to the service of pure beauty."

Mr Andrews of Tufts college gave a stereopticon lecture to us on Tuesday evening, December twelfth. His subject, which was Czecho-Slovakia, was made doubly interesting to us both because Mr. Andrews had himself been a teacher at the university of Prague, and because the wife of the president of Czecho-Slovakia is an American citizen. Mr. Andrews showed us clearly the conditions of affairs there and told us briefly his mission in coming to speak to us. It is the belief of the president of Czechoslovakia that the people should not leave the country for education but that they should send articles made by them to other countries and use the money thus obtained for better education in their own country. Mr. Andrews had brought with him many of these articles, and a few were shown at Abbot on Wednesday.

Miss Marion Selden of the class of '16 gave us an interesting and informal talk one evening in December. She has been for a year in Spain at the International Institute for Girls, where she had charge of the athletics. Our interest in the Institute was heightened by her account of the "Abbot Room" which has been established there. After her talk Miss Selden was kind enough to answer whatever questions we had about the Institute and her work there.

On the evening of December tenth, Miss Mary Jordan, Professor Emeritus of English at Smith college, gave us a very inspiring talk. She made clear to

us the difference between the spectacular and real life. There could be no doubt in our minds, after her talk, what a worth-while life should be. Her message was one of hope, good-will and the joy of living.

Concerts

On November seventh, the first concert of the year was given in Davis Hall by Mr. Arthur Bassett, a former pupil of Edward MacDowell. The program consisted entirely of compositions by MacDowell, the first one being his Celtic Sonata. The second number, which was the most appreciated by the audience, was a group of selections from the well-known "Woodland Sketches." The last on the program was a piano concerto, in which Mr. Bassett was assisted by Mr. Howe.

Tuesday evening, November fourteenth, a Joint Recital by the Faculty of Abbot Academy was given in Davis Hall. The performers were Miss Marie Nichols, violinist, Miss Kate Friskin, pianist, and Mr. Walter Howe, organist. We had looked forward to this concert by our faculty with more than usual interest, but it far exceeded our greatest expectations in every way.

The Hampton quartet gave a very enjoyable program in Davis Hall, the evening of November twenty-first. They sang several of the old negro melodies as only the negro can sing them, showing the exquisite harmony which seems to be a part of this race. "Juba," given with much enthusiasm and spirit, was exceptionally pleasing. The quartet was very generous with its encores and responded many times to the applause which this number received.

Saturday afternoon, November twenty-fifth, John Barnes Wells, tenor soloist, gave a most delightful concert. The program was divided into four parts, the second of which was a group of old French songs, which Mr. Wells sang in that tongue. "Dream Port," a song of Mr. Wells's own composing, was the one which we enjoyed the most. "Lindy Lu," the encore, was also very charmingly sung.

Entertainments

A Baby Party was given on October tenth. All the children were allowed to be out that evening until nine o'clock. There were all sorts of babies there, even black ones. The prize-winners were two very sweet little babies in long white dresses and little white bonnets. The feature of the evening was a clog-dance by Doris Von Culin.

On October twenty-fourth was the Masquerade. The costumes were many and varied, making the scene a very festive one. The prizes were given to a very charming old-fashioned lady and a "hobo" with very peculiar red hair.

The first of the series of Corridor Stunts proved very entertaining. The third floor front presented very cleverly Ringling Brothers' Circus, with the fattest lady in three counties, and the tallest lady in fifteen counties, not to mention many other freaks, acrobats, and animals. A Review of Reviews was given by the second floor wing, in which were depicted all the newest and oldest songs, from "Mickey" to "Chicago." Draper Homestead's contribution was the "Dream of a Uke Fan," in which several songs were very cleverly acted out, being at the same time played on a "Uke." A Revised Edition of "Make it Snappy," was staged by the fourth floor front, in two acts. The first act was a love scene in a chicken yard and the second one an amusing parody of an Oriental love scene.

Athletics

BRADFORD DAY

The last song practice was over. Our rooms had received the finishing touches from mop, dust-cloth and carpet-sweeper. The sun was shining brightly from an Indian Summer sky. Our white chrysanthemums were in their places on the front of our white sweaters. As girls and yet more girls poured through Abbot's gates, we sang to them gaily, and our hearts sang, too, for was not Bradford Day here at last?

After a mad scramble, in which each Abbot girl found her Bradford guest, we started for the tennis courts, where we witnessed two of the most exciting tennis battles ever played on Abbot's courts. In the midst of a close game some of us were asked to go to the old Hockey-field, where the first Abbot-Bradford riding contest was held. The thrills which we experienced as the horses walked, cantered, trotted and galloped around the field could not be compared with the quivers which ran up and down our spines when we learned that our Eva Cross had won first place for Abbot. By this time the results of the tennis matches were known. Doris Von Culin and Dolores Osborne had won the doubles for Abbot, and Elizabeth Pitman the singles for Bradford.

Since luncheon was ready and everyone was ready for luncheon, we sat down on the lawn around the dining-room and ate our delicious picnic lunch, after which we lined up on both sides of the basket-ball field and, under the direction of our able cheer-leaders, made the air ring with our songs.

Clock-golf and tennis were then played off. Mary Elizabeth Rudd won the clock-golf honors for Abbot, while Bradford excelled in croquet. One of the most exciting events of the day, the basket-ball game, followed. Abbot had the "jump" on Bradford, however, and after splendid team-work had been displayed on both sides, the score stood 21 to 15 in Abbot's favor.

Great was the rejoicing, for Abbot had won the day. But our spirits were to soar even higher, for our hockey team made an excellent showing and, after many thrilling moments, the final whistle blew with Abbot having made three goals to Bradford's two.

In spite of our exulting over our 30 points, we could not fail to notice and admire the splendid spirit and good sportsmanship displayed by our opponents.

We were loath to hear their parting song and to see them leave, and as the last good-bye was said, we turned away, tired but happy, wondering what the next Bradford Day would bring.

How proud were the two girls who were presented with their white bars, and the fifty-four who received their "A" arm-bands in chapel, following Miss Bailey's congratulatory speech! How envious were those who had not received this honor and how determined to win it in the spring!

The class basket-ball game between the seniors and the senior middlers resulted in a victory for the senior team, with the final score standing ten to four.

After many close and interesting matches between the large number of contestants for tennis honors, Anne Darling was alone left undefeated, thereby winning the silver loving cup, presented by Miss Bailey.

School Charities

The total amount spent for charity during the year 1921 and '22 was \$3,900. Of this amount \$1,886 was given to the Student Friendship Fund. The Sunday Contributions amounted to \$593.

Honor Roll

Rose Lobenstine, Elizabeth Peck	90
Anstiss Bowser, Caroline Straehley, Charlotte Hudson	89
Ruth Davies, Sally Finch, Ruth Holmes, Edda Renouf, Lucy Sanborn, Mary Simpson, Ruth Stafford, Miriam Sweeney, Dorothy Taylor, Elizabeth Willson, Margaret Wolf.	88

Items of General Interest

The memory of Miss Agnes Park and her long years of enthusiastic service for the school as secretary of the Alumnae Association will be perpetuated by a fund established by the Association at its annual meeting in June, to create the Agnes Park Chair of History at Abbot Academy. The initial gift was \$200, appropriated by the Association, but this was quickly followed by others. The proceeds of all Andover activities celebrating Abbot Birthday were devoted to this purpose and later were added similar sums from all over the country. This fund is an integral part of the Loyalty Fund and will increase substantially the endowment for salaries. Many friends of Miss Park may be glad to send to Miss Alice Twitchell, 20 Deering Street, Portland, Me., special gifts, or indicate when making payments of pledges that the money be added to this memorial. The fund already amounts to over \$3000.

Miss Emily Means made a gift of \$5000 to Abbot Academy in her will, showing the strength of her affection for the institution to which she gave the best years of her life.

By the will of Miss Susanna Smith, 1864, who died in November, \$1000 was left to Abbot Academy. Miss Smith's gift to the John-Esther Gallery, a few years ago, of a large number of photographs is gratefully remembered.

Professor Walter E. Howe, director of music at Abbot, has been made organist and director of music at the First Congregational Church, Winchester.

Rev. Markham W. Stackpole has resigned as school minister of Phillips Academy. He is living this winter in Milton, where his two sons are at Milton Academy.

Miss Howey writes enthusiastically from Japan of her interesting experiences in that beautiful country. Of her life in Kobe College she writes:

"I wish I could sit down and tell you some of the amusing or instructive contrasts with Abbot which Kobe College affords. At the doors are large, well-filled parasol racks and inside are small cupboards for teekageta (their wooden stilts which serve as rubbers); the students breakfast at six-thirty, faculty at seven; the Christian members of the faculty lead chapel in turn—the president always presiding; faculty meetings are regularly held once a month (with short emergency meetings when necessary), and each member receives a type-written copy of the agenda, to which the discussion is confined; at the only meeting I have attended there were present ten men (one in kimono) and twenty-six women (nine American and one Japanese in foreign clothes). Miss De Forest presided, and the meeting was carried on in both Japanese and English. She spoke in either language, but an interpreter acted as go-between for most of the rest of us. One man, who speaks no English but speaks German and Japanese with equally explosive fluency, has been diving deep into Einstein and is lecturing on his theory."

Miss Chickering's many Abbot friends will turn to her with quick sympathy at the news of the death of her father, Mr. Munroe Chickering, on December 21, after a short illness.

Miss Marian King is teaching history at Miss Winsor's school. During the fall she was living at the Fenway Studios with Miss Pooke.

Miss Runner's present address is 4 Vernon Street, Hartford, Connecticut.

Miss Janet Davison is studying this winter at the New York School of Social Work, where she is taking "eight weighty subjects," including Labor Problems, Psychiatry, Methods of Social Case Work, and Criminology. Her new address is 142 East 19th. Street.

We were very sorry this summer to learn of the death of Miss Dowd's soldier brother, Douglass.

A letter from Miss Schiefferdecker, who is still living at Schloss Pretzsch, Pretzsch an der Elbe, in the Province of Saxony, tells of nine weeks' visits in the summer to friends and relatives in East Prussia and in Berlin.

We were sorry to learn of the death of Miss Durfee's mother in December. Miss Durfee is still living in Jefferson, Maine.

An Interview with the Treasurer of Abbot Academy

Mr. Flagg speaks:

I am a champion of education. The possibilities inherent in gifts for the enlightenment of the coming generations are practically limitless.

Now here is Abbot Academy. The endowment money being raised under the direction of Miss Alice Twitchell is being capitalized until the centennial year. The interest on payments already made being thrown back into the principal has added a goodly sum even now. This movement is full of potential good for the institution. It spells increase in opportunity for service, and a fast tightening bond of unity among Abbot girls in loyalty and devotion to the interests of the old school.

Present conditions incident to a full school emphasize certain needs. Two music rooms and two of the art studios are being used as bedrooms in order to relieve the pressing demands for admission. This cannot be continued. Where shall these girls be housed?

Then there is the library, crowded to capacity apparently some time since, all books not intensively used having been removed to storage in attic or basement. Here is a need! Several plans are being considered, among them a new library building, perhaps in the form of a wing to Abbot Hall, balancing John-Esther Gallery on the other side.

These are problems for the alumnae no less than for the trustees. Let them help us to solve them. Some one knows the approach to a person or group who can make some of these dreams a reality. Friends of Abbot, play up!

Here is another door! Loyal alumnae with small incomes are wondering how they can help. Do they know that they can make over to the school finally and definitely a sum of money, and yet receive from it a secure dividend as long as they live? This is an important suggestion. It is a plan increasingly frequent in operation in late years. It is the principle on which Draper and McKen Halls were built. In no other way could Mr. Draper, who was by no means a rich man according to present standards, have given such large sums to the cause of education. And he had the joy of seeing how his money was used.

Many a good friend of the school who could not spare any of her income, could arrange for such a "conditional gift" of a portion of her principal, say \$500 or \$1000, and rejoice in the opportunity. Think on these things!

Alumnae Notes

The November meeting of the Boston Abbot Club was held at the Copley Plaza, Mrs. Helen Marland Bradbury in the chair. Mrs. Edith Poor Brennan gave an interesting account of a trip to South America.

The joint luncheon of the Alumnae Association and the Boston Abbot Club was given at the Copley Plaza on December 2. Mrs. Helen Marland Bradbury, representing the Abbot Club, presided, and the speakers were Miss Bailey, who paid tribute to the memory of Miss Means, Mrs. Edith Dewey Jones, president of the Alumnae Association, Miss Alice Twitchell, for the Loyalty Endowment Fund, and Mrs. Katherine Chapin Higgins, 1868. The oldest alumna present was Mrs. Helen Mills Saville, 1856. Miss Friskin, new member of the Abbot music department, played delightfully several selections from Chopin. About thirty members of the senior class were in attendance.

The fall meeting of the New York Abbot Club was held at the home of Mrs. Marion Paine Stevens, †1897, 1 West 69th Street, and was well attended. One of those present writes with enthusiasm of the pleasant gathering.

The Chicago Abbot Club gave a luncheon on October 31, followed by a lecture on interior decorating, with proceeds for the benefit of the Loyalty Fund. A good sum was realized. Mrs. Phebe Curtis Vilas is president of the Club. The speakers at the lunch were Mrs. Lida Scott Brown and Mrs. Belle Wilson Pettee.

By some accident no mention was made in the last issue of the *Courant* of the formation in the spring of an Abbot Club in Maine. The meeting was held in Portland, and Miss Minnie Clay, 1891, was elected president. On December 6, a luncheon was given at the Congress Square Hotel, Portland, with a good representation of alumnae. Miss Bailey was the principal speaker.

1845. Mrs. Ann Edwards Haskell's name can no longer be included in the roll of honored senior alumnae. Her daughter writes of her death in Denver last year. She was of an honored Andover family, her father having been pastor of the South Church and later president of the Theological Seminary. She used to tell her daughters many stories of old Andover days.

1850. Mrs. Elizabeth Peck Stanger, eighty-two years old, has recently returned from a sojourn abroad with her daughter, of the University of Pennsylvania Library. On the occasion of an anniversary of the choir in the church in Philadelphia of which her husband used to be rector, she was pre-

sented with an illuminated scroll expressing appreciation of her loving interest and care for over twenty years.

1852. Rev. Harry P. Dewey, D.D., son of Cornelia Phelps, has recently completed fifteen years of service as pastor of Plymouth Church, Minneapolis.

†1856. Of real pioneer stuff was Emma Newman, born to blaze trails and enjoy it. She repeatedly sought ordination for home missionary work in the Congregational Church, and was at last given a special license, regarding her venture with misgiving, but commending her character and education. For many years she lived like an old-time circuit rider in Kansas, riding long distances on horseback, preaching and taking cheer and comfort to lonely and remote homes. She established a chain of small churches in isolated communities. Strenuous as this life was, she relished many of its adventures, and made light of its hardships. A fall from her horse cut her off from this work. Later she married Rev. Nicholas Emmerson. Intolerant of shams and often impatient with conventions, she was keen of mind and generous of heart. Her deep interest in the "woman's movement" was based far more on what she hoped women would give than on what they might receive.

†1862. Mrs. Alice Wakefield Emerson of Boston has the sympathy of her many friends in the death, on December 3, 1922, of her gifted daughter, Dr. Mary Alice Emerson, head of the department of English in Boston University School of Religious Education and Social Service. She was the author of various pageants produced here and in other countries, including "Pilgrims of the Old World and New," presented on Boston Common, in honor of the Pilgrim tercentenary.

1867. Floretta Vining, who has recently died in Hull, was called one of the most interesting characters on the South Shore, being well known not only as newspaper editor and manager, clubwoman and real estate operator, but because of her vigorous and public-spirited endeavors for the improvement of her section. For over twenty years she conducted a newspaper syndicate, supplying nine towns with a weekly paper. Her fearlessness in opposing inefficient public officials in her papers, her forcible speeches at public hearings on legislative bills affecting her district, and her influence in her home town which caused her to be often called the "mayor of Hull," will long be remembered in the vicinity. She once wrote for one of her papers, "If I have been of any service to others, or of any use in the world, I owe all to Miss McKeen of Abbot Academy."

1873. Kate Douglas Wiggin Riggs had the privilege last summer of supervising the conversion of "Timothy's Quest," into a moving picture production. She selected the settings for the photographer which would follow most closely the geographical locations she had in mind in writing the story, and was consulted in regard to the costumes. The reason given for this is that some of the Maine corporation producing the play were Mrs. Riggs's own friends and neighbors. She is said to be engaged in writing her autobiography.

1875. Professor Charles F. Emerson, dean emeritus of Dartmouth College, husband of Caroline Flagg, and father of Martha Emerson, 1897, and Emily, †1901, died on December 1. His continuous service of forty-five years for the college in various capacities was the longest ever rendered, and he was beloved and honored by all Dartmouth men.

1877. Mrs. Ellen Emerson Cary has returned to California for work this winter among the Japanese. On the way out Mrs. Cary visited Mrs. Belle Wilson Pettee, at Decatur, Ill., her comrade for many years in Japan.

1879. Dr. Charlotte F. Hammond, who has now given up her sanitarium in Paris Hill, Me., which she conducted for twenty-two years, is spending the winter in Portland, and attended the meeting of the newly formed Abbot Club there in November.

†1886. Alice Jenkins is chairman of the Woman's Republican Club of Andover. At a county outdoor meeting which she attended in the summer, Mrs. Evelyn Fellows Masury, 1871, of Danvers, presided, and Senator Lodge and Governor Cox were among the speakers.

†1887. One-third of the living members of '87 held a class reunion during Commencement week last June. One of the members, Jeanie L. Jillson, who has been doing missionary work in Turkey for more than twenty years, paid a flying visit to America last summer. She returned in time to be in Constantinople at the time of the burning of Smyrna, and was of great help in relieving the suffering of many refugees. During the late Turkish advance she rescued 7000 Greek and Armenian refugees at the Mudania waterfront, securing ships and sending them to Constantinople. The embarkation took four days.

1889. Flora L. Mason of Taunton has been appointed to the chairmanship of the Loyalty Endowment Fund Committee, to take the place of Mrs. Mabel Boshier Scudder, who has moved to California. Miss Mason is admirably fitted by a good deal of business experience for this position.

†1894. Mrs. Mabel Boshier Scudder sent Christmas greetings from Claremont, Cal., where her address is 333 West 10th Street. Dr. Scudder was obliged to give up his position as secretary of the Boston Federation of Churches on account of a serious automobile accident in the summer. He has been asked to supply the pulpit of the First Congregational Church in San Francisco.

1897. Mrs. Pearl Randall Wasson, who died in September, had been for the past three years dean of women at the University of Vermont. In that short period she had become an important factor in the life of the college, greatly strengthening the woman's department. As teacher and in various influential offices in woman's club work, she had gained helpful experience for this position, to which she was called soon after the death of her husband, a well-known alienist. To further fit herself, she studied the administration of different colleges. Her interest in civic and political affairs for women served

to stimulate the same interest in the college girls, and to bring to the college Vermont women of importance. She spoke and lectured widely, and was attractive in personality, with a certain distinction which made a good critic say of her, "There is a real person."

†1901. Delight W. Hall is spending the winter at Grenoble. She has recently taken a short trip to Italy.

†1901. Emily Emerson's husband, Professor Edmund E. Day, has resigned his position at Harvard to become Professor of Economics at the University of Michigan, and also Director of Curricula in Business Administration. His work begins with the second semester.

1901. Helen Whittemore, R. N., is stationed at the City Hospital in San Francisco, Cal.

†1905. Elizabeth Cole is now assistant publicity director for the National Tuberculosis Association, with headquarters in New York. Her experience in various lines has given her excellent training for this position. In addition to her teaching of English and her editorial work, she has all along made good use of her dramatic interest, early made evident at Abbot and Mount Holyoke, and has been perfecting her talent for writing and directing plays and pageants. Not long ago she was one of the authors of an elaborate pageant, "The Spirit of the Double-barred Cross," which was given before a large audience at the Waldorf-Astoria for the Tuberculosis Association.

†1906. Lydia Clark, who has been director of physical education for women in the Illinois State Normal University for seven years, has been made associate professor and director of women's physical education in the Ohio State University at Columbus. She has been active in promoting physical training throughout the state of Illinois, having worked in many county institutes and conducted girls' summer camps. As a director of pageants and festivals also she has been most successful.

†1908. Dorothy Taylor is associated with her mother in carrying on Camp Wampanoag, Buzzards Bay.

†1909. Eva Martha Smith is living in Andover this year, taking piano pupils in addition to her classes in Lawrence and Shawsheen Village. At the annual meeting of the Alumnae Association in June, she was appointed a member of the Loyalty Endowment Fund Committee.

1909. Mary Sweeney is teaching Spanish at Vassar College this winter and is enjoying the work very much.

†1910. Ruth Newcomb took a horseback and camping trip of about five hundred miles with a party of ten through the rough and beautiful country of the Canadian Rockies last summer. This winter she is studying pottery and design in New York at Teachers College and Pratt Institute. She is living at the Cristodora Settlement House, 147 Avenue B, and teaching modelling to a weekly class of children there. She would be glad to introduce interested Abbot girls to the many activities of the Settlement.

†1910. Marion Sanford is keeping house for her brother in New York, at 40 East 36th Street, and studying at a secretarial school.

†1910. Rev. George A. Hall, father of Clarissa Hall, died in Brookline in November, after a long illness.

†1911. Henrietta Wiest's mother died last July. She and her sister, Katherine, are keeping house for their father and continuing their interest in music.

†1913. Margaret Wilkins is at the Prince School of Store Education, Boston. She is living at 46 Cedarlane Way.

1913. Gladys Folts spent last summer working in needy places in the South for the Congregational Sunday School Society, spending most of the time with the mill operatives in Orangeburg, S. C. She had studied a year at the Hartford School of Religious Pedagogy, and a year at Boston University.

†1914. Helen Hanscom has a kindergarten class in Methuen this year. She was obliged to give up her class of last year in Shawsheen Village, Andover, for lack of accommodations.

1914. Lillian Conroy is teaching English in the Lexington High School for the second year.

†1915 Bessie Gleason expects to be married in March, in Shanghai, China, to Mr. Frederick A. Bowen. She was engaged in Y. W. C. A. work in Shanghai, but has been in this country for some months.

†1915. Mrs. David Atwater (Eleanor Bartlett) and her little boy and girl spent several weeks in Andover this fall. She is to live in Fall River, where Mr. Atwater is now in business.

†1917. Betty Bacon went to Honolulu in August as secretary in the Kai-waihao Seminary. She writes enthusiastically of the beautiful scenery and climate and of the interesting school. She finds the little Chinese children especially attractive and intelligent.

†1918. Dorothy Bushnell graduated at Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten Training School last June.

†1918. Dorothy Fairfield (Mrs. Charles K. Miller) is living in Harrison, an hour's ride from New York. Her address is Croton-on-Hudson.

†1918. Helen French Warner is thoroughly absorbed in the various activities of her new life in Peking, China, where Mr. Warner has a position in the University of Peking. One of her interests is the Woman's Business Bureau, in the nature of an exchange. She helps give out needlework to women who need employment.

1918. Margaret Hinchcliffe is manager of the community kitchen in a large apartment house on Beacon Street, Boston. She began her work there in January.

1918. Helen Meigs is teaching this winter in Fedonia, New York.

†1919. Elizabeth Armstrong has a position in the girls' work department of the Y. W. C. A. in Buffalo, N. Y. She writes appreciatively of hymn singing at Abbot, and asks for information about certain hymns and tunes she especially enjoyed, in order to pass on the inspiration she received to high school girls at the Y. W. Conference.

†1919. Dorothy Korst Blodgett was maid of honor at her brother's marriage to Caroline Richardson. Marea Blackford was one of the bridesmaids.

†1919. Mildred Frost took the part of heroine in the production in December of Percy MacKaye's play "The Scarecrow" by the Dramatic Association at Smith College. She and Josephine Hamilton are now living at 36 Green Street, Northampton.

†1919. Elisabeth Luce was elected to Shakespeare at Wellesley.

†1919. Gwendolyn Bossi has been elected to Shakespeare at Wellesley; she is also a member of the Senior crew.

1919. Catherine Danforth, senior at Connecticut College, is majoring in Fine Arts, and expects to continue her study in Boston next year.

†1920. Paula Miller has been taken into "Manuscript," the even-class writing club at Smith. She is art critic on the *Smith College Weekly*, and an editor on the board of the *Smith Monthly*.

†1920. Elizabeth Hawkes has decided to major in Chemistry at Smith. In the summer she was studying at Middlebury College.

†1920. Jean Lyon is on the executive board of the Junior class at Wellesley; she has also been re-elected songleader and has made Agora.

†1920. Constance Ling is in New York City this winter. She is studying aesthetic dancing, and does settlement work two days in the week.

1920. Dorothea Flagg is a freshman at Mt. Holyoke College.

†1921. Silvia Nicholson is president of her class at Russell Sage.

†1921. Harriet Edgell is the recording secretary of her class, and was on the Freshman Honor Roll.

†1921. Marianna Wilcox is in Boston at the Katharine Gibbs School for Secretarial Work this winter.

†1921. Elizabeth Thompson was a factotum of her class, and was on her class volley-ball team.

†1921. Henrietta Thompson was elected class factotum.

†1921. Julia Guild is taking the nurses' training course at Johns Hopkins Hospital.

†1922. The "Southern Scholarship" was awarded Anne P. Vanderslice of Hampton, Va., at Mt. Holyoke College.

REPORT OF THE CLASS OF 1922

Phyllis Bankhart and Jane Baldwin are at the Katharine Gibbs School in Boston.—Laura Beggs is at home.—Marjorie Bickford is at Mt. Holyoke College.—Gwendolyn Bloomfield is at home.—Sarah Bodwell is at Connecticut College.—Rachel Boutwell is at Mt. Holyoke College, and won her numerals on the Freshman volley-ball team and is entertainment chairman of her dormitory.—Elizabeth Brewster is at Vassar.—Isabel Brown is at Oberlin.—Mildred Burford is at Texas University.—Catherine Damon is at the Katharine Gibbs School in New York.—Katherine Damon is at Wellesley.—Ruth Dewey is at Miss Wheelock's School of Kindergarten Training.—Gertrude Franklin is at Wellesley and on the Freshman volley-ball team.—Katherine Gage and Beatrice Goff are at Wellesley.—Helen Goodale is at home.—Barbara Goss is at the Boston School of Physical Education.—Juliet Haskell is at Vassar.—Ruth Hill is at Miss Pierce's Secretarial School in Boston.—Margaret Hopkins is at home.—Olive Howard is at the School of Fine Arts and Crafts in Boston.—Elizabeth Hutchinson is at home.—Ruth Keener is at Goucher College.—Cecilia Kunkel is at home.—Evangeline Lamb is teaching school.—Elizabeth MacPherran is at Smith.—Mary Mallory is at Wellesley.—Dorothy Moxley is at the Framingham Normal School.—Elizabeth Ohnemus is at Goucher College.—Charlotte Petrikin is at the Wells School in Aurora, New York.—Florence Phillips is at Wellesley.—Mary Polk is at Missouri University.—Margaret Potter is at home doing Girl Scout work.—Susanne Root is doing library work.—Eleanore Rose is at Syracuse University.—Marion Rugg is at Wisconsin University.—Barbara Sands is doing Girl Scout work at home.—Marion Saunders is at Smith.—Harriet Simpson is at Knox College.—Anne Vanderslice is at Mt. Holyoke.—Alice Van Schmus is at home.—Janet Warren is at the Curry School of Expression in Boston.—Kathrine Weeks is at Wheaton College.—Susanne Welborn is at Smith.—Anne Whinery is at the Montclair Normal School.—Elizabeth Whittemore is living in Baltimore.—Alexina Wilkins is at Goucher College.—Dorothy Williams is at Wellesley.

NON-GRADUATES, 1922

Sarah Bailey is at Miss Howe and Miss Marot's School.—Barbara Baker is at the Newton High School.—Mary Bott and Geneva Burr are at the Garland School in Boston.—Betty Chapman is at Dana Hall.—Rosamond Davis is at the Erskine School.—Mary Fuller is at Wisconsin University.—Taye Hirooka is at the Walnut Hill School.—Caroline Iredell is at home.—Lois Kirkham is at the Putnam Hall School.—Helen Knight is at the Erskine School.—Helen Kropf is at home.—Betty Moody is at Northfield Seminary.—Margery Moon is at Mrs. Caskin's School.—Mildred Morse is at home.—Louise Mount is at the Katharine Gibbs School in New York.—Virginia Hemingway is at Oberlin.—Edith Talbot is acting in moving pictures in New York.—Alice Terpnig is in high school in Chicago.—Alice Tower is

at home.— Dorothy Upton is in high school in Marblehead.— Anne Wolf is in school in New York.

Here is a suggestion for alumnae who are troubled because for good and sufficient reasons they are not able to respond with gifts of money to the Loyalty Fund circulars and requests. Let them send a message of acknowledgment and loyal interest with their expression of regret. When this happens it cheers the director, and saves her from sending further appeals.

Visitors

Mrs. Agnes Slocum Biscoe, Miss Grimes, Miss Holbrook, Miss Isabel Tryon, Gwendolyn Bloomfield †1922, Rosamond Davis †1922, Helen Knight †1922, Jane Baldwin †1922, Phyllis Bankhart †1922, Olive Howard †1922, Ruth Hill †1922, Helen Goodale †1922, Barbara Sands †1922, Margaret Potter †1922, Geneva Burr 1922, Dorothy Upton 1922, Betty Moody 1922, Florence Phillips 1922, Katherine Damon †1922, Mary Mallory †1922, Janet Warren †1922, Marion Saunders †1922, Agnes Titcomb †1921, Marion Kimball †1921, Mildred Peabody †1921, Miriam Bickford †1921, Henrietta Thompson †1921, Elizabeth Thompson †1921, Harriet Edgell †1921, Margaret Ackroyd †1920, Mrs. Harriet Sanford Stuart †1919, Mildred Frost †1919, Mrs. Helen Leffingwell Farnsworth 1918, Gertrude Goss †1917, Cornelia Newcomb †1917, Eugenia Parker †1916, Mrs. Mildred Jenkins Dalrymple †1916, Mrs. Dorothy Dann Robinson †1916, Mrs. Jessie Nye Blodgett †1915, Margaret Wilkins †1913, Mrs. Oena Whyte Hall †1907, Mrs. Ruth Adams Downer †1906, Mrs. Ruth Mason Dunlop †1905, Mrs. Helen Abbott Allen †1904, Mrs. Edith Burnham Roberts †1903, Mrs. Belle Johnston Rumford †1902, Mrs. Mercer Mason Kemper †1902, Mrs. Florence Fletcher Preston †1902, Mrs. Katherine Clark Canfield †1901, Evelyn Carter †1901, Mrs. Edith Johnston Bliss †1900, Winona Algie †1900, Mrs. Rose Anne Day Keep †1900, Catherine Sandford †1899, Mrs. Ethel Perley Tyler †1898, Mrs. Grace Simonton Young †1895, Mrs. Lena Dewey Cheney †1894, Martha Hitchcock †1891, Mrs. Edith Dewey Jones †1890, Flora Mason 1889, Bessie Swan 1888, Alice C. Twitchell †1886, Mrs. Catherine Buss Tyer 1877.

Engagements

- 1914. Miriam Huntington to Mr. Davis Nichols Ripley.
- 1914. Eleanor Hale to Mr. Edward A. Norden.
- 1915. Emily Barton to Mr. Anthony Anable, M. I. T. 1921.
- †1917. Carita Bigelow to Mr. Donald Johnson Moore.
- 1918. Mary Flett to Mr. G. Dewey Swan of Madison, Wisconsin.
- †1919. Kathryn Beck to Mr. George Downing Lane of Waltham.
- †1920. Elizabeth Weld to Mr. Edwin Clark Bennett, Harvard 1918.

Marriages

†1901. ROCKWELL—FRENCH. In Cambridge, January 15, 1923, Dr. Katharine French to Dr. A. E. P. Rockwell.

†1912. FAITH—SIMPSON. In Boston, May 27, 1922, Dorothy Simpson to Mr. Raymond Morris Faith.

†1913. LEVITT—FRANCIS. In Baltimore, Md., September 16, 1922, Edna Mae Francis to Mr. William Thomas Levitt. At home, 5924 Blenheim Road.

†1914. DOUGLAS—LOWE. In Urbana, Ill., June 14, 1922, Lucretia Lowe to Mr. Theodore Wayland Douglas. Mr. Douglas is instructor in English in the University of Texas at Austin.

†1916. CREESY—LATON. In Nashua, N. H., August 12, 1922, Ruth Laton to Captain Andrew Elliott Creesy.

1916. PEIRCE—FERGUSON. In Lexington, October 7, 1922, Barbara Ferguson to Mr. James Anthony Peirce, Brown 1919.

†1916. SHUBERT—MOSES. In Bath, Me., June 14, 1922, Frances Plummer Moses to Mr. Chester Shubert.

†1916. ROGERS—FRARY. In Berlin, N. Y., September 18, 1922, Eleanor Frary to Mr. Philip Howd Rogers. Address 535 Bradford Avenue, Westfield, N. J.

†1917. DEARMON—WUICHET. On September 20, 1922, Mary Elizabeth Wuichet to Mr. Rutherford M. DeArmon.

1917. EMMONS—PRESCOTT. In New Milford, Ct., October 10, 1922, Grace Louise Prescott to Edwin Justin Emmons, Jr.

†1917. STAUB—HUNGERFORD. In New Milford, Ct., October 11, 1922, Esther Wanzer Hungerford to Mr. Verton Lewis Staub.

1918. CARTY—PEIRCE. In Andover, July 27, 1922, Mary Peirce to Dr. John Russell Carty.

1918. FARNSWORTH—LEFFINGWELL. In Montclair, N. J., September 14, 1922, Helen Trippett Leffingwell to Mr. William Porter Farnsworth, son of Helen Porter, †1897.

†1918. WARNER—FRENCH. At Andover, June 27, 1922, Helen Wentworth French to Mr. Lucien Hynes Warner. At home, winter of 1922-23, Peking University, Peking, China.

†1919. KNIGHTS—BROWN. In Boston, August 18, 1922, Gretchen Baker Brown to Mr. Alonzo Franklin Knights. At home, 13900 Rugby Road, Cleveland, Ohio.

1919. KORST—RICHARDSON. In Janesville, Wisconsin, December 27, 1922, Caroline Pease Richardson to Mr. Donald Burch Korst.

1920. BARNES—ROWELL. In Plymouth, September 20, 1922, Miriam Lurinda Rowell to Mr. Henry Walter Barnes, Jr.

†1920. GRAVENGAARD—THIEL. In Canton, June 22, 1922, Helen Emilie Thiel to Mr. H. Peter Gravengaard.

†1920. HOLMES—DELANO. In Marion, September 16, 1922, Mary Lewis Delano to Mr. Charles Calvin Holmes.

†1920. RUTHERFORD—PRATT. In Hartford, Ct., September 9, 1922, Lucy Bailey Pratt to Mr. Scott Vititow Rutherford.

1923. DOOLIN—WHELCHER. In Boston, November 24, 1921, Elizabeth Dent Whelchel to Mr. Paul R. Doolin.

Births

In Boston, December 6, 1922, a son, James Howe Wheeler 2nd, to Mr. and Mrs. Donald D. Wheeler (Miss Mildred Gates).

†1900. On July 10, 1921, a daughter, Jane Hazen, to Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Lillard (Ethel Hazen) of Marion.

†1902. On October 1, 1922, a daughter, Ruth Lee, to Dr. and Mrs. Charles E. Newell (Harriet Chase) of Derry, N. H.

†1913. In Montclair, New Jersey, December 18, 1922, a daughter, Margaret Helen, to Mr. and Mrs. Halsey George Prudden (Helen Danforth).

†1913. On January 26, 1922, a son, Kinley Walker, to Mr. and Mrs. Carl N. Lindsay (Mary L. Erving) of Andover.

1914. In Portland, Maine, October 26, 1922, a daughter, Anne Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Harold R. Robinson (Harriette Woolverton).

1915. On November 12, 1922, a son, Lyman Hubbard, to Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Hubbard Bellows (Dorothy Gilbert) of Worcester.

†1916. September 23, 1922, a daughter, Susan, to Mr. and Mrs. Edgar F. Woodman (Josephine Walker) of Cambridge.

†1916. On June 27, 1922, a daughter, Elaine Louise, to Mr. and Mrs. Philip D. Dalrymple (Mildred Jenkins) of Methuen.

1920. October 7, 1922, a son, Charles Reder, to Mr. and Mrs. Ray Edward Bolin (Dorothea Reder).

1920. In Portland, Maine, October 15, 1922, a daughter, Joan Warren, to Mr. and Mrs. Abiel Manley Smith (Georgia Warren).

Deaths

In Wallingford, Ct., October 28, 1922, Mrs. Florence Stelle, teacher of French at Abbot Academy.

In Grafton, November 21, 1922, Adela L. Payson (Mrs. Edward P. Usher), teacher at Abbot Academy 1875-78.

1845. In Denver, Colorado, September 2, 1921, Ann E. Edwards, wife of the late Rev. Thomas N. Haskell.

†1856. In Sierra Madre, Cal., July 15, 1922, Rev. Emma Newman-Emmerson, wife of the late Rev. Nicholas Emmerson.

1856. In Jamaica Plain, December 29, 1922, Lucretia P. Howe, wife of the late William J. Pingree.

1856. In Charleston, S. C., October 19, 1922, Sarah A. Davis, wife of the late Charles W. Webber.

†1858. In Andover, January 15, 1923, Charlotte H. Swift.

1860. In Redlands, Cal., October, 1922, Charlotte Barrows, wife of the late Prof. Charles H. Hitchcock.

1861. In Plainfield, N. J., November 21, 1922, Laura S. Tenney, wife of the late Dr. William H. Hawkes, and sister of Margaret Tenney (Mrs. Charles L. Mitchell), 1858, and Augusta Tenney (Mrs. David Y. Comstock), 1866.

1865. In Plainfield, N. J., June 28, 1922, Elizabeth W. Plummer, wife of Henry E. Bowen.

1867. In Ballardvale, June 16, 1922, Nellie Hannah Holmes.

1867. In Hull, February 1, 1922, Floretta Vining.

†1869. In Cambridge, June 28, 1922, Emily Adams Means, teacher of art at Abbot Academy 1877-92, principal of Abbot Academy 1898-1911.

†1875. In Philadelphia, Pa., November 25, 1922, Harriet P. Cutler, wife of Mr. Eugene D. Jefferson.

1886. In Indianapolis, Ind., January 2, 1922, Mary Bybee, wife of Mr. Walter L. Milliken.

1887. May 6, 1922, Sarah A. Pettee of Manchester, N. H., sister of Fannie Bell Pettee Brigham, †1882.

1887. In Wayne, Pa., October 2, 1922, Josephine Lacy, wife of James M. Dickey.

1894. On June 7, 1922, Eva M. Converse of Sandwich.

1897. September 11, 1922, Pearl Randall, wife of the late Dr. Watson L. Wasson.

1913. In Boston, January 1, 1923, Clara Dore Robinson, wife of Mr. Herbert W. Pecker.

1916. January 8, 1922, Grace M. Duffill, wife of Mr. George P. French, of Wakefield.

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Calendar

1923

January 9, Boarding Students register before 6 p.m.

January 10, Wednesday, 9 a.m.

February 3, Saturday

March 22, Thursday, 12 m.

Spring Vacation

April 4, Boarding Students register before 6 p.m.

April 5, Thursday, 9 a.m.

June 12, Tuesday

Winter term begins

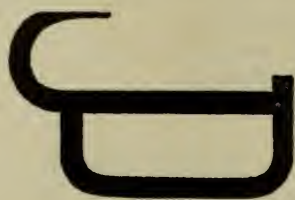
First semester ends

Winter term ends

Spring term begins

School year ends

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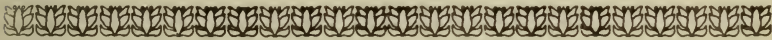
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The Abbot Courant

June, 1923

ANDOVER, MASS.
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY
1923

JUNE, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-THREE

THE
ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME XLXIX, No. 2

ANDOVER, MASS.
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY
1923

Contents

	Page
A Fancy	3
<i>Priscilla Bradley, 1924</i>	
My Dad	4
<i>Helga Lundin, 1923</i>	
Three Poems (with apologies and thanks to certain modern poets)	5
The Sea — <i>Dorothy Taylor, 1923</i>	
The Garden — <i>Mary Jane Wolf, 1923</i>	
There Was a Maltese Kitten — <i>Doris Holt, 1923</i>	
Travels with an Indian Guide	7
<i>Gretchen Vanderschmidt, 1926</i>	
My Master	9
<i>Carolyn Lakin, 1923</i>	
Spring	9
<i>Elizabeth Flagg, 1923</i>	
The Art of Being Lazy	10
<i>Virginia Maxwell, 1923</i>	
Pines and Porcupines	11
<i>Natalie Page, 1923</i>	
Milton Avenue on a Summer Evening	12
<i>Bessie Korst, 1924</i>	
Color	14
<i>Catharine Miller, 1923</i>	
A Pale Moon	14
<i>Mary Jane Wolf, 1923</i>	
"Finding's Keepings"	15
<i>Ruth Kelley, 1924</i>	
The Meeting of the Star Lovers	18
<i>Helen Keating, 1924</i>	
Spring Fever	19
<i>Doris von Culin, 1925</i>	
The Lawn Mower	20
<i>Mary Weld Scudder, 1923</i>	
The Call of the Stream	21
<i>Esther Wood, 1923</i>	
The Awakening	22
<i>Margaret Colby, 1924</i>	
Human Nature	23
<i>Natalie Bartlett, 1923</i>	
Five O'Clock in a Department Store	24
<i>Elizabeth Hoffman, 1927</i>	
Sailing up the Yangtze	25
<i>Rose Lobenstine, 1923</i>	
A Lily	26
<i>Catharine Miller, 1923</i>	
Olive Twichell Crawford (In Memoriam)	27
Editorials	28
School Calendar	33
Alumnae Notes	43

The price of the COURANT is one dollar a year; single copies fifty cents.
All communications made to the Business Editors will be promptly attended to.





JOHN-ESTHER GALLERY IN THE SPRING
(As seen from the Taylor Gate)

THE ABBOT COURANT

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A fancy

It was Easter Sunday. All the windows were open in the church, for it was a warm spring day. The organ was playing beautiful, soft music and the birds in the trees outside seemed to twitter and chirp gently, as if to keep in harmony with the organ.

Suddenly I was no longer in the church. I was riding on a beautiful cloud of soft, golden fluff through a maze of darkness. Still I was singularly calm and contented. Beside me a silver voice whispered low words of music in my ear.

"We are sailing," it sang, "through the darkness of Fear, but do not despair, because we shall soon reach the land of Hope and Happiness."

No sooner had the voice spoken than the light turned to a mellow gold, such as we see in the afterglow of a sunset. Then it became brighter and brighter, turning at last from gold to a jade green, then to a heavenly blue. All through it the voice sang exquisite bits of melody.

"Who are you?" I cried, at length.

"I am Gospel," replied the voice. "I speak the truth and bring messages of Hope and Love. I teach you the thoughts of Love."

"But," I said, "why am I on this golden cloud with this wonderful feeling of content?"

"When a mortal reaches the height of appreciation of beautiful things, he is wafted, under my protection, on a golden cloud of Beauty away from Fear into the realm of Hope and Happiness. But let him for one moment disbelieve me and he returns again to his duties on earth."

"Is that really true?" I asked. "O how wonderful!"

Even as I spoke, everything changed. I was again sitting in church and the minister was beginning his sermon.

Priscilla Bradley, 1924

My Dad

A kind smile,
A firm hand —
The firmest one
In all the land;

A ceaseless love,
A "Buck-up, lad!"
An open purse —
Yes, that's my Dad!

Helga Lundin, 1923

Three Poems

(With apologies and thanks to certain modern poets)

THE SEA

I think that I shall never hear
The sea so angry, bleak, and drear,

As 'tis upon a stormy day,
A tyrant holding all in sway.

The sea with tossing, foaming swirl,
Upon its brow an angry curl,

Would tear the very rocks to naught
With wild, uncanny roar distraught,

And batter down this land of ours
With shrieks of e'er increasing pow'rs.

The world is ruled by fools like me,
But only God can rule the sea.

Dorothy Taylor, 1923

THE GARDEN

I smelled the roses' fragrance
As I was walking through
A quaint, uncared-for garden
Still glist'ning with the dew;
And I thought upon the garden
When its paths were straight and new.

The years go fast in gardens,
The years unsung, unseen,
And briers cluster 'round the vines
That once were trimmed and green;
But there upon the garden wall
The roses still are seen.

It's many years, they tell me,
Since the flowers were planted there,
Since the dainty scent of mignonette
And larkspur filled the air;
But the old rose blooms in solitude
With its tendrils everywhere.

I bless thee, sturdy rose-tree!
To a garden past its prime
You lend once more the blush of youth,
And a touch of olden time.
I never knew a garden
More worthy of a rhyme.

Mary Jane Wolf, 1923

THERE WAS A MALTESE KITTEN

There was a Maltese kitten
Who played in Grandma's wool;
He twisted and he twisted;
How Grandmamma did 'pull!

Red yarn around his little ear,
Blue yarn about his tail;
But kitty would not spoil the game;
How Grandmamma did rail!

But finally the little imp,
Tired of this tame fun,
Scared up a dozen little mice;
How Grandmamma did run!

Doris Holt, 1923

Travels With An Indian Guide

It was a pleasant morning in July when my father, a friend of his, and I myself, with our old Indian guide Pete, set out from a tiny village in the old Tomagoma region in Canada. I speak of our guide as merely Pete; in the first place no one knew his full name, and for that matter, I doubt if he himself knew it; secondly and chiefly, I can not imagine him being spoken of as anything other than Pete. The name was just typical of him. He was pure Indian, an Ojibwa, I think, and his appearance certainly did not belie him, unless perhaps his clothes in the least way hid some traces of the Indian in him. He was very large, just a huge, comfortable bulk of humanity, with black hair, now graying, small black eyes, and the usual high cheek bones, over which his slightly swarthy skin was drawn in wrinkles. He spoke very broken English, and knew practically nothing of our modern civilization. I recall one incident in which we asked him for how much he sold the skins of the animals he trapped. He told us that in extremely good seasons, they were sometimes paid as much as one American dollar for a beaver pelt, and about four or five dollars for the skin of a silver fox.

One day while paddling down a small stream, our progress was arrested by the sight of a beautiful stag, poised on the shore of the stream. Finally my father, evidently finding the temptation too strong to resist, picked up his gun and prepared to make an end of the poor creature. But Pete, upon realizing my father's intention, seized the gun from him and burst forth into a series of terrifying and unintelligible exclamations. At length we gathered that the government officials had put the Indians upon their honor to protect the deer about that section of the country as far as they were able; all of which goes to show what a wonderfully trustworthy people the American Indians are.

At another time, we were taking a little side trip through a section of thickly wooded country. I can truly say that, in my opinion, some of the most beautiful trees in existence are located in the Tomagoma region. There are beautiful tall pines, with

long shining needles that seem to reach almost to the skies, and stately maples with large, soft leaves. Pete had told us before we started, that his little family, consisting of his squaw and two small children, had their home in this part of the forest. He had also added that he might take us to them in order that we might see the real manner in which the Indian families lived. After walking for an hour or so, we reached a small clearing in the center of which was a medium-sized wigwam. Before it was seated an Indian woman of middle age, who, upon seeing us, arose and advanced quickly toward Pete. They spoke in Indian dialect so we could not understand them, but evidently she called the children, for they came running to meet their father. They were typical Indian children, with tiny sparkling black eyes and were very scantily arrayed. We remained at Pete's home for lunch and it interested us greatly to watch the wife cook the huge biscuits of which our meal was composed. This was done over a small open fire-place, built of clay and stones, over which was placed a thin strip of sheet iron. The biscuits were baked until dry and hard, in flat cakes, greatly resembling our pancake, except that they were much larger.

And so we went on, from one place to another, seeing new things constantly and learning each day of the ways and habits of the American Indian. It was with great regret that we realized at last that our two weeks of interesting travel were over, and it was with even greater regret that we turned once more toward Montreal.

Gretchen Vanderschmidt, 1926

My Master

Did you ever awake on a cold January morning when the thermometer registered about 40° below zero, and realize that if you wished to be warm out of your bed, it was up to you to leave your warm puffs, descend the cellar stairs and tend to the needs of your master, the furnace? I have.

Six o'clock A.M., is the proper hour for such a task. After much inward coaxing and discussing, I plunge my feet from their place of rest, into the cold bed slippers that wait for them, clutch my bathrobe and grope blindly about for the light, for, although I must rise when my master calls, the sun refuses to rise when I call. Finally I reach the cellar stairs and climb down. I do not treat my boss with gentleness or kind words. I shake him violently, I poke down his throat, I extricate large clinkers, I throw shovels of coal into his open mouth and then shake again, until he finally responds and shows signs of heat. This done, I go upstairs, stand over the register and hope that my day will sometime come, when I shall have no master to call me and the heat will rise while I happily dream of pleasant things.

Carolyn Lakin, 1923

Spring

Swift bubbling brooks,
That hurry down from hidden nooks;
A new green leaf,
A progress quite beyond belief;
A darting ray
Of sunshine and of birds so gay;
A whirr of wings,
And then the very forest rings:
"Awake and sing, for Spring is here,
"The gladdest time of all the year!"

Elizabeth Flagg, 1923

The Art of Being Lazy

"The art of being lazy!" doesn't that phrase immediately arouse a feeling of wonder in your mind? Had you ever, gentle reader, thought of laziness as an art? I never had until today, and now, as I think of a lazy person I know, I find that he is an artist at his game.

Let us, for a moment, consider the meaning of "lazy." From an unquestionable authority I find that it means, "disinclined to action." This definition seems to be very clear. So, let those who are intent on becoming exponents of the art of laziness, take heed. Have no desire to do anything; appear to be disinterested in all subjects.

In a few words, let me give you some methods of procedure which have proved by experiment to be extremely successful. Always lie in bed mornings, taking care that you never permit yourself to rise before eleven-thirty o'clock. After making your parents get you something to eat, it is best to recline in a comfortable, overstuffed chair, or an inviting and cozy divan. A box of candy and a romantic novel are well worth adding. An occasional yawn and the excessive use of the imagination concerning your tired state are helpful.

If you are one of those unfortunate people who happen to be around when dishes need drying or clothes need ironing, a severe headache or perhaps an attack of indigestion will be valuable misfortunes. When a member of your family or, maybe, your room-mate, asks you to do some little thing, a sore foot or weak knees will come to your rescue. But — if you realized that all the time you are thinking up ways of escaping work, you are really keeping your brain actively *at work*, would you be so lazy?

Virginia Maxwell, 1923

Pines and Porcupines

"Daddy, is this the top? Aren't we nearly there?" It seemed to be the only thing that we could think of. *When* should we reach the top?

My father was taking my oldest sister, aged twelve, and me, two years younger, up what seemed a "huge mountain."

We had our packs — miniatures, of course, but we thought them to be exact duplicates of those that Daddy took out camping. This was our first real trip; we were to climb the mountain, reaching the top at sunset, cook our supper and then sleep out under the stars.

After many stops and rests we reached the top; then the thrills began. The minute our packs were off, tired legs were completely forgotten and we started investigating. Every nook and cranny was looked into — except one, a little improvised oven which some camper had built and which I rapturously appropriated as a fine seat. So upon it I sat, without looking underneath. Presently there was a weird scraping. Quick as thought, I sprang up and peered underneath. There was a — porcupine! I had been sitting right on top of that awful beast! Vague rumors of flying needles passed through my mind and I screamed lustily. My father and sister came running, but by that time the poor frightened little animal had summoned courage enough to scamper away. Then I was accused of dreaming and was set about getting pine boughs for beds and a wind-break.

After a sumptuous meal of fried eggs and bacon between slices of bread and some hot cocoa, we rolled up in our blankets and watched the stars, until we fell asleep. I shall never forget the great number of shooting stars we saw. I thought them to be some sort of ammunition used by the planets in their celestial warfare. It seemed that these planets were particularly belligerent that night.

I haven't any idea what time of the night it was but suddenly my eyes flew open and every inch of me stiffened. There was that same rustling! I felt my sister's cold little hand grasp m

She had heard it too! The porcupine — that terrible porcupine! We hardly breathed. Again the rustle! Something prickled my head — oh, the agony of it! Then another rustle and then a swish — that friendly swish of the pine-needles of our wind-break! Not a porcupine at all — just pine needles! So my sister and I snuggled closer together and were soon in dream-land.

But — the irony of it! At daybreak we were awakened by enticing odors of coffee. We lay there quietly until Daddy suddenly said, "Look here, girls." There beside the box of food was a small handful of porcupine needles and a few scattered remains of our precious bacon! My sister and I looked at each other — which had it been — Pines or Porcupines?

Natalie Page, 1923

Milton Avenue on a Summer Evening

A PORCH TYPICAL OF THE STREET AT 7:30 P.M.

A large porch furnished with wicker chairs, two porch swings, and a table covered with magazines, on which a cat lies dozing, is a porch typical of Milton Avenue. A worn-out, harassed business man sits in a large chair, straining his eyes to read the night's paper by the waning daylight. In one of the swings a tired, tranquil wife is sewing buttons on undergarments. A pretty, twenty-year old girl, of the Coles Phillips type, swings back and forth in the other porch swing, now and then peering down the fast-darkening street towards the lights of the down-town section.

THE STREET AT 7:30 P.M.

In the trees the birds are settling down for the night, and a few last chirps are heard before they all retire to their nests. In the street is a group of boys and girls, ranging from eight to fourteen

years in age, playing baseball. "Hey, Bart, don't run me off the base!" "Aw, strike at 'em. What d' you want for a nickel?" "Junior, you come home this instant or I'll call your father!" "One more inning, ma, please, and I'll mow all the lawn tomorrow morning — honest I will."

Automobiles pass along the road, those headed for the country, full of hot, tired families, on their way to one of the lakes for a swim before bedtime. The cars going in the other direction are either Ford coupes, containing a young man and a girl, or cars of farmer-folk, going "in town" for an evening's dissipation at the "movies" and ice-cream parlor afterwards.

On the sidewalk are girls on roller-skates and boys on bicycles, playing "stump-the-leader." Older boys are walking on the same sidewalk, whistling nervously as they approach certain houses that house certain young girls.

THE SAME PORCH AT 7:45 P.M.

Back on the large porch the cat jumps down from the table, stretches, gives a look at his mistress as if to say, "Good-bye. Going for a little jaunt to get some beetles and bugs. Don't call me back." The mother and father are both dozing after the long day's work. As an old, decrepit-looking Ford bangs up the street, stops in front of the house, and honks the horn, the girl in the swing jumps up, takes her hat, hastily kisses her dormant parents, and runs down to the car, with a "Why, hello, Joe! I didn't expect you so soon!"

The car goes off down the street as the streetlights come on, and the stage is set for another summer night.

Bessie Korst, 1924

Color

This life is full of color. Rich experiences and interesting adventures are continually shading character with new and varied tints.

Some things that happen pierce the heart and leave imprinted on the memory the scarlet of the bleeding wound; others are orange, blending into yellow gold, as a symbol of the vividness and beauty of the impression. As Nature gives green to soothe and rest tired eyes, so does the imagination color the calm and quiet things in green, to give peace and refuge from her intenser rays. Indigo for work, blue for play, and lavender for beauty are the colors that give respite and forgetfulness of strife and sorrow.

If all these colors have entered the heart of a man, they will blend into a white light, a symbol of the purity and completeness of the life he has lived. There must be no black to mingle with it, for black is no color at all, and only leaves a void in the ray. And then, when his life is done, if there be no black, this light will gleam forever, illuminating the way of at least one man who is, in his turn, groping in the darkness for the elementary colors of life.

Catharine Miller, 1923

A Pale Moon

A pale moon always makes me laugh.
When the moon is round and full,
It is as it should be, and seems natural:
But when the moon is pale,
It makes me feel as though
She had powdered her face—
Vain Woman!

Mary Jane Wolf, 1923

"Finding's Keepings"

Bang! The car door opened and the brakeman announced, "Clifftondale, the next station," to the great satisfaction of all the tired passengers.

Mary Boynton straightened her hat and applied a last dab of powder to her saucy, upturned nose, as with a delicious little thrill, she looked out of the car window to get her first glimpses of the snow-bound town which they were approaching. At the same time, Jimmy Weston, who was to spend a week with his Dartmouth room-mate, gathered up his snowshoes and bag, and gave a downward glance at the sacred spot where his fraternity pin rested. Jimmy's heart skipped a beat, for the pin was not there! With a sigh of relief, he remembered that he had left it on his Tuxedo the night before. How proud he was of it! When he had received it at the last fraternity meeting, he had made a resolution to keep it, but not because he was a woman hater, for Jimmy Weston was very popular with the large number of girls whom he knew. He intended to keep his pin, at least for a while — in fact just that morning he had made a bet with Albert Ronald, one of his college friends, that when he returned to college two weeks later, he would still be wearing it. Albert had smiled knowingly and replied, "We'll see, old scout! I know you better than you think." Jimmy, however, had solemnly sworn to keep his promise.

Suddenly the train stopped with a groaning of brakes and the few passengers got off. Then a short, bent-over man appeared from behind the station and in the most dignified voice possible called out,

"This way to the Riverport coach. All people going to Riverport kindly step this way. Right this way!"

He then hobbled around to the other side of the station, where he helped the passengers climb into his rickety wagon, and stored the suitcases in the rear of it.

"Cluck, cluck," he called to the horses, as he climbed into the driver's seat. "Hurry up, Tom and Jerry. Train was two hours

late this afternoon, and mother's chicken pie'll be all cold before we get there."

Half an hour later found Mary at the door of her friend's house.

"You darling!" Helen cried, "you look so good to me! Just think, I haven't seen you for a whole year — since we were at college! You poor dear, you look half frozen! Come right upstairs to your room." So saying, she led the way up a broad staircase to an attractively-furnished room.

"I hope you're not awfully tired," she continued presently, "for there's a big masquerade tonight over at the Country Club, and there'll be several girls whom you know and a great many men home from college. Just fix your hair a little bit — it looks great bobbed, Mary, and I'll unpack your things for you, while you're doing it, for we haven't much time. Dinner has been ready for about two hours. I just guess you're starved, aren't you?"

"A masquerade!" exclaimed Mary. "But, Helen, I have nothing to wear!"

"Nothing to wear! Hm! What do you call this?" she asked, bringing forth a Tuxedo from the bag. "My dear, I haven't seen you dressed up as a man since that cabaret in college last year. You always made up as a stunning man, and we went together. Remember?"

Meanwhile Mary had been looking at her friend aghast.

"O Helen," she cried, "it—it isn't mine! I must have mixed it up with one that belonged to the man who sat opposite me. I remember now that our suitcases looked something alike. But do you suppose that it would possibly fit? Let's try it!"

The suit proved to be a little large for her, but by means of pins and tucks, it was finally pronounced perfect by Helen, especially after they had discovered a very good-looking fraternity pin.

"Oh, honey, you look grand!" Helen exclaimed. "Come on down and we'll have dinner; it's getting late."

An hour later when the girls arrived at the Country Club the dance was in full progress, and the leader of the orchestra had just announced a Paul Jones.

"We're just in time," said Helen. "If there's anything that I

adore, it's one of these," and the girls entered the circle. When the music stopped, Mary found herself opposite a girl in a green dress with flying silver ribbons. Only one girl had a dress like that, and that person was—Mary Boynton! She gave a little gasp, and the tall figure in the rather short green dress did the same.

"I suppose that we may as well dance," said the wearer of the dress. "I — you — can that be my fraternity pin that you're wearing?"

"I guess that it is," replied Mary, laughing. "Well, let's dance anyway — it's too irresistible, and I adore this fox-trot."

Twelve o'clock found Mary Boynton and Jimmy Weston on the veranda of the Riverport Country Club, where they had come between dances. The moon, looking down upon them, must have smiled at the peculiar sight which he saw — a tall, boyish figure in a green dress with flying silver ribbons, over which a heavy raccoon coat had been thrown, and a small figure beside him, wearing the unusual combination of a Tuxedo and a squirrel coat.

Jimmy pulled a piece of paper from his pocket and handed it to Mary. By the light of the moon she read,

Mr. Albert Ronald

34 State Street

New York City

You've won your bet — the fifty dollars is yours.

She's a wonder.

Jimmy

The moon suddenly decided to take another trip behind the clouds, and with a smile, he disappeared, leaving Mary and Jimmy alone on the veranda, and last, but not least, the fraternity pin on Mary's coat.

Ruth Kelley, 1924

The Meeting of the Star Covers

(From the Japanese Fairy Tale)

On the seventh day of the seventh month
(Goes this tale from old Japan),
The Herd Boy meets his maiden wife
When the Sun King lifts his ban.

Once, on the banks of the Milky Way,
Lived Shakujo, a beautiful maid,
Who spun many garments every day
While her merry companions played.

This trait caused her father much concern
(It really was making him thin),
So he planned to unite his daughter with one
Known in Heaven as Shepherd Kingin.

The young wife became very merry and gay,
And soon forsook needle and loom:
She devoted whole nights and days to her play,
"Til her father thus uttered her doom;

"'Tis enough, quite enough," the Sun King proclaimed.
"Your husband shall dwell over yon,
And you shall inhabit this side of the stream
And your old, simple raiment shall don.

"This weeping young wife and her lover shall part,
To meet but once during the year.
I shall build them a bridge of magpies so black
Whenever that time shall draw near."

When the lamps of the heavens were lighted at night,
The lovers would stand near the stream
And longingly gaze at each other in vain,
For all seemed but a horrible dream.

On the very day in the month of July
When the Sun King allows them to meet,
A flock of black magpies forms a safe bridge
For the spinning Princess's feet.

Trembling with joy, she speeds across,
Far quicker than any dart,
And soon is safe in her husband's arms,
Pressed tightly against his heart.

Helen Keating, 1924

Spring fever

Spring — the time between the twenty-first of March and the twenty-first of June.

Fever — a disorder marked by high temperature or extreme excitement.

In spring the grass becomes green, the buds begin to peek out and look around, the first flowers appear — the sky looks different and the air has a soft touch. A feeling of wanderlust creeps into the blood, making the ear more susceptible to the call of the pine woods with its babbling brooks.

Then inviting tennis courts, hockey and basketball fields tempt the mind to lay aside all thoughts of work, and urge the expectant muscles to show forth their power. Truly, day-dreaming and procrastination of duties are not altogether unheard of at this time. A feeling of extreme excitement surges through the whole body and at times one's temperature seems to be up in the hundreds. Thus a seeming fever ensues.

'Tis true of most of us, that when spring comes, the fever is not far behind.

Doris von Culin, 1925

The Lawn Mower

Umph! I turn over with a grunt, and open one eye sleepily. What is that noise that has wakened me so early this fine, spring morning? A steady churrr and whurrr. I sit up in bed, and listen attentively. Then the truth dawns on me. That noise, that persistent churrr and whurrr is the lawn mower! I jump out of bed and run to the window. Yes, Bill, the hired man, is cutting the grass for the first time this spring. He is whistling cheerfully, and as he pushes the lawn mower along, it seems to sing with joy, and kick up its heels with glee, while it scatters the freshly cut grass high into the air. The sun is smiling down through budding trees, and is laughing at the mower as it capers along. Sitting on the lowest limb of a maple tree, with a squirming worm in his beak, is a fat robin, who cocks his head knowingly at it. Michael, my dog, follows it playfully, and tries to catch the scattered grass in his mouth. Everyone and everything seem to be welcoming the lawn mower back. Even that little dandelion, a downy ball of gold, which is nestled in a corner of the yard, and has escaped being mowed down, seems to nod its head at it and say, "I am a wise dandelion; I grow in corners where you cannot reach me!" Over in the gutter a sparrow, who is washing his dirty feathers in a pool of water left from yesterday's shower, stops at the noise and chirps with glee. Passersby stop and, with a cheery "Hello" to Bill, remark upon the weather and how springlike it seems to have the lawn mower out once more. And all the time the lawn mower itself is singing over and over, "Churrr! I am happy — You are happy — Spring is here — Grass is growing — I am mowing — Whurrr!" I smile at it, and then hurry to get dressed so that I can push it once around the yard before breakfast.

Mary Weld Scudder, 1923

The Call of the Stream

O! most of all my heart throbs fast
For the rushing trout stream's pool,
For the rapids that foam and bubble past,
And the eddies so deep and cool.

And it's O! in the spring of the year for me
When the trout are first awake;
I've a wild desire to be off and free,
Where the waters black pools make.

I want the pull o' the bending rod,
As the line goes taut with a zing;
I feel myself on the wet brown sod
And I hear the bold reel sing.

And it's O! in the sunset's last red glow,
And the first starlight's pale gleam,
When the tall marsh grass is bending low
By the edge of the winding stream.

You may count this day with its joy and its thought,
As one when you've been with God;
For you've learned the lessons that He has taught,
In the sky and the wet brown sod.

Esther Wood, 1923

The Awakening

It was her graduation day — the day to which she had looked forward with such eagerness, almost ever since she could remember. But somehow the glamour of it had left and she no longer felt that it was the crowning joy of her young life.

Until now everything had gone along very smoothly. She had taken each day as it came, never worrying and never giving a thought to the future. She had romped through High School in the usual care-free manner. But today it was all to come to an end — her graduation day. And what next? What was she going to do now? What did other girls do after they finished school? Get married. That was all right, but she wasn't engaged, not even in love. Of course there was plenty of time for that even yet; but there were a great many people who never did marry, and perhaps she would be one of them and turn out a prudish old-maid just like Aunt Clara. But she didn't want to be a prude. Above all things she didn't want that. Still she could just imagine herself wasting away her youth, doing nothing but sit around knitting — just like Aunt Clara.

Somehow she couldn't seem to get that picture out of her head. Now she could even hear the click-clicking of the amber needles. How strange! It seemed almost real, and she could still hear the persistent click-clicking. Now it grew louder and faster. Was it the clicking of needles, or was it something else, more of a buzzing sound, like a bell? She wished it would stop. It would drive her mad. Why wouldn't it stop? It only grew louder. Suddenly she sat up with a start. Why! She had been dreaming. It wasn't the clicking of needles she had heard at all, but her new alarm clock, of course, the one Dad had given her, so that she would have no more excuses about oversleeping in the morning. Dear old Dad! He always was trying to make her get over her bad habits.

But what a queer dream she had just been having! Something about graduating and then sitting around knitting and growing more old-maidish and Aunt-Claraish every day. She guessed she

would get up and maybe there'd be time to get some of that studying done before breakfast. She wouldn't give Dad a chance to think she was lazy any more. One thing was certain; she was going to work hard and go to college. Then she would at least be able to do something. Even if she should be an old-maid, she wasn't going to sit around all her life and knit.

Margaret Colby, 1924

Human Nature

The big ship was about to be launched. Crowds stood about waiting to see the event. The Great Man—and indeed he was very Great, for had he not created this huge, yet graceful boat? — stood on the dock to watch its christening.

"I shall be famous, — talked of everywhere," breathed the Great Man. "My ship excels all others in beauty and in strength."

The actress, who was to christen the ship, stepped forward; the ship moved. There was a hushed silence.

"Ah — she is beautiful —," remarked the Great Man to one of the crowd.

"Beyond compare!" was the enraptured reply.

"So gracefully constructed!" continued the Great Man.

"Ah — you use such picturesque language, but 'tis true, and what dainty feet and ankles she has!"

The Great Man gasped, turned in disgust and confronted another one of the crowd.

"So large, and indeed it contains everything to be desired," volunteered the Great Man.

"I know; wicked to break it, isn't it?"

"Break what?"

"Why, the bottle of champagne, of course!"

Once more the Great Man was filled with scorn, but he was also crestfallen. The bottle containing everything to be desired, was

broken; the christening was over and the actress with the dainty feet and ankles moved off into the crowd just as the ship glided into the water.

The Great Man strode northward to the city streets, thinking deeply of his latest creation and his recent disappointment. How morbid Americans were! Little did they care for art, — they had not gathered to see his ship, — they couldn't appreciate or know beauty when they saw it anyhow; all they wanted was the sordid things of life and cheap sensation. Sensation! —bah!

At this point he turned abruptly to the left, down another street where he beheld a large crowd of people, mostly men, who were greatly absorbed and interested in something.

"What is it?" he inquired.

"Why! it's Dempsey Johnson, the great prizefighter!"

There was a gorgeous sunset just then, in plain sight from that spot, for those who cared to look. The Great Man did not — his attention was completely absorbed.

Natalie Bartlett, 1923

Five O'clock in a Department Store

"Gee, May, did you ever have such a day! I thought I would just go wild trying to match the gray cotton for that fussy old woman. And wasn't that a dandy fellow, who didn't know where to find the gentleman's department? I wonder who he is. Where are you going tonight? I'm for the movies. Do you like my hair done this way? I wish the marcel would come back in style. It is so much more classy. Heavens! here is another dame. What will she want? Something I'll have to dig in the cellar for, I'll bet. No! she's passing us. There's the gong. Let's get the covers on and beat it."

In less than two minutes a pretty bobbed-haired girl of eighteen, dressed in a sport hat and coat, and with high-heeled pumps, walked toward the door, pausing to punch the time clock before passing out into the street.

Elizabeth Hoffman, 1927

Sailing Up The Yangtze

Every summer when I was a very small girl, our family, and many other families too, used to take a river boat and sail up the Yangtze towards the mountains, our summer resort.

The three days on the small river boat, which seemed very large indeed to my childish eyes, were a source of great interest to all. The small cabins with their tiny portholes, their berths, one above the other, and their electric fans, fascinated me. Always too, there was the great hot engine room to visit, with its oiled and glistening machines throbbing and working up and down, up and down like clock work. Then there were the great iron anchors, let down at ports with a terrific noise, the noise of the chains scraping on the boat, and mingled with it the shouts of the sailors; suddenly there would come a great splash as the anchor had at last hit the water; then after a few hours we would be off again, sailing on the Yangtze that wound in and out like a brown serpent, between the wheat and cornfields stretching on either side as far as eye could see. These fields were green and golden, in squares; they reminded me of a checkerboard or of the fields that Alice saw in her adventures through the lookingglass. But what I liked to watch best was the sailors sounding the depths of the water. It was with great admiration that I watched them twirling the heavy leaden weight around with marvellous skill, and then hurling it way out into the water, only to pull it up again and begin all over. Sometimes in the night I would wake and hear someone calling out these soundings to the captain in words that were then unintelligible to me.

Last of all there was the arrival at Kiukiang. That was the most exciting event of all. On the deck lay huge coils of rope which were thrown expertly across fifty or sixty feet of water and caught by men waiting on the wharf; then with a great many groans from the taut ropes and with the yellow water churned into a regular whirlpool, the fifty feet would gradually grow less and less. Then I would hold my breath and watch the wharf lined with rows on rows of Chinese coolies, clinging to every con-

ceivable foothold, yelling, struggling, trying for a front place, bracing themselves for the jump that was to come. Soon one man would give a cry and jump across four or five feet of water; somehow he would catch hold of the approaching vessel, would swing over the railing, and be the first to get some baggage to carry off. He was followed by another and another until the whole lower deck was swarmed with men. After they were all on, the boat touched the wharf, and the gangplank was lowered. Then I would sigh with relief; no one had fallen in that awful water.

Then there was the rush over the gangplank and the hurried walk along the shady street that was on the waterfront, to the Rest House, where we took our sedan chairs that were to carry us across the burning plains, way up to the cool mountains.

Rose Lobenstine, 1923

A Lily

A nun's fair face,
All wrapped in white;
Her modest eyes,
'Most hid from sight;
Her head upturned
Adoring the "Sun" —
It's a lily fair
And not a nun.

Catharine Miller, 1923

Olive Twichell Crawford

IN MEMORIAM

The friendship of fifty years gives me the privilege of writing of Olive Twichell Crawford, but to describe her rare beauty and loveliness of character is difficult. The saintliness stamped upon her face in later years was fore-shadowed in her girlhood, though not to the exclusion of a thorough enjoyment of real fun, or of a ready wit. Her scholarship at Abbot ranked high. She took the French course in two years instead of the usual three; she was a Draper reader more than once; and to every alumna who knew her there will come the picture of her as she read "Draxy Miller's Sermon" in Saxe Holmes's story of the "Elder's Wife." Truly she was even then the elder's wife, preaching the gospel of love and self-sacrifice! Her high ideals of "Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report," were never obtrusive, but always distinctly felt even by the most careless of her schoolmates, and everyone loved Olive Twichell.

A few years of teaching only intensified her desire for missionary work, and in 1881 she went to Turkey under the American Board. In Constantinople she founded a girls' school with Abbot Academy as a model. In 1890 she married Dr. Lyndon S. Crawford. After a few years in Broussa they went to Trebizond, where they labored for many years among the Greeks and Armenians and experienced the two terrible Armenian massacres.

And then came the years of the war, during which their furlough was due, which they would not take while the need for service was so great. In 1918 Dr. Crawford died and Mrs. Crawford, alone in her sorrow, was the only American in the city. When relief could be sent, she returned to this country for a year, so precious to her friends. Even in this year of well-earned rest, she could not be at ease, but responded as far as she was able to the many requests to speak, telling her story with such simplicity, but with such unconscious dramatic force that no one could listen to her unmoved. Her devotion to her life-work was so great that she had to go back, and we see her again ministering to the hungry, the sick, and the dying. She died, April tenth, of typhus fever contracted from the refugees. "So He giveth His beloved sleep."

Catherine S. Tyr

Editorials

The many Andover friends of Miss Gertrude Sherman were deeply saddened by the news which came to us in the early spring of her sudden death from pneumonia. She was head of the French department here from 1909 to 1917, and during those eight years with us she made herself much loved as a teacher and a friend. The daughter of Professor Frank A. Sherman, professor of mathematics at Dartmouth College, Miss Sherman inherited from her father a real love of learning and remarkable ability to impart what she knew. Many of those who were in her classes speak of the vitality and enthusiasm of her teaching, as well as the careful training she gave them, not only in the class room, but in the many delightful plays given by the French department under her inspiration and guidance. She was a born teacher. At the time of her death, the Principal of the Technical High School in Springfield, where she had taught for the past few years, said that he had lost the most valuable of his teachers.

To the school life she contributed very rare qualities. Her personality had an unusual charm and dignity which made her influence widely felt. We think often of her ready sympathy, her cheerfulness, her courage which sprang from a deeply religious nature. In Sherman Cottage, where she and her mother lived for two years, we have a constant reminder of her gracious spirit.

"Skeleton Island E. S. E. by E."

In March, when the Abbot circle was grey with weeks of snow, and Christmas was one with the fall of Rome chronologically, we felt a sudden breeze from the Caribbean. At once our latent piratical tendencies became dominant; we dreamed of sailing the Spanish Main, and perhaps meeting an ostrich or two on the coral reefs upon which we yearned to be wrecked. Seas of sap-

phire blue rolled lazily in our brains, monkeysswung dizzily before our eyes, and on the bulletin board a paper ship merrily roved a paper ocean. But why should one wonder at this? Was not Miss Bailey there where our hearts and minds were so often turned! Was it not Miss Bailey's steamer which cruised those painted shores in the hall! Were the delightful cards showing cool cocoanut groves not from Miss Bailey?

At a casual glance Abbot might seem to a stranger a miniature world complete in itself and entirely cut off from outside influences. Well, we may be complete in ourselves, but we are not cut off from outside communication. Every week, and sometimes twice a week, we have a different minister or speaker who brings us tidings from a far-away land or our own country. And we become much better acquainted with many things and places because of the personal anecdotes of these speakers. Through them we get something to which to attach our impressions so that they remain with us. During the months of January and February alone we had with us Miss Anne Wiggin, who brought us a new interest in the work of the Y. W. C. A. in the Near East; Baron Korff, who made Russia's present condition and problems clear to us; Miss Popovitch, Miss Atchimovitch, and Mr. Georgevitch, three students from Serbia, who showed us in a delightful manner that students in Europe are no different from us in America, Mr. Hume, who brought us a glimpse of China, and many other interesting speakers.

Why is it that we all seem to have, in more or less degree, the impulse to try to escape those duties and tasks which we feel are imposed upon us by people who by some strange coincidence have been placed in a position where they can order and we must obey. Most of us are more or less stubborn, but do we really want to escape? Is it not rather a sort of coat with which we conceal our real feelings? How terribly we should feel if anyone should happen to find out that we were not really as anxious to escape as we would have them believe. We may grumble and fret but we never really succeed in escaping; so that, after a few

futile attempts, we succumb to the inevitable. This change, however, does not become apparent to any one except ourselves. What a joyful world this would be if we should share this change of heart with those about us!

When Abbot presents a play, both audience and actors derive keen pleasure from the performance; for the audience enjoys the play, the actors enjoy Charles. Perhaps once Charles had another name, but if he had, it has long since been locked in the property room, for Charles is Charles, alike to Miss Bailey and the veriest shrew that ever Katherined a Petruchio. At a dress rehearsal, Charles is a vigilante, he notes each property, every flicker of the footlights is recorded upon his serious brow; but when the gala night arrives, the tables are turned. If the play is called for eight o'clock, Charles is there at six, wearing a gardenia in his button-hole and his readiest smile. Never too busy to reach from his great height to a rose-twined balcony for a lady's scarf, nor ever too hurried to explain cheerfully that even though the extra scene-shifter forgot to come, he can manage the walls if someone will lend a hand with the furniture, Charles is monarch of all he surveys. When the piece is on the boards, we know who is tapping his foot to the lilt of the dance, who is grinning broadly at the dashing maid's caprices, who stands ready to ring down the curtain when the final burst of applause has been answered by the royal bows of the king and queen, and we know who will pat us on the back with a glad "You sure were fine now" — it is Charles.

In September, as the "new girls" were peeping fearfully into the "old girls'" rooms, they were amazed to see the collection of nondescript animals and other toys which constitutes Abbot's mascot family. But we venture to state that everyone of the afore-mentioned "new girls" is now the proud possessor of some sort of mascot, the queerer and older the better.

It would seem, at first glance, as if more than the usual number of us had sent home for our constant companions of childhood, the fuzzy-wuzzy teddy-bear. Yet, upon closer inspection, there are perhaps as many cats, dogs and rag dolls to be found. Many

and varied are the types of mascots. They range from a blue plaster-of-Paris Buddah to a life-sized baby doll dressed in long clothes, and include in the conglomeration rubber dolls, monkeys, pigs, and even snakes.

It is surprising how quiet this motley throng keeps. They cause absolutely no commotion whatever, except on such rare occasions as when we endeavor to change the water in our real, live gold-fishes' bowl after lights. But who can say that our mascots never meet on bright moonlight nights in the Art Room or some other convenient spot, for the purpose of discussing their owners? 'Tis best to be prepared; so treat your mascot with respect, that it may bring a good report of you to the "gathering of the clan."

Who does not love to hear an interesting story? Yet who realizes that all about us, here at Abbot, there are many fascinating and entertaining tales longing to be told but going to waste because we shut our ears to them. There is the story of the silver spoons, for example. Who would think that the silver, now used at Miss Bailey's and Miss Kelsey's tables, had such a history! Once, when the silverware was old and scratched from long usage, the Trustees were coming to dinner! Imagine the Trustees using such silver! Surely Abbot would wish to put its "best foot forward," as the saying is, when entertaining the Trustees! But no! The table was set with the most dilapidated and marred of silver. What a blunder! How perturbed Miss McKeen must be! No mention was made of the silverware by the Trustees; no apology offered by Miss McKeen. Several days passed. The school had nearly forgotten this episode, when it was greatly excited by the appearance of a chest of new, beautiful, bright and shining silver spoons. The Trustees had taken the intentional but unvoiced suggestion of Miss McKeen and presented Abbot with this very acceptable gift.

"Beautiful soup so rich and green
Waiting in a hot tureen,
Who for such dainties would not stoop?
Soup of the evening, beautiful soup!"

Whether it is soup, sanchang or soufflé, at six o'clock it is ready without fail. How surprised you'd be if some night it was announced that cook was very sorry but she forgot to start the dinner tonight, so we'd have shredded wheat and milk instead. Such things just don't happen. Dinner is ready when the bell rings, whether you are or not.

It is the same with everything. It just gets done somehow. When there is a snowstorm, men seem to spring up everywhere, like the dragons' teeth, armed with shovels and sand. You hear the scrape-scape of their shovels, long before the rising-bell. Then when the cottagers venture out to go to breakfast, there is a broad path for them.

Once something happened to the steaks that were destined for Abbot's Sunday dinner. The cook and her helpers waited and waited, but no steaks arrived. In desperation they were about to fall back on the lamb for Monday's dinner. They knew the consternation there would be in the dining-room, if neither steak nor chicken appeared Sunday noon! But what could they do? Finally a young man, whose name history does not state, came to the rescue, drove all the way to Boston in a Ford, over miserable roads, got more steaks, and brought them all the way back again in time for dinner. Modern knight-errantry!

School Journal

JANUARY

- 9 Christmas vacation ends.
- 14 Chapel. Miss Anne Wiggin on "The Work of the Y. W. C. A."
- 15 Baron Korff on "Conditions in Russia Today."
- 21 Rev. Arthur S. Wheelock on "Wisdom."
- 27 Recital of folk songs by Miss Loraine Wyman.
- 28 Chapel. Miss Bailey on "Anxiety."
- 30 Recital by Miss Friskin.

FEBRUARY

- 3 Senior Middle Tea-Dance.
- 4 Chapel. Poetry read by Miss Bailey.
- 5 Seniors leave for Intervale.
- 6 Day Scholars' Dinner.
- 8 Seniors return from Intervale.
- 10 Professor M. W. Calkins on "The Fighting Instinct."
- 11 Chapel. Miss Stana Popovitch on "The Serbian Students in America."
Miss Rougitza Atchimovitch on "The Work of Dr. Rosalie Morton."
Mr. Ilya Georgevitch on "Personal Experiences."
- 13 Northfield girls go to Bradford for dinner.
Recital by Students of the Music Department.
- 14 First Lenten Service. Miss Bailey on "The Meaning of Religion."
- 17 Recital by Miss Friskin.
- 18 Chapel. Reverend E. Victor Bigelow on "Jesus Christ our Refuge."
- 19 Chapel. Dr. Edward Hume on "Yale in China."
- 22 Second Lenten Service. Miss Bailey on "Religion in Everyday Life."
- 24 Hall Exercises. Dr. Littlefield on "Hygiene."
- 25 Chapel. Reverend Malcom E. Peabody on "Spiritual Strength."
- 27 "A Rose of Plymouth Town" presented by Senior Middle Class.
- 28 Third Lenten Service. Miss Bailey on "Success in Life."

MARCH

- 3 Hall Exercises. Miss Mary Wiggin on "The Child's Place in Industry."
- 4 Chapel. Professor A. H. Tweedy on "Fear."
Organ Recital by Mr. Pfatteicher.
- 6 "La Broma" presented by Spanish students.
- 10 Boston Symphony Ensemble.
Chapel. Reverend Nehemiah Boynton on "Responsibility of Students."

- 13 English V Plays.
- 17 Recital by Students of the Music Department.
- 18 Chapel. Miss Julia Twichell on "The Work of Mrs. Olive Twichell Crawford."
- 22 Spring vacation begins.

APRIL

- 4 Spring vacation ends.
- 7 Recital by Mr. Howe and Miss Nichols.
- 8 Easter Service.
- 10 Corridor Stunts.
- 12 "The Alcestis of Euripides" read by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rann Kennedy.
- 13 Chapel. Mr. Kennedy on "My Interpretation of the 'Alcestis of Euripides'."
- 15 Chapel. Dr. Cutler on "Being True to Our Best Selves."
- 17 Gymnastic Exhibition.
- 22 Chapel. Miss Annie Beecher Scoville on "The Beecher Family."
- 24 Violin Recital by Miss Nichols.
- 28 Hall Exercises. Recital by the Choral Class.
- 29 Chapel. President Marshall read poetry.
- 30 Chapel. President Marshall on "Education."

MAY

- 1 Senior Play: "The Merchant of Venice."
- 6 Chapel. Reverend Sidney Lovett on "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."
- 8 "The Merchant of Venice" repeated for Abbot's Birthday Party.
- 9 Miss Mason chaperones a trip to the North Shore.
- 11 Miss Pettingell takes the History of Art Class to the Widener Library and to the Fogg Art Museum and the German Museum.
- 13 Chapel. Dr. Raymond Calkins on "Cheerfulness."
- 16 Miss Kelsey and Miss Burt take the Geology Class to Nahant and Swampscott.
- Wellesley girls go to Wellesley with Miss Bailey.
- 17 Odeon Banquet
Aesthetic Dancing Exhibition.
- 19 Chapel. Dean Brown on "Is Religion Worth While?"
- 21 Q. E. D. Banquet.
- 22 Junior Middle Picnic.
- 22 Senior Middle Banquet.
- 23 Field Day.
- 25 COURANT Picnic at Stillwater Pond as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Clay.
- 26 Senior Promenade.

Lectures

On the afternoon of January fifteenth, Baron Korff came to speak to us on recent events in Russia. Baron Korff had just recently been in Russia to observe the conditions there. His opinion, based on what he had personally seen, was that Russia was beginning to get back upon her feet, that the peasant class, which is the backbone of the Russian state, had begun to regain its rights, that the intellectual class had been continuing its work of strengthening the country by their research work and by the schooling of leaders. "The days of the autocracy are numbered."

On Saturday afternoon, February tenth, Professor Calkins of Wellesley College talked to us about the fighting instinct, or pugnacity, and its relation to the ideal community. Miss Calkins gave us many examples of the different types of pugnacity and the ways in which they are aroused. She does not think that war is inevitable; in her opinion war is an organization, not an affair of the instincts and not principally an expression of the fighting instinct. She does not think this instinct should be repressed, but that it should be replaced and directed against war.

We were all very much disappointed to hear that Dr. Rosalie Morton could not come to talk to us, as we had hoped, on Sunday evening, February eleventh, because of illness. We were, however, very much interested in the messages which were brought to us by Miss Rougitza Atchimovitch, Miss Stana Popovitch and Mr. Ilya Georgevitch, whom Dr. Morton had sent, as she said, as her ambassadors. Perhaps the messages made a deeper impression because they came directly from these Serbian students. Miss Atchimovitch spoke on the work of Dr. Morton, Miss Popovitch spoke about the Serbian students, and Mr. Georgevitch spoke upon his own personal experiences.

On Thursday afternoon, April nineteenth, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rann Kennedy read us the "Alcestis" of Euripides. All of us who had heard Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy before were anticipating a treat and we were not disappointed. The "Alcestis" is a play of great depth and meaning and was given in such a way that we could more easily understand it. Mrs. Kennedy made the characters Admetus and Alcestis living and real. She also added a great deal to the interest of the play by intoning the choruses. Mr. Kennedy read the parts of Herakles and Admetus's father. On Friday morning, Mr. Kennedy spoke for a few minutes in chapel about the Greek drama and what he considered the real meaning which Euripides meant to show in the "Alcestis."

One of the most interesting chapel services we have had this year was given on March fourteenth by Miss Julia Twichell, who talked about her sister, Olive Twichell Crawford, an old Abbot girl. Miss Twichell spoke of the heroic service which her sister gave as a relief worker among the Armenians in Trebizond, and told many interesting incidents of her life in the mission

there. We were indeed proud to hear of this splendid Abbot representative, whose whole life was one of untiring devotion to the service of others.

On April twenty-second, Miss Annie Beecher Scoville told us something of the Beecher family. She is a great-niece of Harriet Beecher Stowe and granddaughter of Henry Ward Beecher, about whom we have all heard, and we were glad to hear personal anecdotes about their lives. Miss Scoville told us the early history of the Beecher family, how they first lived in the East and then migrated West, how there were innumerable ministers in this large family, and many other interesting details. Her talk proved to us what a great influence one family can have on a nation.

Concerts

This has been a musical year at Abbot Academy, and we have indeed been fortunate in having more than the usual number of concerts. The programs have been extremely interesting and entertaining. One of the most delightful was presented by Loraine Wyman and consisted of three groups of folk-songs from France, Kentucky and England. Although her program was so varied, Miss Wyman entered into the spirit of every song and charmed us all with her personality. Her attractive costumes and short descriptive sketches added greatly to our enjoyment.

An exceedingly interesting concert was given March 10, by a Quartet from the Boston Symphony Orchestra. M. Shirley began with a historical sketch of the Viola d' Amour. We are very fortunate in having heard such a distinguished player of the instrument. M. Shirley demonstrated its particular qualities by performing some works of his own, written especially for the Viola d' Amour. M. Georges Laurent delighted us with his performance of Chaminade's Concertino for the flute. M. Alfred Holy's harp solos proved, if possible, even more enjoyable than we had anticipated. Mr. Arthur Fiedler played the pianoforte accompaniments and joined in the ensemble numbers at the end of the program.

Several entertaining recitals have been given this semester by the students of the Music Department. We greatly enjoyed hearing our schoolmates present their varied programs of pianoforte, violin and vocal music. The concert given by the Choral Class, under the direction of Mr. Howe, was also very interesting. The principal number on the program was a humorous cantata, "The Quaker and the Highwayman."

The concerts of our faculty from the Music Department are probably looked forward to more eagerly and enjoyed more completely than any ever given at Abbot. What could have been more delightful than Miss Friskin's first public recital? The great Fantasia and Fugue in G Minor, by Bach, was perhaps the most beautifully played, but Schumann's Carnival, which brought the program

to a close, was the most appealing because of the intimate significance and feeling which Miss Friskin's interpretation expressed.

Mr. Howe's recital was of especial interest because of the nature of the program. Not only were all the composers Americans, but they were all close friends of Mr. Howe. Several of the selections which he played were dedicated to him, and one, Pastel, was of his own composing. Mr. Howe was assisted by Miss Nichols. Her playing contributed greatly to the enjoyment of the concert.

The program of Miss Nichols's violin recital, given the evening of April 24, was notable. Respigh's Sonata in A Minor, which was presented for the first time in America by Heifitz so recently, was the principal number. Miss Nichols played this program of less familiar music with a sure hand and with widest interest and sincerity. Her interpretations were interesting. Harrison Potter assisted as pianist.

Entertainments

Perhaps the most anticipated event of the year took place on the night of May first, when "The Merchant of Venice" was presented by the Senior Class. The cast, chosen, as usual, from the English V Class, proved themselves worthy of the title of actresses in their rendering of this ever-appreciated play of Shakespeare's. Emily Van Patten was a lovely Portia and played her part with much ease and grace. Ruth Holmes's interpretation of her difficult role as Shylock was very convincing and received much applause. The excellence of individual effort, together with the fine support of the entire cast, made the whole a great success.

Because of an unfortunate illness, Miss Morgan was unable to complete her work of directing, but following ably in her footsteps came Miss Priscilla Potter, formerly a teacher in Abbot, and Miss M. Oclo Miller. They all deserve much praise for their untiring effort and the entirely favorable outcome.

THE CAST

DUKE OF VENICE	Martha Buttrick
ANTONIO, the Merchant of Venice	Martha Stevens
BASSANIO, his friend	Helga Lundin
SALANIO }	Barbara Cutter
SALARINO } friends of Antonio and Bassanio	Rosamond Martin
GRATIANO }	Emily Holt
LORENZO, in love with Jessica	Anne Darling
SHYLOCK, a Jew	Ruth Holmes
TUBAL, a Jew, his friend	Ethel Goodwin
LAUNCELOT GOBBO, a clown	Francelia Holmes
OLD GOBBO, father of Launcelot	Estella Throckmorton
LEONARDO, servant of Bassanio	Eleanor Noyes

BALTHASAR, servant to Portia	Miriam Sweeney
CLERK	Natalie Bartlett
PORTIA, a rich heiress	Emily Van Patten
NERISSA, her waiting-maid	Catharine Miller
JESSICA, daughter of Shylock	Natalie Page
OFFICERS	Elizabeth Adams
	Eleanor Warren

The Senior Middlers gave as their annual play this year, "A Rose o' Plymouth Town." A Puritan play was something new at Abbot and was in much favor with the audience, if one can judge from the loud and prolonged applause. Caroline Strahley, as Rose, made an exceptionally charming heroine, and Garrett Foster, Margaret MacDonald, captivated everyone. All the parts were taken with much ease and ability, and the quaint setting and Puritan costumes all added much to make the event a very pleasurable one. Miss Morgan should be congratulated for her directing of the play.

CAST

MILES STANDISH, Captain of Plymouth	Genevra Rumford
GARRETT FOSTER, of Weston's Men	Margaret MacDonald
JOHN MARGESON } of the	{ Marion Shryock
PHILLIPPE DE LA NOYE } Plymouth colonists	{ Eleanor Robbins
MIRIAM CHILLINGSLEY, cousin to the captain	Elsie Draper
BARBARA STANDISH, wife to the captain	Helen Keating
RESOLUTE STOREY, aunt to the captain	Katherine Wallace
ROSE DE LA NOYE	Caroline Strahley

The two English V Plays, "The Choice" by Laura Lakin, and "Enter James, the Hero" by Ruth Kelley, were given on March thirteenth before a very enthusiastic audience. The plays were quite different in plot, but were equally entertaining, "The Choice" being a western love story, and "Enter James, the Hero" a detective story. Both actors and authors received much applause, and much praise is due them for their splendid performance.

Between the acts we were entertained by a charade, acting out "Abbot Academy," and Miss Hopkins and Miss Marceau delighted us all with two clever little songs.

"La Broma," a one-act Spanish play, was given by the Spanish Department. Betty Bragg, dressed in Spanish costume, gave a brief synopsis of the play after which the curtain rose upon a pretty scene in a Mexican home. The play was very amusing and much credit is due the cast, although it was at the disadvantage of speaking in a tongue familiar to but few in the audience. We especially wish to thank Miss Mathews for her work in directing the play.

The second of the series of Corridor Stunts, as entertaining as the first, took place on April tenth. The first stunt was by Sunset Lodge, "Salina Sue at the Movies," Salina Sue being a typical "hick" on her first visit to the city. The

next was a short farce entitled "Mr. Gray's in the Future" by the third floor wing. The first floor gave several pantomimes showing different humorous incidents in the school life. Finally the second floor front gave "Travels to Distant Lands." The distant lands were such places as Egypt, California, Intervale, and Andover. This, like the rest, was received with much laughter and applause.

Everyone was much interested to see the results of the year's work, when the different classes in gymnasium gave their Exhibition on Tuesday, April seventeenth. The program began with tactics and military marching, which went off with a good deal of snap and precision. There was apparatus work, a game of bounce-ball, a dumb-bell drill, very dexterous club swinging, formal gymnastics, and marching. The final events were two very exciting games; a hoop relay and a ring-toss relay. Miss Nelson and all the performers are to be congratulated upon their demonstration.

The Aesthetic Dancing exhibition, under the supervision of Miss Manship, was given on the campus, May 19. All kinds of dances, from an Egyptian Freize to a Clog, were presented, showing the girls' ability in various forms of aesthetic expression. The scarf and nature dances were especially lovely.

Field Day was a great success this year. The class of '23 with a score of 64 points against the Senior-Mids' 32 won the day for the third consecutive year, thereby permanently winning the cup. Splendid sportsmanship and good playing were shown throughout the day, which ended with a march to the old hockey field, where a Tug-of-War was held. The tennis tournament was won by Mary and Laura Scudder. Perhaps the most exciting event was the basketball game, which ended 21-20 in favor of the Seniors.

Honor Roll

FIRST SEMESTER, 1923

Lucy C. Sanborn	92
Adelaide P. Hammond, June M. Hinman	91
Anstiss H. Bowser, Helen S. Keating, Rose H. Lobenstine, Edda V. Renouf	
Mary C. Simpson, Caroline H. Straehley, Margaret Wolf	90
Ruth E. Davies, Sally Finch, Mary Elizabeth Nelson, Elizabeth G. Peck, Ruth M. Perry	89
Dorothy A. Taylor.	88

THIRD QUARTER, 1923

Lucy Sanborn	93
Adelaide Hammond, June Hinman, Helen Keating, Rose Lobenstine,	
Mary Elizabeth Nelson, Ruth Perry, Edda Renouf	92
Anstiss Bowser, Ruth Davies, Sally Finch, Caroline Straehley.	91
Mary Simpson	90

Ruth Holmes, Edna Marland, Evelyn McDougall, Catharine Miller, Dolores Osborne, Natalie Page, Florence Prickett, Sylvia Shapleigh, Ruth Stafford, Eleanor Warren, Margaret Wolf	89
Margaret Bush, Evelyn Glidden, Ruth Hawley, Dorothy Taylor, Raymah Wright	88

Items of General Interest

The COURANT Board has attained to the dignity of a pin. A contest was held to secure designs, in which the one selected was the work of Edith Damon. It is a curling feather pen in gold, with a tiny C near the middle.

The observance of Abbot Birthday (May 6) was somewhat different from last year in theory. A circular sent out through the district chairmen to all former students by the Endowment Fund Committee, Flora L. Mason, 1889, chairman, changed the emphasis from money-raising activities to meetings for good fellowship, with a suggestion for small individual birthday gifts. A special effort to increase the membership of the Alumnae Association was made. The resulting gatherings, so far as heard from, have made of the occasion what Miss Bailey called it in Andover, Loyalty Day. Further reports will be given at the Alumnae Meeting, June 11.

Among the celebrations were a musicale on May 9, at the Copley-Plaza in Boston, planned by Mrs. Adeline Perry Walker, with Miss Marjorie Moody as singer, and Mr. Sanroma as pianist; and a luncheon for the district of southern Massachusetts and Rhode Island on May 7 at Taunton, in charge of Mrs. Elizabeth Richardson Thomas. A new Abbot Club will begin to count birthdays from this month also, as the first meeting of the Connecticut Club was held at New Haven on May 11, with Miss Bailey as guest of honor.

At Andover the Alumnae gave a very pleasant tea in honor of the present faculty, in the November Club house, on Saturday, May 5. Mrs. Bertha Manning Phillips received and Mrs. Hanna Greene Holt was in charge of the tea, which was in recognition and appreciation of the teachers, past and present.

As the present students' part in celebrating the day, the Senior Class very kindly consented to repeat their play, "The Merchant of Venice," on Tuesday the eighth, for the benefit of the Loyalty Endowment Fund. The other classes sold candy, flowers, and postal cards between the acts, making the proceeds amount to a good sum.

Among the school contributions this year, the sum of \$800 was sent to Mrs. Crawford in Trebizond and \$700 to Dr. Rosalie Morton for the education of Serbian students in this country.

A very impressive Memorial service for Mrs. Olive Twichell Crawford was held in the South Church at Andover on April twenty-second. The Scripture reading and the address were made by her son, Douglas Crawford of Andover.

"The String Quartet" composed by Professor Howe was recently performed in public for the first time by the Baltimore String Quartet and was enthusiastically received. Mr. Howe also prepared the program for the Worcester Musical Festival in May.

An interesting exhibition of Indian and Mexican arts and crafts was held for several weeks, beginning April fourteenth, at the John-Esther Gallery. Articles of considerable value were loaned by Mrs. Frances McClellan and Mrs. Charles W. Ward, of Andover, and Miss Octavia Mathews of the Academy, including an Indian priest's rattle of elaborate workmanship, and two primitive and fierce-looking fish-hooks, brought from southern Alaska at the time of the forty-niners, some handsome modern Navajo baskets and blankets, and a variety of other curios. The portrayal of the Indian in art was suggested by some prints reproducing the work of Dallin, Brush, and the artists of the Taos group.

With the appearance of spring, the Abbot girls have returned to their scorned and would-be-forgotten youth. The first warm days brought out miles of jump-ropes and bushels of marbles. "Jacks" tinkled merrily on the stone steps and return-balls bounced everywhere. Hop-sotch matches were heatedly contested, and each day champions appeared, only to be dethroned on the next.

The late-lamented fad for bandanas raged violently here. Every morning new ones appeared, each brighter than the last. It became worse and worse, until the entire school seemed infected. Finally on one memorable morning, Miss Bailey walked demurely into the dining-room, wearing one herself.

On the third of February the Senior-Mids were hostesses at a tea-dance, held in Davis Hall. It seemed as if the entire student body of Phillips attended it. Abbot appeared in its newest frocks and sweetest smiles, and (by special permission) highest heels. As the country newspapers say, "a most enjoyable time was had by all."

Miss Nason was forced to give up her work here for the last part of the year, on account of illness. Her place has been taken by Miss Dorothy Elms of Melrose, Mass.

Miss Friskin sails on June sixteenth, to be with her mother in London during the summer. Miss Bancroft will sail with her and will join her friend, Miss Delight Hall, †1901, who has been spending the winter in Grenoble, France.

Mlle. Foubert returns to her home in France for the summer.

Miss Ruth Baker will study this summer with the Middlebury Summer School, whose headquarters are to be in Paris.

Miss Helen Burt will be at the Summer School in Ithaca, New York, and Miss Pettingell is to study at the Harvard Summer School.

Miss Helen Bean is going abroad with a party of friends, sailing from Montreal on June twenty-third and Miss Susan Bean is to spend the summer in Italy. Miss Bertha Grimes, a former member of the Faculty, is also to be in Europe during the summer.

By the will of Miss Susanna W. Smith, the Academy received the gift of two paintings, which have been placed in the John-Esther Gallery. They are the work of the artist Preusser reproducing the Sistine Madonna and Jan Vermeer's Girl Reading a Letter, and are welcomed as adding to the educational value of the Gallery.

Abbot Academy received a gift of \$2000 by the will of Miss Charlotte Swift, to be known as the Nathaniel Swift Fund, in memory of her father, treasurer of the school for nearly twenty-five years.

Ottilie Turnbull, teacher of Vocal Expression 1912-14, who was a member of the English Speech department at Vassar last year, is now producing director of the Little Theater Society of Indiana, with headquarters at 962 North Pennsylvania Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.

It is a burning question in the minds of most students, whether a June bug *in* trying to get out, is better or worse than a June bug *out* trying to get in. It is generally conceded that June bugs should be out, but up to now it has been impossible to keep them there. But the recent arrival of screens on the fourth floor windows has foiled the murderous plans of all mosquitoes and other wretched insects, and they will henceforth beat against the screens in vain.

It is with great sorrow that we record the passing of two well-known members of the Abbot circle. Dandelion and Abbot, or, as they were sometimes known, Sunshine and Shadow, are dead. Though companions, their characters were very different. Abbot was (I grieve to say it) of a rather pugnacious nature. By slow degrees this failing marred his beauty. First some fur, then an ear, then a piece of his tail disappeared. It is said that he died eight times, but the time and cause of his ninth and fatal death are unknown.

Dandelion, on the contrary, was of a delicate, and almost shrinking nature. His taste in food was extremely nice, and he never associated with rude or rowdyish cats. His health was fragile, and he was forced to go to the hospital numerous times for various cat ailments. His end was tragic. In the early part of February he disappeared. It was thought that he had merely gone off to view the world, but he never returned.

Alumnae Notes

PROGRAM FOR COMMENCEMENT WEEK

JUNE 9-12, 1923

Saturday	8.00 P.M.	School Rally.
Sunday	10.30 A.M.	Baccalaureate Sermon, South Church, by Reverend Hugh Gordon Ross.
	7.30 P.M.	Vesper Service and Organ Recital.
Monday	12.00 M.	Alumnae Reception, Luncheon, McKeen Hall.
	1.30 P.M.	Annual Meeting, Alumnae Association, Abbot Hall.
	4.00 P.M.	Senior Reception.
	8.00 P.M.	Musical.
Tuesday	10.30 A.M.	Tree and Ivy Planting.
	11.00 A.M.	Commencement Exercises, South Church — Address by Dr. Samuel McCord Crothers.
	12.30 P.M.	Commencement Luncheon, Draper Hall.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the formation of the New York Abbot Club was pleasantly observed on March 31, at the Gregorian Hotel, by a luncheon preceded, instead of followed, by a series of greetings from members of "greater" Abbot Academy. Business was dispatched by Miss Catherine Sandford, vice-president, and Mrs. Mary Carter Righter introduced the speakers. An historical sketch of the Club was given by Miss Honora Spalding 1902, and Mrs. Rebecca Davis Spalding 1868, responded to the topic, "Why the Girls of the past like Abbot." Elizabeth Maxwell of the present senior class spoke on "Why the Girls of today like Abbot," Mrs. Helen Stiles Hutchinson on "Why the Mothers like Abbot," and Miss Dorothy Hopkins, the school librarian, on "Why the Loyalty Fund exists." Miss Bailey crowned the occasion with her talk on "Why Abbot continues to be a success." At the luncheon there was a big birthday cake, cut by Miss Bailey, and a little blue candle, lighted, at each place. These were blown out one by one, as each guest gave a loyal sentiment, or read her postcard, sent for the occasion by the president of the Club, Mrs. Lena Hinchman Townsend, who was away on a tour to South America. In honor of the anniversary, a pretty and valuable address book in blue and white, was distributed.

At the annual meeting of the Boston Abbot Club, held at the Copley Plaza on April 7, the following officers were elected for the coming year. Mrs. Helen Marland Bradbury, president; Mrs. Annie Strout Dennen, Miss Maud T. Belknap, vice-presidents; Miss Elizabeth S. Fuller, recording secretary; Miss Grace Kellogg, corresponding secretary; Miss Helen L. Buss, treasurer.

An Abbot Academy Club for Connecticut was organized in New Haven on May 11, with the following officers: Martha Blakeslee, 1902, president; Marion Martin Teeson, 1913, secretary-treasurer, and three vice-presidents: Ruth Newcomb, 1910, for New London; Norma Allen Haine, 1915, for Hartford, and Harriette Harrison, 1919, for Lakeville. About twenty were present at the luncheon and Miss Bailey spoke. The earliest alumna was Mrs. Elizabeth Comstock Northrop, of Ivoryton.

†1858. Miss Charlotte Swift, New England gentlewoman, has passed from the Abbot circle of alumnae, but memories of her sweet, cheery face, her gracious hospitality, her alert interest in books and people, will linger with the fragrance of the lovely flowers in her garden. She grew up in the love of Abbot. Her mother had been one of the pupils the very first year of the school, her father was treasurer for many years, and she herself was secretary of the Alumnae Association for several years after its formation, worked with the committee in the preparation of the Semi-centennial Catalogue, and always watched for news of the many alumnae whose names she had come to know. Often in times of sickness or emergency, Miss McKeen called upon the "Swift girls" to help out, sometimes by correcting "compositions." Miss Swift's reminiscences of early days, written with the delightful flavor characteristic of her literary style, were read at the jubilee luncheon of the Alumnae Association in 1921. Her death occurred on January 15, just as the last issue of the COURANT was going to press.

†1867. Mrs. Edwin Reed (Emily Fellows) and her daughter, Beatrice, 1899, have been spending the year in Europe. They visited Evelyn Reed Ahern in Liverpool for two months, spent some time in the Isle of Wight, and more recently have been travelling in France and Italy.

†1868. The daughters of the daughters of Abbot often bring honor to her. "Stella Dallas," written by Olive Higgins Prouty, daughter of "Kitty" Chapin Higgins, has been highly commended by the critics. Mrs. Higgins is not known simply as the mother of a writer, for she comes before the public frequently especially in connection with the Parent-Teacher Association, in which she has held important offices, both national and local.

†1868. "Memories of Many Men in Many Lands" is the title under which Rev. Francis E. Clark has recently published his autobiography, described by a prominent critic as "the modest narrative of one of the most useful lives of our generation" and "one of the most fascinating and valuable works of biography in recent years." Mrs. Clark (Harriet Abbott) helped her husband in the preparation of this book, as her custom is. It is doubtful if any Abbot graduate has lived a life filled so full of unusual experiences in many different countries, and all in the effort to increase and deepen Christian endeavor in the lives of young people. Dr. and Mrs. Clark are worthy of all honors that come to them, and many more.

1868. Mrs. Horace Loring (Harriette Tufts) sailed in January for a trip around the world.

1873. Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin Riggs has completed her autobiography and placed it in the hands of her publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company, to be brought out in the fall.

1874. Mrs. Minnie Cobb Quimby, formerly of New York, is living with her daughter, Mrs. Lee White, on Rock Spring Road, Stamford, Ct. She recently sailed for France with another daughter to spend the summer.

†1876. An item appeared in the *Transcript* not long since, noting a luncheon given in Cocoanut Grove, Florida, in honor of Mrs. Augustus St. Gaudens, by Mrs. Arthur C. Nason (Charlotte Moseley), whose home is in Newburyport.

†1876. A letter has recently been received from Mrs. Jane Pearson Stanford who went back to Kobe, Japan, to continue her work after the death of Mr. Stanford in 1921. She sends greetings to her friends and says "We are all enjoying Miss Howey immensely. She is a great favorite in all circles over here, and is having an endless number of interesting and valuable experiences."

1876. Kate P. Jenkins, treasurer of the Alumnae Association, reports, as the *COURANT* goes to press, that fees are coming in well from the Birthday drive for life memberships. She has found out how widely Abbot girls are scattered over the land, for in a recent trip to California, she enjoyed sharing home news with Harriet Blake, 1880, of Pasadena, who made a series of And-over etchings, Mrs. Dora Mason McLaughlin 1889, of Los Angeles, Mrs. Farida Drummond Temple 1870, of San Diego, and Mrs. Josephine Richards Gile 1877, of Colorado Springs.

†1877. It is hard to believe that the record must be made of the death of Mrs. "Daisy" Douglass Macfarland, she was so alive and so full of interest in many activities, During the many years of her life in Washington she showed a fine public spirit, serving, as her prominent position gave her opportunity, in one important executive office after another, in widely differing organizations for the general good. She also had considerable literary and musical ability. Her setting for the poem "In Flanders Field" was sung at the memorial service for the Unknown Soldier in Washington in 1921. Her enduring loyalty to Abbot was best shown by her heroic efforts in raising yearly the Alumnae Auxiliary Fund for lectures at the Academy from 1884, when she initiated it, until 1940, when Miss Maria Merrill with characteristic devotion to the school, gathered from many givers contributions, to the amount of \$5000, for a permanent Alumnae Lectureship Fund.

†1878. Word has been received of the recent death of Mrs. Nellie Abbott Sawyer, of Owatonna, Minn.

1883. Mrs. Richard H. Dana (Helen Ford) held a tea and sale at the Longfellow House on the day before Patriot's Day for the benefit of the Army and Navy Club in its work for world-war veterans. Mrs. Dana is much

interested in the so-called Good Will delegation of American women to France, and the cause of restoring devastated France is dear to her heart.

1884. Mrs. Pauline Whittlesey Patton has recently resigned as president of the Women's Home Missionary Association of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, a position which she has filled with efficiency for fifteen years.

1885. Clara G. Labaree, daughter of Mary (Schauffler) Labaree, now Mrs. Platt, of New Britain, Ct., a trained kindergartner, is going to India under the Woman's Board of Missions to work with the children of that country. Both her grandfather, Dr. Henry Schauffler, and her great-grandfather, Dr. Willam G. Schauffler, taught modern languages in Abbot when studying in Andover Theological Seminary. The missionary service of this remarkable family amounts to 240 years.

1893. The death of Nelson P. Coffin, husband of Josephine Rounsevel, of Keene, N. H., removes one of the leading musical conductors of the country. In the training of male choruses he was rated as almost without a peer. Among other activities, he led the Mendelssohn Glee Club of New York, the Worcester County Music Festival, and each summer conducted a chorus of more than a thousand voices at Northfield.

†1895. Dr. Ernest B. Young, husband of Grace Simonton, who died in January, will be remembered as a man thoroughly devoted to educational interests. The son of a professor, a trustee of his own college, Bowdoin, for several years before his death, he was always urging loyalty to school and college relationships. He was an able member of his profession, a medical lecturer, and contributor to medical journals, served in the World War as orthopedic surgeon, and like many surgeons, gave generously, though unostentatiously, of his skill to those in need.

†1899. Catherine Sandford compiled with great care the address list of the New York Abbot Club, issued in March, in celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the formation of the Club.

†1901. Ida Swift has recently become Mrs. Brenton James Hines and lives at 35 Rockland Place, New Rochelle, N. Y.

†1906. Hudson B. Hastings, husband of Rena Porter, has been appointed professor of Administrative Engineering at Yale University. They came three years ago from Reed College, Oregon, to Wellesley Hills, when Mr. Hastings became connected with the Pollak Foundation for Economic Research.

†1908. Sarah T. Knox is secretary of the New Hampshire Children's Aid and Protective Society. She finds the work interesting and enlarging as it brings her in contact with leaders in other lines of social effort.

†1910. Marion Burt Sanford's address is now 142 East 40th Street, New York City, New York, where she is keeping house for her brother and filling a secretarial position.

†1910. Mira Wilson has been appointed assistant professor of Biblical Literature in Smith College.

†1910. Dr. Lucy Porter Sutton has opened offices at 811 Lexington Avenue, New York City, for practice among infants and children.

1910. Anne E. Blauvelt is studying two days a week at Miss Flagan's School of Expression at Carnegie Hall, New York City. She also is taking part in and assisting in the coaching of small plays both in New York City and at home in Oradell, New Jersey.

†1914. Katharine Selden, whose engagement to Mr. McDuffie was announced in April, is to be married in Andover on June 2.

†1914. Alice Sweeney sailed for Europe early in March. She joined her sisters, Louise and Nora, in Spain and went with them to the Balearic Islands. After travelling in Spain, she hopes to spend the summer in England.

†1915. Marion Hamblet is working in the office of the Industrial Hygiene Magazine at the Harvard Medical School. She is a member of the Loyalty Endowment Fund Committee.

†1916. Agnes Grant, who since her graduation from Smith College has been taking a course at the American Academy of Dramatic Art, has been with the Colonial Players in Lawrence this winter, where she took the part of the leading lady in several comedies, including that of Sister Giovanna in Marion Crawford's "The White Sister."

†1916. Marion Selden has been working this winter for the Tel U Where in Boston.

†1917. Cornelia Newcomb is to be married in September and will live in Washington.

†1917. Mary Church took the part of Professor Bhaer in a dramatization of "Little Men" given by the Lend-a-Hand Dramatic Club in Jordan Hall in Boston.

†1918. Emmavail Luce has joined her family in China and is teaching in the University of Pekin.

†1918. Margaret Speer has been secretary this winter for Miss Maude Royden, the famous English preacher who has been speaking from the pulpits of many American churches.

†1919. In the graduating class this June at Wellesley College are Helen Locke, Gwendolen Bossi, Nadine Scovill.

†1919. Mildred Frost, Martha Morse and Edith Wade †1913, are to take leading parts in the production of Andreyev's "The Black-Mailers" given by members of the Senior Class during Commencement week in June. Other Abbot girls to graduate from Smith this June are Josephine Hamilton, Eleonore Taylor and Margaret Clark.

†1920. At the annual election of officers for the all-college organizations at Wellesley, Jean Lyon was elected president of the Christian Association, Carol Perrin †1921, vice-president of the Barnswallows, and Harriet Edgell †1921, college government secretary.

†1920. Elizabeth McLellan, now in her junior year at Smith College, has been chosen for the special honors system, by which, if she chooses, she may work independently of examinations and attendance at class-room lectures.

†1920. Leonore Wickersham took a two-year business course at the Drexel Institute in Philadelphia, and is now secretary to the managing editor of *The Physical Review*, a magazine published by the American Physical Society.

†1921. Henrietta Thompson is elected vice-president of the Intercollegiate Community Service Association in Wellesley.

Visitors

Gwendolyn Bloomfield †1922, Marjorie Miles †1920, Beatrice Goff †1922, Susanna Welborn †1922, Olive Howard †1922, Mrs. Belle Johnstone Rumford †1902, Herberta Morse †1921, Margaret Potter †1922, Barbara Goss †1922, Julia Abbe †1920, Mrs. Emma Bixby Place †1900, Miss Aldred, Mrs. Laura Wentworth Richards †1895, Mrs. Laura Eddy McCabe †1904, Agnes Grant †1916, Helen Plummer Hale †1901, Mrs. Marion Martin Teeson †1913, Miss Marian King, Miss Margaret Elliot, Elizabeth McPherran †1922, Marion Saunders †1922, Marjorie Moon 1922, Marion Brooks †1915, Mrs. Lillian Sword Rodriguez †1916, Mildred Peabody †1921, Marion Kimball †1921, Mrs. Marjorie Bond Crowley †1907, Dorothy Bigelow †1911, Mrs. Mary Ball Bigelow 1907, Helen Knight 1922, Helen Goodale †1922, Miriam Bickford †1921, Mrs. Sara Jackson Smith †1896, Barbara Goss †1922, Marianna Wilcox †1921, Martha Morse †1919, Josephine Hamilton †1919, Mildred Frost †1919, Jane Baldwin †1922, Phyllis Bankart †1922, Jane Holt 1919, Barbara Sands †1922, Caroline Iredell 1922.

Engagements

†1914. Katharine Selden to Mr. C. Dennett McDuffie of Lawrence, Harvard 1916.

†1915. Elizabeth Allen to Mr. Walter K. Belknap of Newburgh, New York.

1915. Clara Pearson Tolman to Mr. Theodore Lambert de Camp, Harvard 1916.

1916. Dorothy Cole to Mr. Donald Horace Dickerman of New York City.

†1916. Katharine M. Odell to Mr. Philip Leon Randall.

†1917. Cornelia Chapell Newcomb to Mr. Clarence L. Lattin, of Shelton, Conn., Yale Sheffield.

†1917. Hilda B. Temple to Mr. James Walter Lamarque of Brooklyn, New York.

1917. Tsing Li to Mr. C. Henry Chin.

1918. Elizabeth L. Moore to Mr. Earle Perry Charlton of Fall River.

1919. Helen Bradley to Mr. Harold Howe Hodgkinson of Boston.

1919. Elizabeth Stewart to Mr. Irvon S. Pieters.
†1920. Charlotte Vose to Mr. Andrew La Rue Fairleigh of Louisville, Kentucky.
1920. Mildred Linscott to Mr. C. Scott Porter of Northampton, Amherst, 1919.
†1921. Helen B. Norpell to Mr. Owen Price of Chicago.
†1922. Dorothy Moxley to Mr. Richard Jackman Pitman.
1922. Mary Ellen Fuller to Mr. Harold Lauver of Detroit, Michigan.
†1922. Gwendolyn Fish Bloomfield to Mr. Ernest Francis Tillson.

Marriages

1913. BARRY—McLAUGHLIN. In Brockport, New York, April 11, 1923, Kathryn Frances McLaughlin to Mr. James Corbett Barry.
1914. THOMAS—RUTTER. October 7, 1922, Esther Harriet Rutter to Mr. Edward Thomas. Address, South Dartmouth.
†1915. BOWEN—GLEASON. In Shanghai, China, February 19, 1923, Bessie Marie Gleason to Mr. Frederick Amos Bowen. At home 630 Avenue Joffre, Shanghai, China.
1917. HOLDEN—SWALM. November 2, 1922, Martha Corwin Swalm to Mr. Timothy English Holden. Address 7 West Roselawn Avenue, Danville, Illinois.
†1918. PEARSON—FARRINGTON. In Peabody, May 5, 1923, Helen Ruth Farrington to Mr. Benjamin Pearson, Jr.
†1918. RICHARDSON—EATON. On April 25, 1923, Ruth Hathaway Eaton to Mr. Ralph Symonds Richardson. At home 718 James Street, Syracuse, New York.
1918. SHOEMAKER—LANGERBACHER. On April 5, 1923, in Upper Montclair, New Jersey, Margaret Robinson Langerbacher to Mr. Clayton Stevens Shoemaker.
†1919. PETTIT—NOYES. In Brookline, April 12, 1923, Kathreen Noyes to Mr. Charles Howard Pettit.

Births

- †1906. On September 29, 1922, a son, Robert Sherwood, to Mr. and Mrs. Homer D. Carr (Persis Mackintire).
†1907. In Taunton, February 7, 1923, a daughter, Annie Blake, to Mr. and Mrs. Everett Wilbur Manter (Mabel Rhodes).
1908. On February 28, 1923, a son, Donald, to Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg Boynton (Marion Lewis) of Hidden Road.
†1914. April 10, 1923, a son, Stephen Webster, to Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Webster Dyer (Helen Hamblet).
†1914. April 14, 1923, in New Haven, Conn., a son, Charles Tyler, to Mr. and Mrs. C. Tyler Holbrook (Elsa Wade).

1915. On November 9, 1921, a daughter, Edith Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. William S. Sinclair (Edith F. Butler).

†1918. In Belmont, April 15, 1923, a son, Alfred Worcester Fuller, 2nd, to Mr. and Mrs. Francis S. Fuller (Louise Bacon).

†1918. May 3, 1923, a son, Charles Kennedy, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kennedy Miller (Dorothy Fairfield).

†1918. March, 1923, a daughter, Julie Jean, to Mr. and Mrs. Howard L. Tibbetts (Julie Sherman), of Newtonville.

†1918. On March 30, 1923, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Warner (Helen French) in Peking, China.

†1919. In Worcester, April 13, 1923, a daughter, Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Clifford B. Sweet (Mary Brewer).

†1919. November 26, 1922, a daughter, Joan Hathaway, to Mr. and Mrs. George W. Webster (Ruth Hathaway) of Melrose.

†1919. May 1923, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo F. Knights (Gretchen Brown).

1920. April 27, 1923, a son, John Timothy Stone, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. S. Evans (Margaret Stone). His great-grandfather was an early principal of Abbot Academy.

Deaths

In Worcester, March 3, 1923, Elizabeth Barnett, wife of George C. Hitt teacher of gymnastics at Abbot Academy 1871-72.

In Springfield, March 10, 1923, Gertrude E. Sherman, teacher of French in Abbot Academy 1909-1917.

1849. In London, May 4, 1923, Helen Phillips, wife of the late Hamilton Willis.

1853. In Brookline, December 9, 1922, Emily Stevens, wife of the late Francis H. Russell.

1856. In Groton, New York, December 25, 1922, Eliza A. Hardy, wife of the late Asher B. Burdick.

1856. In Boston, March 29, 1923, Eliza J. Stimson, wife of the late Jules Lévy.

1860. In Andover, March 7, 1923, Emelina B. Lamson, wife of the late Everitte St. John, and sister of Martha Lamson DeBevoise, 1851, and Sarah Lamson Scudder, 1856.

1863. In Andover, April 25, 1923, Susan M. Johnson, wife of the late John C. Sears.

1866. In Methuen, December 22, 1922, Mary A. Gleason, wife of Joseph Kimball Colby.

1867. In Everett, February 16, 1923, Clementine Emerson, wife of Herbert Loud.

1867. In Waldoboro, Maine, January 26, 1923, Susan Ann Storer.

1869. In Dorchester, February 17, 1923, Josephine Davenport, wife of the late William Vandervoort.

1872. In Haverhill, February 24, 1923, Helen N. Robinson, wife of the late Dr. Louis A. Woodbury, of Groveland.

1873. In Gardner, April 6, 1923, Mary T. Hill, wife of the late Volney W. Howe.

†1876. In Trebizond, Turkey, April 10, 1923, Olive N. Twichell, wife of the late Reverend Lyndon S. Crawford.

†1877. In Philadelphia, Pa., March 9, 1923, Mary L. Douglass, wife of the late Henry B. F. Macfarland, of Washington, D. C.

†1879. In Boston, February 17, 1922, Martha W. Heywood, wife of Charles D. Burrage.

†1911. Father of Henrietta and Katherine Wiest, January, 1923.

1914. In West Brighton, Staten Island, New York, February 15, 1923, Helen R. Moody.

1917. May, 1923, Grace L. Prescott, wife of Edwin J. Emmons, Jr., of New Milford, Ct.

†1920. In St. Paul, Minnesota, March 9, 1923, Alice A. Davis.

1920. In Pelham Manor, New York, March 7, 1923, Ruth Anabel Esson.

Abbot Academy Faculty

BERTHA BAILEY, B.S., PRINCIPAL.

Psychology, Ethics, Christian Evidences.

KATHERINE ROXANNA KELSEY; ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL

Mathematics

NELLIE MARIA MASON

Physics, Chemistry

REBEKAH MUNROE CHICKERING, B.A.

History, English

LAURA KEZIAH PETTINGELL, M.A.

Literature, History of Art

MARY ETHEL BANCROFT, B.A.

English

RUTH EVELYN MARCEAU, M.A.

Latin

OCTAVIA WHITING MATHEWS, B.A.

Latin

HELEN DUNFORD ROBINSON, B.A.

Latin

RUTH STEPHENS BAKER, M.A.

French, German

MRS. MARIE LOUISE DE LA NIEPCE CRAIG

French

HELEN DEARBORN BEAN, B.A.

History

HELEN FRANCES BURT, B.S.

Mathematics, Astronomy, Geology

SUSAN AUSTIN BEAN, B.A.

English, History

LUCIENNE FOUBERT, Certificat de la Sorbonne

French

DOROTHY ELLMS

Biology, Household Science

LYDIA AGNETTA NELSON, B.A.

Physical Education

EDNA BARRETT MANSHIP

Rhythmic Expression

- BERTHA EVERETT MORGAN
Vocal Expression
- WALTER EDWARD HOWE, B. Mus.
Director of Music
- KATE FRISKIN
Pianoforte
- MRS. RUTH THAYER BURNHAM
Vocal Music
- MARIE NICHOLS
Violin
- MARION LOUISE POOKE, B.A.
Drawing, Painting
- FANNY BIGELOW JENKS, B.A.
Secretary to the Principal
- ISAMAY TURNBULL RICHARDSON, B.A.
Financial Secretary
- DOROTHY HOPKINS, B.S.
Librarian
- FLORENCE BUTTERFIELD
House Superintendent
- MARY BISHOP PUTNAM
Supervisor of Cottages
- CHARLOTTE E. JOHNSON, R.N.
Resident Nurse
- JANE BRODIE CARPENTER, M.A.
Keeper of Alumnae Records

Speakers

- MISS ANNE WIGGIN
- BARON KORFF
- REVEREND ARTHUR S. WHEELOCK
- PROFESSOR MARY W. CALKINS
- MISS STANA POPOVITCH
- MISS ROUGITZA ATCHIMOVITCH
- MR. ILYA GEORGEVITCH
- REVEREND E. VICTOR BIGELOW
- DR. EDWARD HUME
- DR. LITTLEFIELD
- REVEREND MALCOM E. PEABODY

MISS MARY WIGGIN
PROFESSOR H. TWEEDY
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Calendar

1923

September 19, Day Students register at 9 a.m.

September 19, Boarding Students register before 6 p.m.

September 20, Thursday, 9 a.m.

Fall term begins

November 29, Thursday

Thanksgiving Day

December 19, Wednesday, 12 m.

Fall term ends

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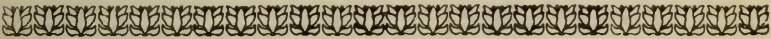
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The Abbot Courant

January, 1924

ANDOVER, MASS.
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1923

FEBRUARY, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOUR

THE
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VOLUME XLXX, No. 1

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1924

Contents

Laddie	4
<i>Barbara A. Loomer, 1924</i>	
Twilight	7
<i>Marjorie L. Wolf, 1924</i>	
500 B.C. and Chinese Temples	8
<i>Adelaide Hammond, 1924</i>	
Three Ages	9
<i>Frances Williams, 1924</i>	
In the City on a Rainy Day	10
<i>Ruth Davies, 1925</i>	
Bloody Revenge	11
<i>Laura N. Scudder, 1924</i>	
A Fancy	12
<i>Elaine Boutwell, 1925</i>	
The Tale of a Sabre	13
<i>Margaret Bush, 1924</i>	
To Theresa	14
<i>Margaret Colby, 1924</i>	
The First Day in Italy	15
<i>Frances Williams, 1924</i>	
Rum-Running off Appletree Point	17
<i>Laura Bliss, 1924</i>	
Sailing	18
<i>Laura N. Scudder, 1924</i>	
The Indian Rug	19
<i>Lila Clevenger, 1924</i>	
A November Day	20
<i>Lucile Mold</i>	
New Hampshire as Seen from a Railway Car	21
<i>Margaret Colby, 1924</i>	
"Experience Is the Best Teacher — Fools Will Learn by No Other"	22
<i>Ruth Pritchard, 1924</i>	
The Woman with the Concave Face	23
<i>Elaine Boutwell, 1925</i>	
Ginger Ale	24
<i>Margaret Hawkes, 1925</i>	
"The Modern Generation"	25
<i>Helen Keating, 1924</i>	
Editorials	30
School Journal	36
Alumnae Notes	46

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AT INTERVAL

THE ABBOT COURANT

Board of Editors

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HELEN KEATING, 1924
MARGARET COLBY, 1924

LAURA BLISS, 1924
ADELAIDE HAMMOND, 1924

Business Editors

RUTH DAVIES, 1925

MARY SIMPSON, 1925

EDITH BULLEN, 1926

Vol. XLXX

FEBRUARY, 1924

No. I

"They have discovered a new universe,"

The daily papers say,

"A vast new field of promise

One million light-years away."

We say, "How interesting!"

Or, "How could it ever be?"

And turn the pages listlessly,

To read "Society".

Some day in that new-found world

Some one may chance to say,

"I heard that the light of that little star

Went out the other day."

Elizabeth Burtnett, 1925

Laddie

Sandy MacDougall had two things which he loved dearly. They were his wife and his dog. Mary MacDougall had married Sandy in Scotland and they had later come to America. They had brought with them two high-bred Scotch collies, MacDonald and Highland Bess, and now there was a little Laddie MacDonald, about a year old.

Sandy had bought a small house and an express business and was doing very well. At night he would look forward to his evening frolic with Laddie. He began to see a great future for this puppy and took pride in training him. It was not many months before Laddie was well trained. At the sound of the Highland whistle he would rush to the spot where Sandy was and stop short, his powerful neck arched, his well-set head cocked on one side, and the sun beating down on his beautiful sable and white coat. He learned to poise so that every curve of his beautiful, strong body was visible. It was at this time that Sandy promised Laddie that he should be champion.

When Laddie was two years old, an automobile stopped in front of the house and a man entered the gate. He approached Sandy and introduced himself as Andrew Roberts. In a few moments Sandy had recognized him as one of the wealthiest men of the state, also one of the most famous sportsmen.

"MacDougall," he said. "I have heard much about your collie. Will you let me see him?"

"Certainly," replied Sandy, and at a long, low whistle, Laddie rushed around the house, seemed not to see the stranger, and halted in perfect poise before his master. Sandy could not help showing his pride. Then Roberts, startled by the beauty of this animal, exclaimed, "Lord, what a beauty! How much can I buy him for?"

Sandy replied, "No money can buy him. I should be selling love."

Roberts understood and just said, "If ever you want to sell, let me know."

Sandy did not realize how soon he was to recall this incident. Mary, patient, uncomplaining, had been slowly getting thinner and thinner and a dry cough was taking the life out of her. Finally the doctor said that she would have to go to the mountains or she would not live a year. Sandy's business had not been so good that year and he had been hurt in an accident so that he had had to be home for a month. All these things had not left him much money. One evening when he was feeling especially hopeless a card fell from his pocket, and picking it up, he read the name of Roberts. That night he did not go to bed. It was a night of struggle. Laddie must go. His beloved Laddie.

The next day he went to see Roberts. Roberts was somewhat surprised and very sympathetic when he heard Sandy's story. Finally he spoke, "I pay high for love; I know your feelings."

Sandy found this was true when he looked at the check, and in three days Mary was on her way to the mountains. Four days after this Roberts came for Laddie. Sandy came out of the house with him and he was not ashamed of the tears which streamed down his cheeks. Laddie was gone.

There followed sad days for Sandy, but his business came back better than before and Mary was getting better. In a year Mary had returned well and with rosy cheeks. She was very sad at the story of Laddy, for she had also loved him.

Sandy could not get along without a dog, so soon bought a high-bred collie named Bruce, but this dog was not Laddie's equal and could not exactly fill the empty place in Sandy's heart. As the time approached for the annual Dog Show the true sportsmanship and love of competition arose in Sandy and he decided to enter Bruce. He knew there was only one dog better, Laddie.

The day of the show came and Sandy took Bruce to the hall, registered him, and went down town to do some errands. When he came back there was a large crowd around one of the judging platforms. He asked some one what was being judged and was told that it was two fine Scotch collies. He elbowed his way through the crowd and there on the platform stood his Bruce and Laddie MacDonald. But what a change had come over his Laddie. The very life seemed to have left him; his body drooped. The judges knew he was by far the better dog, but Bruce showed

off better. Sandy remembered his promise to Laddie, and ached to call out that Laddie was better, but Bruce was his dog. Thus his mind struggled. He was brought back to earth again when he heard the judges say the dogs should be taken out for a walk and be brought back one at a time. Sandy and Roberts came forward and led away their dogs. They tossed up a coin to see which should come in first, and it fell to Sandy to come first.

As he re-entered the hall it seemed as if a hush fell over the crowd. He looked at Roberts and uttered the long, wavering whistle of the Highlands. There sprang through the crowd a lightning-streak of sable. Laddie hurled himself upon the platform and stood in perfect poise, the late afternoon sun falling on his sable coat, turning it to bronze and turning his white ruff to silver. His neck was arched and his intelligent brown eyes were seeking a familiar face in the crowd.

A roar went up among the crowd. Laddie MacDonald had won the championship.

Sandy had fulfilled his promise.

Barbara A. Loomer, 1924

Twilight

In the gleaming glow of the setting sun,
When paling rays say the day is done,
In the heaven's blue, in the dark sky's shade,
When shadows deepen and bright lights fade,
I see you.

In the cricket's chirp, in the winds which sigh
When whisp'ring to me as I pass by,
In the song of the thrush as it takes its flight
When shadows darken with coming night,
I hear you.

In the twilight's hush, in the evening star,
Casting its beauty clear and far,
In the sunset's streak of flaming gold
Faint tinged with green, so new yet old,
I feel you.

Marjorie L. Wolf, 1924

500 B. C. and Chinese Temples

A Greek temple in Greece is perfect, but a Greek temple anywhere in the Mediterranean is beautiful. There is one at the foot of an old Sicilian hill-town of wonderful beauty and great mystery. It is built of golden yellow sandstone, which can be cut from the neighboring hills like fresh cheese, it is so soft. You can rub a little of it away with a stick. Curiously, every inch of this honey-colored stone is filled with broken bits of sea-shells, hinting that the island was once at the bottom of the sea. But Sicily had been ages upheaved by the fifth century B.C., and was very much alive with bustling Dorian Greeks thronging through it, building their substantial stone houses, their columned temples, and fighting their equally busy Ionian neighbors. The temple of Concordia is Doric, and of the most primitive description, yet its noble majesty, its simple but perfect proportions, and its wonderful symmetry grow on one. In the vague early-morning light, its satisfying contour rises slowly out of the mist; at night, it sinks slowly into a purple twilight, equally lovely.

One feels a certain kinship with these early Greeks and their temples. They were Europeans. So are we. Their culture was essentially a Western one. Ours has a great inheritance from theirs. But to our Western mind, such a temple appears lost in dim antiquity, a wonderful something to be touched, and felt, and realized in 1924.

I was thinking all this one day, walking down the dusty road from the quaint mediaeval hill-town to the temple. I kept my eyes on the temple. Its tremendous age suddenly struck me with startling force. Everything about me was so young in comparison with it — the little modern cottages nearby, the Norman church at the top of the first rise, the town above that! Why, it was astonishingly old! I said so to my friend — a wonderful little Chinese woman I had recently met — a representative of modern China, who had travelled the world over, and knew Cambridge as she knew Peking.

She laughed. She was quite amused. "Why," she explained. "That temple isn't old. It is quite new! Do you not know that in China we have temples *thousands* and *thousands* of years old?"

Adelaide Hammond, 1924

Three Ages

Racing, racing, over the hills and plain,
Joyful spring is on the heather,
Two children who played together,
Ah! take me back to childhood once again.

Strolling, strolling, under the full, bright moon,
All the earth is bathed in starlight—
The age when love was at its full height,
Bring back the days when hearts were still atune.

Standing, standing, waiting for life to end,
The leaves of autumn are in the ground;
Ah! let our souls be heavenward bound,
The full, long years of life may now unbend.

Frances Williams, 1924

In the City on a Rainy Day

The rain was coming down in torrents and the atmosphere was muggy and oppressive, although it was a December day. It was a horrid day to be in town, but in spite of the weather, there seemed to be thousands of people who jostled each other in their frantic haste to get from one store to the other. They all looked very worried and clasped their numerous bundles in one arm and tried to manipulate an umbrella in the other. Every one had an umbrella of some bright color or other. These little patches of brightness tended to relieve the monotony of the dark clothes and the drabness of the day itself. But although these umbrellas were a great help in one way, they were a great nuisance in another, as they were continually poking some one in the eye, or getting caught on somebody's collar, and in general irritating everybody. Moreover, in order to get around with any swiftness at all, people had to stand on tiptoe and stretch their "umbrella" arms to their greatest height in order to prevent disastrous collisions. Every once in a while, there would be a startled exclamation when a collapsible umbrella would suddenly shut itself up, completely covering the head of the poor unsuspecting bearer. No, it's not a very pleasant thing to be in a city on a wet day. It is much better and safer to stay at home.

Ruth Davies, 1925

Bloody Revenge

The mighty Rajah of Wandiwash went haughtily up the carved steps to the Rani's temple. He then stopped to drink in the surrounding scene, the blazing plains of India laid out as a checker-board. And he was the only player at this game! Yet he did not choose to play. His life was passed in luxurious happiness in his temple on the hill, away from heat, hunger, sickness, and the evil-eye-of-the-gods. The gods must be displeased with his people, for cholera had broken out among them. There, another funeral procession wound its way along the road at the foot of the hill, headed by a begarlanded corpse carried by four dusky Hindus. The Rajah shuddered and passed on to the spacious coolness of the temple. There, before an oil-besmeared elephant-god, he prostrated himself. His prayer lasted long, but he really was praising his own merits. After his morning worship, he started for the queen's splendid gardens.

A messenger, however, stopped his highness, and prostrating himself, he reverently, but fearfully whispered a secret message. The Rajah started violently, then terror shook his frame, followed by a spasm of rage. The messenger became the victim of this rage, for under strict orders he was seized and bound, then borne towards the queen's shrine to be used as a sacrifice.

The Rajah found his queen in her garden. He told her of the human sacrifice he had brought for her swamiis. Thereupon, both went towards the queen's shrine. In front of the shrine was the altar, black with cocoanut oil which covered the more hideous stains of blood. By the altar kneeled the king's prisoner, the messenger. Nearby stood the executioner with his deadly knife. All in readiness, the queen raised her pretty hand and at the same moment, the head of the prisoner rolled to her feet.

Laura N. Scudder, 1924

A fancy

Many, many years ago, there was floating over the earth a silvery haze that was the only visible embodiment of a spright whose name was True Contentment. He was never actually seen, but he was felt by a myriad happy people. His favorite dwelling was in the hearts of mortals who welcomed and desired his presence, but he had an enemy who — some people have gone so far as to say that he has been seen in a black fog — was called Discontent. Now Discontent was an unoriginal coward who envied the silver spright and wanted men's hearts for his own. Being small and subtle, he found no trouble in realizing his wish, so True Contentment was forced out of his habitation. He was powerless to resist by himself. Unless his lodging was strong enough to withstand the invasions of the intruder, the poor spright was helpless. Some of his homes were strong enough but, unfortunately, very few. The homeless waif wandered over the world seeking an abode. The towns were too noisy and confused to give him a happy dwelling-place, so he strayed into the country where he met his brother, Peace, who came to greet him, clothed in silent sunshine. The two brothers live, to this day, in a world where the spright of the black fog has a strong intrenchment in human hearts. In woods and fields dwell the happy brothers. I have searched for them and found them sometimes, so I know.

Elaine Boutwell, 1925

The Tale of a Sabre

Hark ye, daggers, rapiers, and bayonets all! You who hang beside me here on this wall have told your bloody tales well indeed. 'Tis now my turn. My purpose is not to make your steel faces the colder with accounts of awful murder, but rather to warm your souls with a simple story of great-heartedness.

Not many years ago, I was the favored possession of a strong, valiant Confederate trooper. "Sabre of sabres," he would say, looking at my highly polished surface. "We have slain many of our brothers from the North; many of our own men have been killed on our road to Right. May those poor souls not have gone to rest in vain!"

The particular event that I have alluded to took place one clear, cold Christmas Eve. The blanket of new-fallen snow glittered and sparkled like thousands of diamonds in the light of the new moon. A tall church spire, distinctly outlined against the dark evening sky, loomed up in the distance. At certain intervals of time, an old bell boomed out the hours with loud, long, lingering notes. Continuously, through the crisp night air, came the steady crunch, crunch of feet in the snow. It was my owner on sentinel duty, and I hung by his side ready to do his least command.

Suddenly he stopped. "Halt, who goes there?" — No answer. "Speak or I attack!" Still no answer. My master's hand closed over my hilt. I was speedily drawn from his belt as he rushed forward. "Friend or foe?" he called, on reaching a crouching black figure; but no sooner had he uttered the words than the gleaming blade of a cutlass caught his eye. Quick as a flash he had raised me above his head in preparation for his never-failing blow. High above his head I went — and stayed, for at that moment the old church bell pealed forth the midnight hour in a tone so musical, so joyous that no one could help remembering the Birthday of Him who wanted above all "Peace on earth and goodwill between men."

"Go," said the sentinel softly, as he replaced me in his belt. "The bell has saved you. If you have a home and little ones to grace it, as I have, you will understand why I have acted thus. May God rest you and yours this Merry Christmas." Without a word the soldier in blue came forward, grasped the hand of my master, and departed. I felt a tender pat on my side and caught the sound of an almost inaudible sob. For once I was glad to have failed in my duty.

Margaret Bush, 1924

To Theresa

O Theresa, fair Theresa,
Wilt thou deign to smile on me?
Thy sweet face is like a beacon
Shining to me o'er the sea.

O Theresa, dear Theresa,
Without thee I'll not abide;
When thy beacon shines no longer
I'm a ship without a guide.

So Theresa, my Theresa,
Let me not drift on the shore;
Keep thy light forever shining,
Love me, dear, I do implore.

Margaret Colby, 1924

The first Day in Italy

During this last summer, I have had a great opportunity to observe and reflect as a traveler. One cannot realize beforehand how utterly different European mode of travel is from American, how different are the customs and language, how different are the countries one from another, until one has visited them.

My first day in Italy is one that will long be remembered. It was shortly after midday, in July, that we docked at Naples. As we sailed up the beautiful bay, bordered with its cream-colored dwellings and old castles, with Vesuvius smoking in the distance, it seemed almost like fairyland. There were hundreds of small boats waiting to greet the ocean steamer, and many, many nervous and excited Italians ready to clasp or be clasped by some long-lost relative who was returning from America, rich. I can remember one in particular, standing under the bright canopy of a boat, a man approaching middle age, dressed in the newest Italian mode, gray felt hat, bright orange shoes, and high-waisted, flaring trousers which flapped in the soft Italian breeze. In one hand he carried a handsome cane. Is there an Italian in all Italy who considers himself dressed without a cane? In the other hand was a large bunch of bright-colored flowers which he constantly waved at the docking boat. Often he would transfer his bouquet to his other hand; he would rapidly throw kisses in our direction. Here was the fiery, romantic Italian that I had heard so much about.

The gangplank was lowered. Have I ever seen such a high one! It was almost perpendicular. When we docked, I became a mute. English was no longer of any use to me. From then until I reached England my hands had to do the chief part of my talking. The custom house was very strange, a large, barren building near the dock. I forgot that the officials who motioned me to open my bag could not speak English or understand it. I simply said, "There is nothing in it." That morning I had dumped everything into my trunk. He made more motions for me to open my bag. I spoke in a slightly louder voice, "There is

nothing in it." Finally my empty bag was opened, and the officer, finding nothing, patted and pulled at the lining. He put his surplus energy into the inspection of our trunks, and we parted the best of friends, there being no wine, cigarettes, or chocolates concealed in our baggage.

How different did this sunny land seem from our own! The miserable beggars thronged to our bus. Willingly I would forget them. One poor woman ran after us almost thrusting her small infant into our arms, crying, "Bambino, bambino," which means baby. Small, sickly, half-naked children rushed after us screaming, "Americano, Americano," holding out their small hands for alms.

That ride from the dock through the ancient city to our hotel was full of new wonders. I marveled at the oxen which drew the carts, at the open carriages with their black horses, at the well-paved streets, and at the pink and cream-colored crumbling old buildings. Ah! the wonders that blue-skied Italy held for me!

That afternoon I had courage to take my first walk in a strange land. It was hot, and we needed lemonade. We entered three beer-gardens without results. At one attractive place, I summoned my forces and asked for "Lemonade con aqua naturale, non aqua minerale." In that small sentence was my entire stock of Italian words. My Italian didn't have any effect, and we went away after having been served with some undrinkable bottled liquid that resembled lemonade. Shopkeepers stood in their doorways, and ushered us in to inspect their display. We were warned that things would be very expensive in Naples, so we still clung tightly to our "lire". We wandered through the dirty, fascinating town, interested in every characteristic which meant Italy to us. We took a carriage back to the hotel, and rode along the beautiful Riviera just at the fashionable hour when all Naples either rides or walks along that boulevard that borders the most beautiful bay in the world.

Italy is as fascinating and as romantic at night as by day. That night from my balcony I once more thought of fairyland as the full moon rose over the quiet waters, while the soft singing of men and women floated up to me, and in the distance the angry torch of Vesuvius glimmered red, the threatening sentinel of Naples.

Frances Williams, 1924

Rum-Running off Appletree Point

My home is in a fair-sized city, about sixty miles from the Canadian border. Like most cities, we have our virtues and defects, and our grievances. Our editors cry for reforms on a dozen different subjects. We have been afflicted with "drives", "weeks", Mormonism, and the Ku Klux Klan; each duly celebrated in editorials. But what Mr. Hearst would call our "crying need", gets little space in the papers. Everybody knows about it; nobody does anything about it. It is the question of Prohibition Enforcement.

Rum-running is certainly an interesting and exciting business, and decidedly worth while and profitable from the bootlegger's point of view. The lake on which my town is situated is very long and runs way up into Canada. It is impossible to patrol it with any degree of efficiency, and the rum-runner knows that very well. A fleet of at least twenty-five fast cruisers traverse that lake as regularly as the ferries. Some go to Plattsburg, some to Bluff Point, some to my town, one at least to nearly every town on the lake-shore. Our particular rum-boat would come in about eleven o'clock every night to a point called Appletree, about five miles out of town. There it would be met by a truck from town and its cargo of Canadian whiskey would have accomplished one more stage on its journey to New York City. Last summer a number of my friends and I went on a corn-roast at this same Appletree Point. We had heard stories that bootleggers landed there but considered them only hearsay. About half past ten we saw a number of flashes of light from the middle of the lake. We had flashlights and, for fun, answered the flashes. No more lights appeared, but presently we heard the faint "chug-chug" of a motor-boat. We had scarcely realized what it was before the engine of the unseen boat was shut off and she began to coast in, silently and in utter blackness, without a light on board. The neighborhood seemed suddenly very unpleasant to us, and we got into our cars very swiftly indeed. In the language of Mark Twain, we "went away from there".

Bootleggers are not the politest of persons when they are interfered with. Just as we reached the main road an empty truck turned into the Point road! It was circumstantial evidence, but quite enough for us.

We are not the only persons in my community who know about this open and wholesale bootlegging. It is generally known, and quite as generally winked at. I am a "mere" woman and probably my ideas on politics are all wrong, but I cannot see why three or four husky policemen could not arrest those Appletree Point rum-runners, any night in the week. I suppose the government has different and much better ways of doing it, but they seem to be working out very slowly. To my mind, the only way to enforce prohibition is to enforce it, and although one rum-boat is not as many as twenty-five, when you have one there are only twenty-four left to catch. But that is probably a very feminine idea and one which the "powers-that-be" would scoff at.

Laura Bliss, 1924

Sailing

Slipping through a sapphire sea,
Wavelets tossing white lace caps,
There lie I so listlessly,
Sweetly lulled by gentle laps.

Whistling winds strange secrets tell,
Grey gulls soaring far above,
In green depths shy sea-nymphs dwell;
'Tis for me the life to love.

Slipping through a sapphire sea,
Crystal waters splashing high,
Aye and aye, this life for me,
Sailing 'neath soft azure sky.

Laura N. Scudder, 1924

The Indian Rug

On every side of us stretched an endless expanse of dry yellow sand, level near our feet, but rising higher in the distance. An occasional cactus plant relieved the monotony of the scene, but besides this foliage there was nothing but sand dunes.

The sun slowly slid down the horizon, and out of sight. We were wondering where we should make our beds that night, when we saw in the distance a dim light. What could it be? We thought we were the only ones in the desert that night. It proved to be the light from a small wooden hut. We looked through the front window and saw a little girl and an old Indian woman leaning over a loom. They seemed to be weaving grey and red wool into something, but into what we did not know. We knocked, but there was no response, so engrossed were they in their work. Another knock brought us face to face with a jovial little girl of not more than twelve years. She had a well-shaped head, covered with an abundance of straight black hair, parted in the middle, and braided in two braids. She had on a tan dress with no ornaments, but no less than a dozen strings of colored beads around her neck. We were greeted somewhat coldly. The little girl did not go back to her work, but snuggled up in a corner, while the old woman did not once look up from her work. Finally I broke the silence by inquiring if we might have lodging for the night. A grunt of assent came from the figure on the floor. We sat down in silence around the table until my companion asked the woman what she was making. She looked up, but instead of meeting her eyes, we met half-closed eyelids.

"Ah," she said. "Are you interested to hear the story of the rug which I am making? It was begun by my mother, who went blind when she came to the octagonal design in the center. On her deathbed she made me promise to complete that which she had started, and I may fulfill that wish this very night, but my eyes, they are failing me, and I know not how long they will last."

We gazed at this ambitious old woman in astonishment, and at the beautiful rug with awe and admiration. The work was so fine that the stitches were barely visible. In each corner were little figures of men, and in the center of the rug was a design too complicated to describe. It was beautiful, and I longed to ask her if I might buy it to show my friends. I had almost mustered up courage to ask her when she said,

"Dear sir, I am about to die, so will you please take my little granddaughter away with you to the big world, and with her take my life work? Only, when you look at its beauty, think of the suffering gone through while it was being made, and recount my story to your friends that the name of Sioux may never die."

Lila Clevenger, 1924

A November Day

It was a cold day in November. The clouds gathered in the dull gray sky as if preparing for battle. From time to time the frightened rays of the sun peeped through these groups of warriors, making them show forth their shiny armor. The sharp wind, roaring and howling among the trees, hastened the conflict in the sky, and meanwhile stripped the trees of their cherished red, yellow, orange, and brown trimmings and made gay little whirlwinds dance up and down the dusty streets. The birds, who had been living in the vicinity for many months, were startled by the sudden, severe cold and unsettled conditions and were leaving for warmer climates. Winter birds were returning to the conditions which they so enjoyed, to take up again their winter dwellings. All seemed uncertain except the tiny little snowbirds who had at last come to their destination.

Lucile Mold

New Hampshire as Seen from a Railway Car

There are so many different modes of travel in this advanced age of ours, that when writing upon the subject of travel, one has a wide field from which to choose. One can choose between taking a bird's-eye view from an aeroplane, or a worm's-eye view from a subway. Imagine with what horror our ancestors would turn over in their graves did they know with what speed we were flying through the air, and tearing under the earth, and all simply as a matter of course. But I have not yet got to the point where I take an aeroplane ride as a matter of course, nor do I ride often in a subway, since I live in the hills of New Hampshire, where subways are still unknown. So I shall choose the perfectly sane, though dusty, method of travel, the railroad train.

Oh, when I think of a railroad train, it immediately gives me a thrill, for it reminds me of vacation, especially Christmas vacation. The rocky fields and rolling hills of old New Hampshire never look so beautiful, to me, as they do from the train window, when I am coming home for Christmas vacation. The rocks in the fields are gone then, covered with soft, deep snow. The evergreen trees on the hillsides, overladen with sparkling white crystals, droop their heavy branches to the ground, making the woods appear like a wonderful fairyland. In the background stand the stalwart snow-capped mountains. With all this beauty outside, I do not notice the faded red plush seats nor the grimy windows of the car; and the monotonous throbbing and clanking of the wheels sound like music in my ears, for each turn takes me nearer home.

I love to watch the people as they enter the car. They are a very strange lot: two or three unkempt farmers chewing their tobacco and discussing politics, a group of noisy, hilarious school children, traveling salesmen with their derby hats and gaudy ties, and here and there a young girl or boy returning like me from school for the Christmas holidays. I watch all these people with much interest, wondering if any of them can

be as happy as I am, and if they have as nice a home as I have to return to at Christmas.

But once more my eyes wander to the window; and as I gaze upon the country, which is becoming more and more familiar, I feel a thrill of pride, such as no one can feel who has not lived among, and loved, the hills of the old Granite State.

Margaret Colby, 1924

**"Experience Is the Best Teacher—fools Will
Learn by no Other"**

At exactly 9.30 a.m., the conversation of a group of salesgirls, mainly consisting of the expressions, "Gee, ain't that swell," and "Wouldn't that kill ye," was interrupted by a loud clanging bell. Scarcely had the vibrations died away when it was to be noticed that every girl, with the exception of two seemingly frightened young ladies, rushed pell mell out of the rather dirty rest-room and down the narrow stairs, pausing only long enough to call her number through the office window.

The last girl was just calling her number when the two young ladies aforementioned, trailed reluctantly down the stairs and inquired timidly what they were to do. With scarcely an upward glance, the office-girl — a cold-blooded old maid — murmured,

"Oh, yes! New girls! Your numbers are 102 and 103. Report every morning when you come in. Read this paper, which contains all the rules of the store and then find Mr. Martin. He will place you."

Still more slowly, these bashful maidens complied with all orders, and went in search of Mr. Martin. To their joy, he appeared to be a kindly gentleman, and proved to be all that he looked. Very gently he informed the two anxious applicants that he was sorry but that he would have to separate them and

put one on either side of the store. He did so, and "then the fun began"—as the old saying goes.

Any person who wonders why it is that salesgirls have a transfigured look, as if they were seeing some beautiful vision, when a certain bell rings at the common, every-day hour of 12:45, may inquire of either of these young ladies, whose glorified faces, at the sound of the dinner-bell, put all others to shame.

Also, if the aforesaid person would like to know why some girls do bundles up so slowly, please examine the poor cut and bleeding fingers of the "new girls".

It might also be noticed that, although formerly accused of having tremendous appetites, the bedraggled pair who entered a certain restaurant stayed there only long enough for a cup of coffee and a bowl of soup, and then adjourned to a rest-room in the nearest department store, at which place they proceeded to spend their lunch time in luxurious relaxation.

The advice given by these two, to any young and innocent girl desiring the experience of earning her first pay envelope, is:

"Be sure to have at least one person who, you know, will accuse you of not being able to see a thing through, one whom you would not dare face if you gave it up." Then all will be well. Otherwise you'll be afraid that you would leave at the end of the first day — as they nearly did.

Ruth Pritchard, 1924

The Woman with the Concave Face

When I first saw the woman with the concave face she was writhing her way toward the doorway of a so-called "movie palace" in Boston. My first impression was of a very snaky person, tall, above the average, and very thin, with a small head poised on a neck which had the appearance of great elasticity. She was dressed in a gown of dark blue which clung to her from throat to knee, for this was before the present era of long skirts,

and her hat was sufficiently round and flaring to give the impression of a cobra's hood. The snakiness disappeared upon closer observation and she seemed disappointingly commonplace. I could see only the back of her head and one cheek, but as she turned and showed her profile I received a distinct shock, for her forehead and chin were more prominent than her flat nose. Her face had the appearance of an inverted "C."

Her hair was an uninteresting shade of brown, and in all probability her eyes were too, but they were nearly hidden under a pair of drooping lids, and there was a stealthy, furtive look about them. She held her thumb between her first and second fingers as though she were in a continual state of nervousness. The last I saw of her was when she squirmed her way easily and unobtrusively between the people and through the door of the theatre. Her manner and her appearance combined gave me a very weird sensation. No doubt she was just an unfortunate woman, but I have always felt that if there be such a thing as reincarnation, that creature was some manner of reptile in a former existence.

Elaine Boutwell, 1925

Ginger Ale

The clink of ice
Against a tall glass
Filled with a clear effervescent liquid,
Sparkling and amber.
It bubbles up and tickles my nostrils
With delicious little cool sprinkles,
And its sharp tang stings my throat,
Like little gnomes nipping at it,
When I sip the refreshing fluid.

Margaret Hawkes, 1925

"The Modern Generation"

TIME: About eleven o'clock on a midsummer evening.

PLACE: Piazza of the Clearford Country Club.

CHARACTERS: Percival Peabody — a college grind.

Peggy Potter — a finishing-school flapper.

A dimly lighted corner, furnished with wicker benches, chairs, and a table is shown. The strains of a lively fox-trot are faintly heard. Enter Peggy, hanging on Percival's arm.

PERCIVAL — The excessive heat is singularly oppressive, this evening, is it not?

PEGGY—Yeah! It is sort of a warm night for a dance, isn't it? But then, I could dance 'most any time. Listen, isn't that music *divine*! I *adore* fox-trots, don't you? And the Argentine Tango! It is simply precious! I saw Rodolph Valentino and his wife, Winifred Hudnut, the cosmetic man's daughter, y' know, dance it in New York, when I was at school. Oh, *listen* to that saxophone. Don't you *love* it?

PERCIVAL (*earnestly*)—I most emphatically do *not*! I find "jazz" very irritating, to say the least. The rhythm is atrocious, and the kind of dancing in which the modern generation indulges is disgusting. If you'll pardon me for saying it, Peggy, you would be a beautiful dancer if you would refrain from practising the fantastic steps and contortions which are in vogue, at present. I sincerely hope I am progressive, but I am inclined to agree with the so-called "old fogies", that the modern genera —

PEG (*half-laughingly*)—My word! Ring off of the modern generation! You're one of us yourself, old dear, but I must say you're a misfit. Well, we've argued about that enough before. Your *ideals* and my *ideas* don't hit it off so well together. Let's talk about something else — the moon, for instance. That's a safe enough subject for anyone, old fogies included. Last night, George thought it looked as big as a half a pie, but he is always thinking of things to eat. I think it looks like a washtub. Don't you think it looks about as big as a washtub, Perce?

PERCIVAL (*sarcastically*)—Having studied Astronomy, I am able to state that its diameter is 2,163 miles, which is considerably larger than any washtub of my acquaintance.

PEG—Heavens! What *big* eyes the lady in the moon must have! I always wanted big eyes, Perce, but I don't want a face two thousand whatever-it-is miles wide. It's fat enough now. Honestly though, her eye doesn't *look* that big, does it?

PERCIVAL—What you call an "eye" is, in reality, a grayish plain, called, by Galileo, "Mare", or sea. If I am not in error, the "sea" corresponding to the lady's eye is known as "Mare Nubium". However, I am not certain and do not wish to be quoted on this subject. Other interesting lunar formations are ——"

PEG (*impatiently*)—Aren't you cooled off by this time, Perce? Let's dance.

PERCIVAL (*tearfully*)—Peggy, I've asked you again and again not to call me "Perce". I dislike all nicknames intensely and "Perce" is especially obnoxious. I don't ask many things of you, Peggy, but ——

PEG (*rising hastily*)—Speaking of obnoxious nicknames — my name is *Margaret*, and *Miss Potter* is even more desirable, if you must speak at all. You are continually criticizing me and trying to reform me, and I assure you that your efforts are *quite* useless. Quite, by the way, means *wholly, completely* and *entirely*, as you have so often informed me. I'm sick and tired of your everlasting nagging. You are ——

PERCIVAL (*aghast*)—Peggy, somebody will hear you!

PEG (*heatedly*)—I hope they do! I want them to! I see no earthly reason why I should conceal my feelings concerning you. You think I am a silly, shallow, simple, brainless little flapper. Perhaps I am, but I have enough brains left to know that *you* are the rudest, most conceited, contemptible man I know!

PERCIVAL—My dear Peggy, you are over-excited——

PEG—I am *not* over-excited, and I am *not* your dear Peggy and never will be. Will you kindly take me into the Club House?

PERCIVAL—I will *not*. (*Peggy gasps.*) Sit down. *Sit down.* (*Peggy sits.*) I've been thinking about that moon, Peggy, and do you know — can you imagine what *I* have decided it resembles?

(*Peggy shakes her head.*) It looks to me like a cradle, Peggy, I——

PEG (*recovering from the shock*)—Well, of all ——

PERCIVAL (*more earnestly*)—Peggy! Listen to the music!
"Home, Sweet Home!" Peggy, I ——

(*Laughter is heard off stage*)

PEG—Oh, heavens! Is it time to go home? Why, there's George. Oh, George! You're going to buy me a hot-dog, aren't you?

(Exit Peggy)

PERCIVAL—Peggy!

PEG—Bye-bye, Perce.

PERCIVAL (*hopelessly*)—The modern generation is impossible.
(*He walks across the stage, sighing.*) But a hot-dog *would* taste good.

Helen Keating, 1924

Kate Douglas Wiggin

The author of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" is dead. To many of us, who from little-girlhood have loved Rebecca, Mrs. Wiggin's death comes as a great loss. Her death will be more keenly felt by Abbot girls, for she belonged to us: she left Abbot Academy just fifty years ago, in 1873. We are very proud of Mrs. Wiggin. She holds a place in our hearts quite unlike other writers.

Her best-known books—"The Birds' Christmas Carol", "Timothy's Quest", and "Rebecca"—reveal her sweetness and optimism, which make her so lovable. Her subjects were always the simplest. She was not a widely traveled person, but we hardly think we love her less for that. Although she was born in Philadelphia, she lived her girlhood "in the midst of the peaceful beauty of rural New England". She learned thoroughly to know New England country people: their ways, their speech, their dress, their thought, their sterling qualities, and the thread of quaintness running through their whole lives. She had perfect familiarity with her characters. Rebecca could only have been the product of a sensitive and sympathetic nature, supremely alive to the hopes and aspirations of a very human little girl. That is why the "Rebecca" books had such a sudden widespread success. Even when Mrs. Wiggin "dives" again and again into her chosen field, New England, she comes up with something interesting and powerful, something sweet from its mere simplicity. "Rebecca" is familiar to us all. For years, little girls have sympathized with Rebecca and her trials, just as their mothers laughed and cried over "Little Women", and their grandmothers loved Ellen Montgomery in "The Wide, Wide World". The one difference seems to be that Kate Douglas Wiggin treats life as a glorious thing to live out, and enjoy, and make the most of. "The Wide, Wide World" reflects no such spirit. Instead, poor Ellen is so often in tears that one feels the very pages of the book are damp!

Occasionally Mrs. Wiggin wandered from the New England field, and went abroad, with the result that the Penelope books

appeared. The trio, "Penelope's Experiences in England, Scotland, and Ireland," appealed to a different type of audience both in America and England. Mrs. Wiggin used the little romance of Penelope to make a very subtle attack on England, with the result that England herself enjoyed it. *The Spectator* remarked that she was the most successful ambassador the United States had yet sent to England.

Her latest book, "My Garden of Memory", and the one she fortunately finished before she died, is an autobiography well worth reading. It reflects Mrs. Wiggin's delightful personality to the full. One passage especially interests us — a paragraph or two about her stay at Abbot Academy, which we read with pleasure and pride:

"I . . . was left behind for six months at Abbot Academy, Andover, Massachusetts, one of the best boarding-schools for girls in New England. . . . It was a good atmosphere for a girl; simply and sincerely religious, refined and gracious in its social life. Punctuality, decorum, studious habits, good manners and speech, obedience to rules — these were all presupposed and they actually existed."

One of the most amazing things about Kate Douglas Wiggin seems to be her sense of pure joy in living. A bit of her philosophy appears at the very end of her "Garden of Memory". It carries inspiration to all of us. She conceived her life as a song. She tells us: "The song is more joyous in youth, fuller and stronger in middle age; it quavers a little as the years go on and on; but the song itself is never ended."

Editorials

For many years the return of the Draper Hall family in September was awaited with motherly eagerness by two of our neighbors and close friends. Several years ago Mrs. Draper left us, and this fall we suddenly realized that the hour of our return was no longer of vital concern to anyone but ourselves, for our loyal friend, Mrs. Taylor, was not watching our arrival from her bay window.

During their long residence in Andover, Professor and Mrs. Taylor were devoted friends of Abbot Academy, with his counsel on the Board of Trustees and frequent visits to the classes, and their interested attendance at all school functions — concerts, dances, commencement. In 1914, Mrs. Taylor's name became forever associated with the daily life of the school when her husband's friend made the initial gift toward our beautiful Infirmary, on condition that it should be called the Antoinette Hall Taylor Infirmary.

As delicate health restrained her active spirit during her last years, her interests centered more and more in the school. Her desire to keep in touch with the girls was satisfied by her meeting a few each year, whose visits to her resulted in pleasant contacts, and — in at least one case — in a true friendship. To the faculty she was always a sympathetic and generous friend. Even those whom she met rarely interested her deeply, and their successes brought her genuine pleasure; while to those who visited her often she gave much — whether of witty criticism of the last, much-discussed book, or of vivid recollection of places visited in her extended travels, or of keen comment on tendencies in American life. She gave liberally of her means to many good causes, and whatever appealed to her Abbot friends was almost certain to receive her help. She once laughingly commented on her Christmas giving, "I don't know whether I'm generous or automatic; I got to signing checks and I couldn't stop." She

loved to have a part in the life of the school, whether by coming over to watch a masquerade, or by lending her collection of Spanish pictures to the Art History class, or by making a present to some member of the faculty — as when she sent a generous check to one teacher, starting off to spend her leave of absence in travel, with the message, "I shall never see that part of the world except through your eyes. Please take one trip for me."

How deeply she loved the school was not known until her death, when her will revealed that all her property was ultimately to come to the school. And so, through all the years of the future, her influence and generosity will continue to be a contribution and blessing to the school that she loved.

M. M. H.

Miss Bailey's trip of this Christmas vacation is a matter of great interest to us all. Her purpose in going was to become better acquainted with the alumnae of Abbot in the middle-west, and to revive interest among them in their former school. Miss Bailey visited Abbot Clubs in Detroit, Chicago, Newark, and Philadelphia, and attended meetings with alumnae in Bay City, Michigan, and in Duluth. She brings back reports of a keen interest among the alumnae in everything to do with Abbot Academy. She says she was much refreshed and invigorated by her trip and that she feels great pride and joy in the alumnae and in the good they are doing in their communities. When we hear of the fine women that our older sisters have made of themselves, and of the great things they are doing, we are proud to think that we too belong to Abbot and are urged on to do better things ourselves, that we may live up to the standards established by those who have been here before us.

Did you ever come into chapel on a Monday morning feeling rather "blue" and discouraged? You did. Then something happened during the little service to lift you up, and get you out of yourself. Those are precious moments of ours in chapel — moments when we feel Abbot's strength, or wisdom, or loyalty, or mere loveliness. When we had sung "Alma Mater" that

morning, didn't we feel our Alma Mater was a splendid one? When Miss Bailey told us we were 100% in our Red Cross roll, weren't we proud of Abbot? And when the D. O. G.'s came to us in the fall, didn't we feel that Abbot must have been a "power" in their lives, because they kept on coming back to us? Chapel is the very heart of Abbot, after all. And let us all love it more every day!

After a year's leave of absence in Japan, Miss Howey came back to us in September. We felt immediately that she had brought back not only herself, with her enthusiastic views on Abbot girls, but a new and wonderful inspiration to be given to us. It seems to us that Miss Howey spent a remarkably enriching year. Her room in Draper Hall is a delightful education in itself. Apparently, she has absorbed a great deal of the beauty and age-old mystery of that wonderful Oriental country, during her stay there. Best of all, she has been quite capable of conveying that subtle something to us, who are very bald westerners, after all. A little Orientalism is excellent for us.

For several years the Senior class has "been to Intervale" after the mid-year examinations. It is a custom dear to all Senior hearts. This year an additional plan is being tested out at about the same time. On Thursday, January 31st, a reunion of Abbot Academy Alumnae of the classes from 1913 to 1923 is to be held at Intervale. Twenty-eight or thirty of our D.O.G.'s are expected to come. Such a reunion will mean much more than the mere joy of four days' fun and relaxation in the White Mountains. It will mean a delightful gathering-together and picking-up of former friendships, and a splendid invigorator of class spirit. The Class of 1924 is especially interested in such an experiment, and wishes it well. Abbot as a whole hopes that this reunion will establish a precedent, which will give us all joy and inspiration.

One of the nicest things about boarding-school or college is returning in the fall. The ecstatic greetings of friends who have been parted for three whole months, the trials and hazards of

curtain and picture hanging, the delightful discovery that everything is apparently just as we left it, and the still more delightful improvements that we come upon at every turn are part and parcel of its joy. Of them all, perhaps the "improvements" are the nicest. What Abbot girl past or present would not have been thrilled to her very soul to return and find hardwood floors in all the first-floor rooms, floors that are a joy not only in themselves but as a harbinger of things to come! Some day when Draper Hall has been completely outfitted in glistening hardwood, I am going to come back and speak in chapel. I shall tell the girls of the maroon-colored, splintery, self-willed floors that I struggled with in the days of my youth, I shall tell how in my senior year I caught a glimpse of the joy that was to come. But they will say,

"Isn't she a dear old lady! But it doesn't seem possible that the floors were ever like that. I think she must be exaggerating a bit; old people often do."

The Shakespearean mask has won for itself a new society in Abbot. Abbot needs a dramatic society — not merely because it is a custom to have one in schools, but because self-expression in this field is splendid experience, and because we have sufficient talent to merit such an opportunity. The society promises us several delightful evenings in McKeen. In return, let us all do what we can to make it mean something to Abbot.

The need for better order in class meetings has been felt for some time, for our class meetings have not always been conducted according to proper parliamentary methods, and confusion has too often ensued. Girls have not stopped to address the chair before making a motion, have interrupted when someone already had the floor, and in many ways have made mistakes for which they might be termed out of order.

So this year, in order to show the girls how it should be done, some of the Seniors, with the help of Miss Hopkins, had a model class meeting and invited the rest of the school to attend. The question before the meeting was the choice of a place for the Senior picnic. One poor, ignorant Western girl unwittingly

brought the scorn of the whole house down upon her head by suggesting Bunker Hill as a good place for the picnic. Another misled creature wanted to have the picnic on Phillips Street, untrod by the feet of any Abbot girl. She too was forced to withdraw her motion. It was finally decided to have the picnic at the usual place, at Haggett's Pond.

Many mistakes in parliamentary etiquette were made throughout the meeting and were each time corrected by the chairman. Thus both participants and audience learned in a very agreeable manner many necessary points about how to carry on a class meeting, or any other meeting correctly.

Did you ever think about our coming back to school after the holidays? Thanksgiving dinner was very good, especially the cranberry sauce, and we felt we were afflicted, coming back to the old "grind". Then we all met at the North Station and got on our own 4.30 train. We sat down rather dolefully, until we saw Mary Louise at one end of the car, and Sally Ann at the other. We just had to see them after the long, long absence of almost two and a half days, to tell them about our wonderful vacation, and between sentences, inquire about theirs. And we began to feel that coming back wasn't so bad, perhaps! When we reached Ballardvale, we were getting quite excited, but once at Andover station, a warm little thrill slid up and down our spines. What a dear old school it was, anyway! In this enthusiasm, we spent our last fifty cents coming up from the station in Mr. Morrissey's most princely conveyance, and we even remembered to register before Miss Jenks spoke to us! Then our rooms! For the first time in weeks, the dust was really out of that hard-to-get-at place back of the radiator! Dear old Abbot! It was merely another kind of home-coming, after all.

THE COURANT welcomes the appearance of a new Abbot publication, the *Abbot Bulletin*, issued for the first time by the Abbot Academy Alumnae Association in October of last year.

This Bulletin is a gift to all Abbot Alumnae and contains general school and alumnae news, communications from the Principal, baccalaureate and graduation addresses and various announcements.

In an article in the *Bulletin*, THE COURANT is said to contain "the flavor of school life, in the editorials, in the literary pages, in the accounts of everyday events. The Alumnae Department is overflowing with personal news of classmates and friends." THE COURANT is always looking and hoping for news of alumnae. It wants to tell of the intimate things about our "D.O.G.'s. *The Bulletin* will publish accounts of class reunions and Abbot Club meetings. Notice of such meetings should be sent to Miss Carpenter.

Already many messages have come to Miss Carpenter, expressing the appreciation of our "Dear Old Girls", who feel that, through the *Bulletin*, they are brought into closer relation with their Alma Mater.

The *Bulletin* is general; THE COURANT, personal. Let THE COURANT and *Bulletin* together give you all the news from old Abbot.

Changes in the Faculty

There have been few changes in the faculty this year. Miss Howey's return from Japan where she had been spending a year's leave of absence is of course of special importance. Miss Pettingell, who took Miss Howey's place last year, is still here and is teaching the classes in modern history and current events. Miss Pooke's place has been filled by Mrs. Van Ness, who taught here during the war when Miss Pooke was absent for overseas service. Miss Nora Sweeney, a sister of Miss Alice Sweeney, who has been with us for the last few years, has taken Miss Nelson's place as Physical Director. She has recently returned from the International Institute for Girls in Spain. Miss Miriam Hague has taken up Miss Nason's work in the Household Science and Biology Departments and is also Miss Mason's assistant in Chemistry. Miss Hague is a graduate of Vassar and did research work in Chemistry at Radcliffe last year. Miss Richardson is now at Dana Hall, her old school. Her work as Financial Secretary has been undertaken by Miss Hope Baynes, a sister of Miss Hilda Baynes, who taught French here a few years ago.

School Journal

SEPTEMBER

- 20 School year begins.
- 22 Hall Exercises. Miss Bailey on "Characteristics of a True Abbot Girl".
- 23 Bible Group Tea for the new girls.
Chapel. Miss Bailey.
- 25 Dance for the new girls.
- 29 Hall Exercises. Miss Sweeney on "Hygiene".
- 30 Chapel. Dr. Burnham.

OCTOBER

- 1 Morning Chapel. Dr. Burnham.
- 2 Senior Picnic at Haggett's Pond.
- 3 Motor trip to Lexington and Concord.
Coaching Party.
- 6 Hall Exercises. Model Class Meeting, presented by the Senior class.
- 7 Chapel. Miss Howey on "Old Japan".
- 9 "County Fair."
- 10 Motor trip to North Shore.
Coaching party.
- 13 Hall Exercises. Miss Sweeney on "Hygiene".
- 14 Chapel. Dr. Charles H. Oliphant of Methuen.
- 16 Morning Chapel. Miss Alice Twitchell on "Loyalty Endowment Fund".
Visit of Abbot Loyalty Committee.
Senior Middle Picnic at Pomp's Pond.
- 17 Coaching party.
- 20 Hall Exercises. Student recital.
- 21 Chapel. Rev. Charles W. Henry of Christ Church, Andover, on "Self-Employment".
- 23 Corridor Stunts.
- 24 Faculty Reception.
- 24-26 Visit of Alumnae Advisory Board.
- 25 Class Basketball game.
- 26 Class Hockey game.
- 27 Hall Exercises. Miss Helen Fraser of London, England, on "World Problems and Their Solution".
- 28 Chapel. Miss Fjeril Hess on "Student Friendship Fund".
- 29 Morning Chapel. Miss Fraser on "Education for Life".
Tennis Tournament finals.

- 30 Hallowe'en Dinner and Dance.
- 31 Tea given by Mr. and Mrs. Henry for girls attending Christ Church.

NOVEMBER

- 3 Lawrenceville Tea Dance for Seniors.
- 4 Miss Williamson of Hindman School at Chapel services.
- 10 Chapel. Dr. Nehemiah Boynton on "Perfect Health".
- 11 Armistice Service in Town Hall.
- 14 Bradford Day.
- 17 Boston Trip to hear Grand Opera, "Madame Butterfly".
- Chapel. Dr. Barbour of Rochester Theological School, on "To the End".
- 18 A. C. A. Miss Anne Wiggin on "Friendly Relations".
- 21 Faculty Recital.
- 24 Hall Exercises. Piano Recital by Moshe Paranov.
- 25 Chapel. Miss Bailey on "Loyalty to Our Father".
- 28 Thanksgiving Service.
- Thanksgiving Vacation begins.
- 30 Thanksgiving Vacation ends.

DECEMBER

- 1 Hall Exercises. Piano Recital by Miss Friskin.
- 2 Evening Service at Christ Church. Rev. W. H. P. Hatch, D.D., of the Cambridge Theological School, on "The Land of the Bible".
- 8 Hall Exercises. Intelligence Tests.
- 9 Tuskegee Quartet.
- Chapel. Dr. Wilson of Andover, on "The Open Door".
- 11 Mr. Charles Underhill. Dickens's "Christmas Carol".
- 15 Andover Children's Christmas Party.
- 16 Chapel. Christmas Service.
- 19 Christmas Vacation begins.

JANUARY

- 8 Christmas Recess ends.
- 11 Russian Cathedral Sextette.
- 12 Chapel. Bishop Edwin H. Hughes on "Addicted to Christ".
- 15 Bridge Party in Davis Hall.
- 19 Hall Exercises. Durrell String Quartette and Miss Nichols and Mr. Harrison Potter.
- 22 Senior Middle Plays.
- 25 The one hundredth birthday of Mrs. Draper. Talk in chapel by Miss Bailey.

Lectures

On Sunday, October seventh, Miss Howey spoke to us on "Old Japan," Her talk was especially opportune at a time when our interest in the deligentful Oriental country had been suddenly aroused by its terrible disaster. She

pictured for us the varying beauty of that world so infinitely older than anything in our hemisphere — its famous lovely mountain; its veil-like waterfalls, its charming gardens, its alert and clever people, and its beautifully carved temples. Miss Howey herself was in Japanese costume, which made her seem a part of some very perfect lantern-slides shown us, whose brilliance of color helped to convey to us the exotic beauty of Japan. At the end of the evening, we felt that we had really absorbed a little of Japan's mysterious and beautiful atmosphere.

On October twenty-seventh, Miss Helen Fraser, who prominent British authorities consider a future member of Parliament, gave us a very clear and optimistic presentation of her thoughts on "World Problems and Their Solution". She made us understand that we are citizens of the world, and as such should realize our civic responsibilities. We were left with the thought that present entanglements are not absolutely hopeless, and that we can do much to straighten them if we will.

On Sunday evening, October twenty-eighth, Miss Fjeril Hess gave us a most interesting talk on European students, in connection with the Student Friendship Fund. She made us feel that this great hard-working student body is made up of real people. She told us of their ways of living, their hopes and ambitions, and their needs. We suddenly realized how wealthy we were in "this world's goods", and how very much these students needed our extended "hand of friendship".

On Tuesday evening, December eleventh, Mr. Charles Underhill read us that most delightful of Christmas stories, Dickens's "Christmas Carol". Mr. Underhill not so much read the story as acted it, and he is a talented actor, in the full sense of the word. He made the "Carol" play on our emotions to a tremendous extent. We laughed about the Cratchits' fears over their pudding, and cried over poor little "Tiny Tim". What was finest about it all, we think, was not our pure enjoyment, but a realization that it embodies a true Christmas spirit of giving.

Concerts

The students gave a recital on October twentieth. We always greatly enjoy hearing a recital by our own schoolmates, and this was an especially good one. We were interested to notice that there were names of several girls on the program whom we had not heard perform before. Everyone did so well that we felt justifiably proud of our music department.

We were given an unusual opportunity on the evening of November twenty-first when the Music Department of our faculty gave a recital. It was one which had been especially anticipated, for we were to hear for the first time a

sonata for violin and piano written by Mr. Howe. It was very beautifully interpreted by Miss Nichols and Miss Friskin, and far surpassed our highest expectations. Mr. Howe then played a collection of Sea Sketches on the organ, showing great artistic taste. Miss Nichols and Miss Friskin both gave some more selections with their usual brilliance and marvelous technique. The program was concluded by Mr. Howe again at the organ.

On November twenty-fourth, Moshe Paranov, a well-known pianist, played for us in Davis Hall. It was an unusually interesting program, of a quite modern type, containing a number of short pieces, as is the modern tendency, instead of the longer and heavier sonatas. His interpretations were very striking and unique and received enthusiastic approval.

Miss Friskin's first public recital this year was on December first. Each time we hear her playing we like it better, and marvel at her ability. She not only plays without mistake, but also with great feeling. Her program could be divided into two parts: the first consisting of long, classical selections including a Chopin sonata, the second composed of more modern and shorter pieces. In the latter was a group written by James Friskin, Miss Friskin's brother, which was exceptionally charming and delightful.

A quartet came to us on December second from the Tuskegee Institute, to ask us to contribute to their cause. They sang the negro songs, many of which were very amusing, but the one which brought down the house was "There Was a Little Tree". Between songs an instructor from the school, who accompanied the quartet, told us about the school and its history, and showed us very clearly that their cause was a worthy one.

The Russian Cathedral Sextette, which came here on the evening of January eleventh, proved very interesting and entertaining. The first part of the program was mainly Cathedral songs, sung in Russian with no accompaniment, as is the custom. The second part consisted of Russian folksongs and a few songs sung in English. These were sung in the native Russian peasant costumes, which were particularly noticeable for their beautiful blending of brilliant colors. The program showed very careful arrangement and all the singing was exceedingly good and well balanced.

The Durrell String Quartette, assisted by Miss Marie Nichols, violinist, instructor in Abbot, and Mr. Harrison Potter, pianist, played here on January nineteenth. Their program was a mixture of modern music and music of the older school. The first number was by Beethoven and was played by the quartette without accompaniment. Mr. Potter then played two very modern pieces from "New York Days and Nights", the second of which, "Pell Street", was especially good. The last piece, by Chausson, played by the whole quartette with Miss Nichols and Mr. Potter, as a harmonious expression attained great depth of feeling, and was peculiarly mellow as to tone.

Entertainments

CORRIDOR STUNTS

The first of the series of corridor stunts was given on October twenty-third. The first stunt was "A Day at Abbot", by the fourth floor front. Peals of laughter were provoked by the ridiculous light in which they made our everyday doings at Abbot appear. The second floor wing gave a take-off on the famous movie, "Orphans of the Storm". It was all sung in verse and acted very dramatically with much tearing of hair and wringing of hands, until you would really have believed that the poor little orphans were deaf and blind. Draper Homestead gave a "Radio Concert". It contained all the songs and lectures which belong to every radio concert, even to the "bed-time stories for the kiddies", which was particularly amusing. Last of all the third floor front gave their stunt, "A Family Dinner Party". Mrs. Jones certainly did have her troubles trying to manage a family of twelve, not to mention poor, hen-pecked Mr. Jones.

The Senior Middlers gave this year on January twenty-second, a group of three one-act plays: "The Lost Silk Hat," "The Far-away Princess," and "Op'-o-Me-Thumb" in honor of the Senior class.

"The Lost Silk Hat" was a very short and subtle play which required the best of acting, and got it! It was the dilemma of a young man who, having just quarrelled with his sweetheart and sworn he would go away to Africa and never return, discovered that he had forgotten his hat. He vainly endeavored to persuade a laborer, a clerk, and a poet to rescue his hat for him, but finally had to go in himself. From the strains of a duet which floated out from within shortly afterwards, we knew that he would not go to Africa, but would be married and live happily ever after.

"The Far-away Princess" was a delightful little play, translated from the German, and was very charmingly presented. The scene was in a little inn in the mountains close by a fashionable watering-place. The Princess Von Geldern stopped there for the night, wishing to get away from the world for a time. The young princess, after having supposedly gone to bed, crept downstairs and found there a young poet gazing through a telescope. The conversation which followed, in which the poet, ignorant of the princess's identity, told her of his passionate love for the Princess Von Geldern, whom he had never seen except through the telescope, was most amusing. But there was a tinge of sadness when he learned his mistake and had to leave the young princess whom he had already begun to love for her own sake.

The last play was very pathetic. It centered about the dreams and make-believes of a poor little orphan girl who had no one to love her and no happiness in life except in her dreams, which became so real to her that she almost believed them herself. But they never came true, and she was left at the end even more unhappy than she was in the beginning. The acting of the whole cast was exceedingly vivid and convincing, and Miss Morgan, the director of the plays, as well as the cast itself, deserve great merit for their hard work and fine results.

Athletics

BRADFORD DAY

Rain! Rain! Rain! But optimistic Abbotites appeared at breakfast garbed in trim navy-blue "P. T.'s", ready for action. The Fates decreed that action be postponed a week in spite of our optimism. Although four days of weeping skies had almost ruined tennis courts and hockey fields, our spirits were dampened not a whit!

The next Wednesday found us even more enthusiastic as we gaily pinned our white chrysanthemums to our coats, waved a fond farewell to Draper Hall, and boarded the cars for Bradford. After an eternity we arrived, exchanged our greeting songs and were met by our cordial Bradford hostesses.

It was difficult to decide which of the tennis games to watch, but both proved equally exciting and interesting. Laura Scudder and Betty Lincoln won the doubles for old Abbot, and Beatrice Ripley, the singles for Bradford. Next the Collieson sisters won the croquet tournament, and then a delicious luncheon was served in the gymnasium. After luncheon our able cheerleaders led us in some rousing songs, after which the clock-golf was played off. This was won by Harriet Carlson of Bradford. The hockey game followed. It was very close and very exciting, and, after much splendid playing by both teams, Bradford came out on top. Basketball was the last event of the day, and what a game it was! Abbot came through with flying colors and won the event, midst much cheering.

We hated to leave our Bradford friends, but the cars were waiting to carry us back to Abbot, so we sang our parting songs and departed, thinking how fortunate we were in having such a splendid school and girls with such good spirit, for our neighbors.

OTHER EVENTS

After many close and exciting tennis matches had been played, Elizabeth Burtnett alone remained undefeated and was presented by Miss Bailey with the silver loving-cup.

Several "post-season" games have been played at Abbot this year. A very unusual basketball game between the basketball and hockey teams proved such a success that a hockey game between the two soon followed. Several innovations, such as a Red Cross nurse and hospital supplies, added much to these occasions.

We congratulate the many girls who won the much-coveted armbands and bars for taking the required twenty-four walks. Several members of the faculty won bars also, some of them for the second time. These people are an inspiration for us, who have decided that it is well worth our while to take these walks in the spring.

School Charities

The total amount spent for charity during the school year 1922-1923 was \$2525. During the fall of 1923, a special gift of \$500 was sent to the Student Friendship Fund. The usual gifts were made to the Hindman School, and to the Andover children's Christmas party. One hundred and eighty-eight members subscribed to the Red Cross.

Honor Roll

FIRST SEMESTER

Lucy Sanborn, Caroline Straehley	92
Phyllis Yates	91
Anstiss Bowser, Ruth Davies, Adelaide Hammond, Helen Keating, Frances Ann McCarthy, Ruth Perry, Edda Renouf, Hildred Sperry, Ruth Stafford	90
Elizabeth Barss, Margaret Bush, Evelyn Glidden, Katherine Keany, Elizabeth Tuttle, Constance Twitchell	89
Frances Flagg, Eunice Huntsman, Bessie Korst, Evelyn McDougall, Helen Sagendorph, Mary Simpson	88

Items of General Interest

Two new members have been recently elected to the Board of Trustees. They are Miss Ellen Fitz Pendleton, President of Wellesley College, and Mr. Irving Southworth of Andover.

Rev. Markham W. Stackpole of the Board of Trustees is teacher of English at Milton Academy this winter. The Stackpoles are living on Highland Street in Milton.

Two teas were given this summer in Portland at which Miss Kelsey and Miss Mason were honored guests, one at the home of Mrs. Emma Twitchell Sturgis, 1887, and Alice Twitchell, 1886, the other at the Country Club by Miss Catherine Sandford, 1899, of New York. Other Abbot friends present included Miss Helen Melendy, 1871, of East Orange, N. J., who was spending the summer in Portland, Miss Florence Swan, 1877, and Mrs. Carrie Harmon Shaw, 1900.

Mrs. Sarah Utter Colby, former teacher at Abbot of Physical Education, has been appointed Assistant Director of Physiotherapy at the Children's Hospital in Los Angeles. She has been doing corrective work in the Physical Training department of the public school system in that city.

Miss Edith Metcalf, teacher at Abbot, 1910-12, has a position with the Free Employment Bureau in Cleveland, in which she is much interested.

Miss Susan Bean is living in Boston this winter and is working at the North Bennet Street Branch of the Public Library.

Miss Margaret Elliot has received the Whitney scholarship of \$1500 from Radcliffe. The scholarship is for European study. Miss Elliot will go to England some time in March to study at the Universities of London and Oxford, and will investigate industrial conditions and the problem of women in industry.

Miss Pettingell has been chosen as principal of the Waynfleet School, a well-known and excellent school in Portland, Maine. Miss Pettingell is much interested in modern methods of education. Last June she received the new degree of Master of Education from Harvard University. Miss Pettingell will take up her duties in Portland next fall.

Miss Alice Sweeney, Miss Grimes, and Mrs. Bernard Duits, who was Miss Marion Pooke, had an Abbot tea-party in Paris this fall. Mrs. Duits was married at the Mairie in Paris on the thirteenth of last September, and spent her honeymoon in Holland where she visited Mr. Duits's family at The Hague and in Rotterdam. She is now settled in Paris in a lovely new studio and is supremely happy. At her tea-party some of her wedding gifts were displayed, and among them was "Mrs. Farmer's Cookbook" from Miss Grimes. Could anything be more acceptable or appropriate? Miss Grimes went abroad in June, traveled through the Mediterranean, and spent six weeks in England and Scotland. She returned to the United States in December. Miss Sweeney went abroad in March and since September has been living in a delightful French pension. At the end of January she will meet Mrs. Selden and Marion Selden and will travel in Italy with them.

One often comes on old friends surprisingly, but seldom more pleasantly or suddenly than did Miss Kelsey and Miss Mason recently. They were being taken over a new school-building, Miss Titcomb's in Worcester, the Bancroft School, which has the reputation of being a model building. They had visited nearly everything; in fact only the History room remained to be seen. As in the fairy-tale, the last room was the best, for on looking in, Miss Kelsey and Miss Mason discovered Miss Melita Knowles, who taught at Abbot for many, many years. The encounter was a complete surprise to all three.

A current-events bulletin-board has been put up opposite the large bulletin-board in Draper Hall. The class in current events has entire charge of the board. All sorts of items are posted, from aldermanic cornerstone-layings to the prize puppies at a dog-show. A short time ago the slips which represented the best handwriting in the school were posted there. Every member of the school turned in a few lines of her very best writing. These were marked according to a chart, and those that ranked highest in legibility, neatness, beauty, and evenness were posted. It was a proud day for the posted ones and a sad day for those of us who, though we knew our writing was absolutely unreadable, had consoled ourselves with the thought that it was "so distinctive".

We have had two Hoover Dinners this year. Miss Bailey put the question of having them up to us and we decided unanimously to do so. They are really lots of fun and, a thing which is more important, give you the warm glow of giving. There is a great deal of romance in coming down to a dining-room lit only by candles, with bare tables and paper napkins. Every-day bread

never has the flavor that the crusty chunks of a Hoover Dinner have. The cocoa was never quite so good as this is. Everything has a tinge of romance over it. In the flattering candlelight everyone looks her best and the dusky reaches of the dining-room beyond the pool of light that is your table are vague and mysterious. On the more practical side is Miss Butterfield's report of about sixty dollars saved on each dinner and sent to the relief work in the Near East.

A real, hearty, "Dickensesque" laugh is a rare thing in these days of polite giggles and "pretending-to-be-slightly-bored" smiles. If it is true that to laugh and laugh and laugh some more is the most fun in the world, then the girls who watched a recent basketball game surely were having a good time. The game was between the Bradford Day basketball team and the Bradford Day hockey team. Whoever had the idea of staging it was an extremely brilliant person and deserves,— dear me! — we can't think of anything good enough. At any rate, she is what the Salvation Army calls "a very deserving case". The basketball team won, by the way.

The edict has gone forth, the imperial ukase has been issued! "Sleeves must cover the elbow!" Accordingly, the guilty owners of such unrighteous dresses as were without the law, were rather restricted in their wardrobes. But some clever person, gifted beyond her years, was smitten with an idea. Why not extension sleeves to fit any dress? She put her idea into execution and thus started a new fashion. The new sleeves appear in every color and shape, but are generally of white net. They are made with an elastic band at the top which sometimes is too loose, and then presents the interesting spectacle of "sleeves below the elbow"— way below, at the wrist. Now she who has not a pair of extensions is as handicapped as she who has not a pair of shoes. Honor and glory to their unsung inventor!

A group of girls is always a bright and colorful sight, but never more so, at Abbot, than on a rainy day. Then all the giddy umbrellas come out of seclusion, looking like circus balloons as they bob around the Circle. Then too come the yellow slickers. Whoever made the first yellow slicker did humanity much more good than he suspected. For brightening and cheering up discouraged weather they have no equal. They positively forbid it to rain, and counterfeit the sun so well that presently he comes poking through the clouds to see what is happening. One of them gives you a distinctly cheerful sensation; at sight of two you decide to put your umbrella down; while three together make you feel positively sunburned!

We have been very much impressed lately with the absence of ukuleles this year. Is the love of "uke-songs" declining; have all the ukulele experts graduated; or is it that we have merely failed to notice them? In former years more than two girls could not be in the same room without the omnipresent "uke". Omnipresent and versatile were those ukes. They accompanied "*Grandpa Had a Chicken-Pie House*," "*I Love Me*," "*Fair Alma*

Mater," and "*The End of a Perfect Day*" equally well. They could even be induced to supply stately chords for "*Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand*". They are traditional; like unto the college man's banjo is the boarding-school girl's ukulele. And in the same way they seem to be becoming a myth, along with those jolly college-boys who played banjos, smoked huge meerschaums, and sang "Bright College Years".

Several recent gifts to the school show a thoughtful interest on the part of alumnae and friends that is greatly appreciated. Miss Mary E. True, of Chicago, of the class of 1864, has sent a copy of Professor Goodspeed's translation of the New Testament, a pleasant acknowledgment of her study at Abbot sixty years ago. To the library also comes "A Students' History of the Hebrews" by Miss Laura Knott, former principal of Bradford Academy, from Mr. George A. Ripley. The Biology Department gains some rare Japanese ferns from Mrs. Jane Pearson Stanford, †1876, a part of the collection made by Dr. Stanford.

L. B.

Alumnae Notes

1854. Mrs. Mary Aiken Ripley opened her summer place in Marblehead for a garden party and marionette show, given for the benefit of the Children's Island Sanitarium in August.

1857. Mary A. Tappan, who has recently died at the age of eighty-eight, was for many years a teacher in Haverhill, and the first woman principal of a public school in that city. She was a woman of wide interests, having traveled abroad extensively, especially after her retirement from teaching. Besides being a leader in educational work, she had thought for the child's development through recreation, and was instrumental in founding the Haverhill Boys' Club, and active in its support.

1861. Abbot Academy is the richer wherever it has come in touch with Miss Anne Means, whose death occurred after some years of invalidism, just after Christmas. She was strong in mind and character, affectionate and loyal to family and friends, generous in thought and action; in expression direct and outspoken, with an originality and a sharp sense of humor that made her conversation vigorous and racy, and gave unusual charm to the characterizations of the older generation of her family in a volume of reminiscences recently printed. Prominent in the list of her contributions to the good of the school are: first, her strenuous work as chairman of the committee for raising the McKen Memorial Fund and her early large subscription to it; second, her generous gift, with her sister and Mrs. Helen Smith Coburn, for the remodelling of Abbot Hall to house the science department; and third, her thoughtfulness in loaning to the John-Esther Gallery, every winter since its opening in 1907, several landscapes by Charles H. Davis, which have thus given pleasure to many successive groups of students.

1871. Mrs. Evelyn Fellows Masury is chairman of the Essex County division of the Women's Republican Club of Massachusetts.

†1872. Professor and Mrs. Edwin A. Grosvenor (Lillian Waters) celebrated their golden wedding on October 23rd at their home in Amherst.

†1874. Rev. and Mrs. George H. Gutterson (Emma Wilder) are spending the year in Paris with Maud (Mrs. Green), †1911. Sylvia (Mrs. Pearson), †1916, is also in Paris. Hildegard, †1914, has gone to California to be with Edith (Mrs. Howenstein), †1908. Mr. Howenstein has recently been appointed to an interesting museum position in Los Angeles.

†1875. Mrs. Emma Meacham Davis has slipped away from the circle of Abbot friends, but somehow it seems inappropriate to emphasize the sadness of that fact. Rather let us recall with joy her vivacity and gracious charm of manner, undiminished with the years, her warm-hearted friendliness and

her sincerity of interest in all that concerned the school. These qualities, with the tactfulness that accompanied her enthusiasm, made her work recognized as an important supplement to that of her pastor-husband in their several parishes. One way in which she showed her devotion to the Academy was by serving eight years, 1898-1906, as president of the Alumnae Association, at the time when so much effort was being put into the raising of the fund for building McKeen Memorial Hall. A recent letter expresses the wish that her life had had more of accomplishment for the records, "unless," she adds, "seven bonnie grandchildren can be counted to my credit".

1877. Emily Clark Stearns, with her husband, Mr. Frank W. Stearns, have been much in the limelight of late because of their intimacy with President and Mrs. Coolidge. Mr. Stearns did a great deal to make Mr. Coolidge known to the American public when he was governor of Massachusetts.

†1877. Mrs. Josephine Richards Gile gathered her family from near and far for a reunion in October at her home in Colorado Springs. There were present Miriam, her husband and daughter; Richards; Clement, his wife and oldest boy (leaving two sons at home in Massachusetts); Dr. Harold, his wife and son; and Ruth, her husband and baby daughter. Miriam's husband is the son of Jennie Mowry, 1874, so their daughter has two Abbot grandmothers.

†1877. Abbot Academy gave to Arianna Barron, whose death occurred in December, the foundation for literary and artistic interests that were strong influences in her life. She always felt the value of a year of travel abroad soon after her graduation, as one of a group of four Abbot girls, with the versatile and delightful Miss Charlotte Strickland, a former teacher and head of French Hall. In later travels she had made an interesting collection of paintings and other art objects, which she had recently given to the historical society of Concord, N. H., her home town.

†1889. Dora Mason McLaughlin of Los Angeles, Cal., who frequently shows hospitality to Andover and Abbot tourists, has been a recent visitor in Andover.

1892. Mary Beal Stephenson and her husband came from their home in Duluth in June to attend the graduation of their oldest son, William, at Williams College, and of Carrie Beal Earhart's daughter at Vassar. With their two boys they visited Miss Kelsey and Miss Mason at their summer home, Falmouth Foreside, Maine.

1896. In connection with the commencement exercises at Smith College in June, an Alumnae Round Table Conference of vocational topics was held. The leader for Social Service was Ann P. Hincks, executive secretary of the Bethesda Society, Boston.

†1898. Selina Cook Dunbar, with her family of eight children, has moved to Portland, Me., 362 Danforth Street. Deep sympathy is felt for her in the recent death of her husband, Rev. Robert W. Dunbar.

†1899. Elizabeth Paine Collins and her family are in Europe but plan to return in season to attend the class reunion in June.

1899. Cornelia Pickard's mother died a few months ago.

†1901. Katherine French, who was married in January, 1923, to Dr. Alfred E. P. Rockwell, is now living in Shrewsbury, at Temple Rock Farm, Grafton Street.

†1902. Mercer Mason's daughter, Lucy Ord Kemper, was married on the first of January to Captain John Kirkland Rice of the United States Infantry.

†1904. Mary Byers Smith is the author of a slender volume of poems of unusual merit, entitled "Minor Parts".

†1905. Katherine Woods spent part of last year in European travel. Among her latest publications are booklets for Americanization work:—a study of the Constitution, a plea for tolerance and understanding among all racial and religious groups, and a survey of leading ideas in the "American standard of living".

†1907. Ethel Arms Tyng has arrived in this country with her husband, Rev. Walworth Tyng, who is the Episcopal missionary at Changsha, China. This year is their regular leave of absence. They have with them their four children. Mrs. Tyng's address is 1011 Center Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass., care Mr. Griswold Tyng.

†1907. Mary Howell has just taken a new position, that of Supervisor of Boards of Child Welfare for New York State. Her address is 29 Lancaster Street, Albany, New York.

†1907. Laura Howell has been in Europe this summer.

1907. Viola Bates Hartshorn has four children: Harold, Lillian, Violet, and Vernon. She still lives in Amherst, N. H., with post office address at Milford.

†1908. Louise Sweeney has returned to Madrid, Spain, for her third year of teaching in the International Institute.

1908. Tidings from Helen Hedge (Mrs. Theodore H. Talbot) come from New York City. Her son, Theodore Howard, Jr., is now five years old, and Ashley Frederick was born December 8, 1922.

1908. Julia Lindsay is now Mrs. Earle Sidney Thomas of 6 Oriole Road, Toronto, Canada.

†1909. Helen Thomas has gone to California to spend the winter with her friend, Mary Brown, 1903, formerly of Lowell. The address is 2706 West 9th Street, Los Angeles.

†1911. Early in October, Dorothy Bigelow invited Miss Kelsey and Miss Mason to her home in Leicester for the week-end, and gathered a group of alumnae from the vicinity of Worcester to greet them. Among those present were Mrs. Elizabeth Reed Brownell, Mrs. Maria Gove Berry, Mrs. Frances Swazey Parker, Mrs. Jeannette Prince Burnaby, Mrs. Mollie Ball Bigelow, Mrs. Marion Gould Smith, Mrs. Hazel Norcross Trumbull, and Miss Esther Kilton.

1911. Catherine Atwood (Mrs. Charles H. Gardiner) is now living at Oak Farm, Clinton, Maryland, and has two children, Louise, born 1917, and Catherine, born in 1919.

†1913. Helen Danforth Prudden's poetry is receiving the recognition it deserves, being published in *Contemporary Verse* and elsewhere.

†1913. Margaret Wilkins, having completed her training at the Prince School of Store Education in Boston, took a position in August with Halle Brothers Company in Cleveland, as "Director of Service and Education". Her address is 8015 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

†1913. Edith Wade, who graduated at Smith in June, has a position in the Phillips Academy Library, Andover.

1913. Ella Stohn (Mrs. Douglass D. Getchell) of Roslindale, and her sister Emma, of West Roxbury, were present at Commencement. Douglass, junior, is now three years old, and Hazel Marie was born May 4, 1922.

†1914. Laura Marland is teaching at the High School in North Wilmington.

†1915. Catherine and Elizabeth Leach are living in Brookline this winter. Catherine is doing advertising work for Hovey's, and Elizabeth is teaching in the Girls' Latin School.

†1915. Bessie Gleason Bowen has been acting as secretary to her husband, who is publisher of what may be called the *Bradstreet of the East*, giving the financial ratings of business houses, and is also studying the Chinese language, art and civilization. This item of news was brought by Miss Howey, who visited both her and Dorothy Fisher Whitaker, †1920, in Shanghai, last year.

†1916. Vera Allen is teaching this year in a New Bedford kindergarten.

1916. Elizabeth Willson is reported as office secretary of the New Jersey Women's Republican Club.

†1917. Elizabeth Bacon is teaching a second year at the Mid-Pacific Institute in Honolulu. She spent last summer in Japan.

1917. Tsing Lien Li has received her degree of M.D. from the University of Michigan, and is at the Memorial Hospital in Worcester.

1917. Helen Cutting sailed in October for South America, where she is to teach in the American Institute of Cochebamba, Bolivia, under the care of the Methodist Board of Foreign Missions, for a period of five years.

1917. Mary Shipman, who has been studying at Whitman College, has entered Radcliffe in the sophomore class. She was librarian this summer at a children's camp in Eliot, Maine.

1917. Emily Thompson and Frances Thompson, 1919, of Andover, have returned home after a year of travel and study in Italy and France.

†1918. Louise Colby has a position as assistant librarian at the University of Kentucky, Lexington.

†1918. Helen French Warner and her husband have returned from their year at Peking University, and are living in New York. Mr. Warner is studying at Columbia for the degree of Ph.D. in Psychiatry.

†1918. Beatrice Kenyon has a position with the American Woolen Company in the Shawsheen Mills Office, Andover.

1918. Helen Leffingwell Farnsworth is having a year of travel and study with her husband in Europe.

1918. Margaret Hinchcliffe is supervisor of drawing in the first six grades of the Andover public schools. She also teaches sewing and cooking.

1918. Dr. John Russell Carty, husband of Mary Peirce, has an appointment as resident physician in the X-Ray department of the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, Boston. They are living in Andover.

†1919. Mildred Frost played a leading part in "The Black Masquers," given by the graduating class at Smith College in June.

†1919. Grace Kepner graduated last June from Drury College.

†1919. Ruth Allen is head nurse of the children's contagious ward at the New Haven Hospital.

†1919. Marion Chandler is teaching in the grades at the Hindman Settlement School, Hindman, Ky.

†1919. Grace Francis, who has been studying medical art for two years at the Johns Hopkins University Medical School, is now in Philadelphia, illustrating for Dr. Frazer, neurologist, at the Medical School hospital of the University of Pennsylvania. She recently read a paper on "The Anatomical Relation of the Recurrent Laryngeal Nerve" at a medical convention held at the university.

1919. Joyce Graham is taking the secretarial course at Teachers College, New York.

1919. Marguerite Morgan recently gave a successful piano recital at Aeolian Hall, New York, and appeared with the People's Orchestra at St. James Theatre, Boston, on December 30th.

†1920. Miss Bailey had a long talk with Catherine Greenough in Detroit. Catherine has signed up for three years with the Child Welfare Board of Detroit.

†1920. Edith Adams is librarian of the public library at Dalton.

†1920. Martha Morse is teaching this year in the Francis Parker School, Chicago.

†1920. Helen Walker spent the summer for the second time in Dr. Grenfell's work at Mill Cove, Newfoundland.

†1921. Alice Hallett is teaching in Providence.

†1921. Frances Keany has transferred from Vassar to Radcliffe for her junior year.

†1921. Martha Smith and Lydia Kunkel, 1921, have graduated from Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten Training School.

†1922. Evangeline Lamb spent a second summer working at the Yale Summer School for a permanent teachers' certificate in Connecticut. She taught last year in a rural school in Roxbury, Conn., and is now teaching in Bethlehem.

1922. Kathryn Rounds is studying at Kent Place School, Summit, N. J.

REPORT OF THE CLASS OF 1923

Doris Holt has been awarded a \$250 scholarship at Radcliffe.—Miriam Sweeney is taking the music supervisor's graduate course at the Lowell State Normal School.—Rose Lobenstine received honor grade in the entrance examinations for Wellesley.—Edith Damon, Elizabeth Flagg, Charlotte Hudson, Elizabeth Maxwell, Dolores Osborne, and Sally Finch are also at Wellesley.—Smith claims Peggy Scudder, Dorothy Taylor, Elizabeth and Miriam Thompson, Margaret Wolf, and Elizabeth Peck.—Barbara Cutter, Ethel Goodwin, and Dorothy King are at Brown. Dorothy King is class cheer leader.—Elizabeth Adams, Eleanor Warren, and Martha Stevens are attending the University of Wisconsin.—Martha Snyder is at Mount Holyoke.—Nathalie Bartlett is at the Child's School of Fine Arts in Boston.—Barbara Clay is also going to art school in Boston, and Anne Fry is studying art in Philadelphia.—Martha Buttrick is at Miss Pierce's Secretarial School.—Anne Darling and Virginia Maxwell are taking secretarial courses at the Katharine Gibbs School.—Francelia Holmes and Carolyn Lakin are carrying on their athletic work at B. S. P. C.—“Beautifully done!” It is Ruth Holmes who steps down from the platform at Leland Powers' School of Expression.—Emily Holt and Helga Lundin are also studying there.—Laura Lakin is studying kindergarten training in Chicago.—Esther Wood is taking a similar course in Detroit. “Woodie” is secretary of the Abbot Club there.—Mary Newton and Raymah Wright are at Wheaton.—Annetta Richards is at Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten Training School.—Natalie Page is studying art in Boston, as is Rosamond Martin.—Mary Catherine Swartwood is studying at Elmira College.—Catherine Miller, Eleanor Noyes, Mary Elizabeth Rudd, Estelle Throckmorton, Betty Whitaker, and Emily Van Patten are at home. “Pat” is doing interesting work in a bookstore in Davenport.

NON-GRADUATES

Eva Cross is at the Chevy Chase School in Washington, D. C.—Elizabeth Eaton is at Miss Porter's School, Farmington, Conn.—Elizabeth Read is attending Miss Lee's School in Boston.—Ruth Beach is studying art in Hartford.—Nettie Pritchard is going to High School.—Eleanor Widen is at Mount Holyoke.

Visitors

Francelia Holmes †1923, Carolyn Lakin †1923, Helga Lundin †1923, Barbara Clay †1923, Barbara Cutter †1923, Anne Darling †1923, Ethel Goodwin †1923, Emily Holt †1923, Edith Damon †1923, Elizabeth Flagg †1923, Charlotte Hudson †1923, Dolores Osborne †1923, Victorine Warner 1923, Josephine Hamilton †1919, Mrs. Anna Nettleton Miles †1893, Mrs. Irma Sadler Webb 1900, Dorothy Bigelow †1911, Mrs. Edith Johnston Bliss †1900, Miss Alice Twitchell †1886, Mrs. Edith Dewey Jones †1890, Mrs. Annis Spencer Gilbert †1889, Flora Mason 1889, Ruth Holmes †1923, Katherine Gage †1922, Beatrice Goff †1922, Charlotte Vose †1920, Bertha Worman †1920, Mrs. Estelle Greenough Easton 1899, Mrs. Laura Brownell Collier (teacher), Mrs. Grace Simon-ton Young †1895, Mrs. Ethel Perley Tyler †1898, Mrs. Katherine Ordway Parker †1911, Martha Blakeslee †1902, Lucy Ford †1920, Mildred Peabody †1921, Mrs. Belle Johnston Rumford †1902, Frances Gasser †1921, Miriam Bickford †1921, Barbara Goss †1922, Mary Bushnell †1920, Mrs. Agnes Slocum Biscoe (secretary), Sally Finch †1923, Rose Lobenstine †1923, Miriam Thompson †1923, Elizabeth Thompson †1923, Charlotte Hudson †1923, Elizabeth Whitaker †1923, Elizabeth Maxwell †1923, Edith Damon †1923, Frances Butler 1923, Annetta Richards †1923, Mrs. Elizabeth Reed Brownell †1874, Annah J. Kimball †1884.

Engagements

- †1914. Elisabeth Bartlett to Frederic Angier Jenks, Harvard Law School, 1913.
- †1919. Grace Kepner to Rev. Charles Casper Noble.
- †1919. Dorcas King to George Marshall Fox.
- †1920. Margaret Ackroyd to James Sidway of Buffalo, N. Y.
- †1920. Edith Adams to Henry Clinton Culver of Brattleboro, Vt.
- †1921. Alice G. Hallett to Temple Ayer Bradley.
- †1921. Elizabeth McDougall to Marcus P. Chandler.
- †1921. Edith E. Page to William Claypool Bennett, Harvard 1923.
- 1921. Vera C. Barnett to Shepard Newton Cothram.
- †1922. Catherine P. Damon to Carl Holland Mason.
- 1922. Dorothy Upton to Grinnell Knowles, Harvard 1924.
- 1922. Marion Frances Hendrie (teacher) to Francis Briggs Milligan of Philadelphia.

Marriages

DUITS—POOKE. In Paris, France, September 13, 1923, Miss Marion Louise Pooke, teacher of drawing and painting at Abbot Academy, to Mr. Bernard S. Duits, of Amsterdam, Holland. Address, 11 Rue Chateaubriand, Paris.

BASSETT—BASSETT. In South Paris, Me., November 19, 1923, Lillian York Bassett to Mr. Seth Chase Bassett, of Intervale, N. H.

RIMMER—GARDNER. In Liverpool, England, September 10, 1923, Dorothy (Davis) Gardner to Charles Percy Rimmer of Liverpool. Mrs. Gardner was the donor of the organ in Davis Hall. Her father, Mr. George G. Davis, and her grandfather, Mr. George L. Davis, both Trustees of the school for many years, were always its generous friends.

1886. McCULLOCK—SANBORN. April 19, 1922, Kathreen Sanborn to Robert McCullock.

†1905. HOBBS—JEFFERS. October 11, 1923, Elsie Wyman Jeffers to Joseph N. Hobbs, instructor in English in the Boston Latin School. Address 574 School St., Belmont.

†1907. LEEDS—HUKILL. In Cleveland, Ohio, August 18, 1923, Clara Jackson Hukill to Arthur Russell Leeds.

1911. HEMENWAY—BOYNTON. In Boston, July 7, 1923, Ann Boynton to Charles M. Hemenway, of Framingham.

†1914. McDUFFIE—SELDEN. In Andover, June 2, 1923, Katharine Elizabeth Selden to Charles Dennett McDuffie. Address 65 Prospect St., Lawrence.

1914. RIPLEY—HUNTINGTON. In Newton Center, June 16, 1923, Miriam Huntington to Davis Nicholas Ripley.

1915. HASKELL—ADAMS. In Newtonville, June 2, 1923, Katherine Adams to Melville Hanna Haskell.

†1915. BELKNAP—ALLEN. In Cheshire, Conn., September 22, 1923, Elizabeth May Allen to Walter Kerr Belknap.

1915. DECAMP—TOLMAN. In Lawrence, May 12, 1923, Clara Pearson Tolman to Theodore Lambert DeCamp. Address, 3 Windsor Street, Andover.

1915. LEETCH—DINGLEY. In Washington, D. C., January 2, 1924, Madalen Miriam Dingley to William Dougall Leetch.

1915. SANDERS—HILLMAN. June 30, 1923, Aurelia Hillman to G. E. Sanders. Address Dewey Avenue Station, Rochester, N. Y.

†1916. RANDALL—ODELL. In Beverly, October 6, 1923, Katharine Marshall Odell to Philip Leon Randall. Address after November 1, North Conway, N. H.

1916. RUZICKA—TUTEIN. In Winchester, October 20, 1923, Phyllis Tutein to Charles Ruzicka. Address, The Carolina, University Parkway, Baltimore, Md.

†1917. REYNOLDS—BAXTER. In Mansfield, O., November 22, 1923, Dorothy Louise Baxter to Alfred Joseph Reynolds. Address 177 West Second Street, Mansfield, O.

†1917. LATTIN—NEWCOMB. In New London, Conn., September 22, 1923, Cornelia Chapell Newcomb to Clarence Lorenzo Lattin.

†1917. MOORE—BIGELOW. In Andover, October 9, 1923, Carita Bigelow to Donald Johnson Moore. Address 10 Appleby Road, Wellesley.

†1918. BROWN—HOWE. In Marlboro, June 23, 1923, Avalita Ellis Howe to Herrick Brown. Address 454 East 22d Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

1917. LOMBARD—TOUGAS. In Waban, October 23, 1923, Sarah Katharine Tougas to Dr. Blake Lombard. Address 370 Adams Street, Milton.

1918. SWAN—FLETT. In Melrose Highlands, August, 1923, Mary Underhill Flett to G. Dewey Swan.

1918. COIT—GRAY. In Duluth, Minn., July 7, 1923, Elizabeth Agnes Gray to Lew Garrison Coit. Address 421 Eighteenth Avenue East, Duluth, Minn.

1918. CHARLTON—MOORE. In Medford, June, 1923, Elizabeth Louise Moore (daughter of Edith Puffer, 1889), to Earle Perry Charlton. Address 635 Rock Street, Fall River.

†1919. LANE—BECK. In Wayland, June 2, 1923, Kathryn Atkins Beck to Mr. George Downing Lane.

†1919. SMITH—WYGANT. In Newburgh, N. Y., June 30, 1923, Helen Thornton Wygant to Clark Smith. Address, 134 Dubois Street, Newburgh, N. Y.

†1919. GRAY—COPELAND. In Newton Center, June 29, 1923, Charlotte Harvey Copeland to William Bradford Dodge Gray.

†1919. GAGER—MAZEY. In Newark, O., June 14, 1923, Thelma Elizabeth Mazey to John Ballantine Gager. The maid of honor was Martha Grace Miller, and the bridesmaids were Mary Burton and Virginia Miller.

1919. BOYD—BLYMYER. October 17, 1923, Ellinor Schell Blymyer to Russell H. Boyd. Address 1429 Sherwin Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

1919. DAY—COLE. In Kennebunk, Me., June 26, 1923, Mary Elizabeth Cole to Henry W. Day.

1919. HODGKINSON—BRADLEY. In Duxbury, July 3, 1923, Helen Bradley to Harold Howe Hodgkinson. Address 51 Park Vale Avenue, Allston.

1919. PIETERS—STEWART. June 9, 1923, Elizabeth Stewart to Ivon Stahl Pieters. Address 2632 Lake View Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

1919. WORMAN—MCMULLEN. In Boston, on October 22, 1923, Bertha Frances Worman to Francis Charles McMullen.

†1920. MILLS—WICKERSHAM. In Corning, N. Y., December 28, 1923, Leonore Eliza Wickersham to George Henry Mills, Lt. U. S. Navy.

†1920. CHRISTIAN—DOWNS. In Portsmouth, N. H., October 2, 1923, Marjorie Blanche Downs to Thomas Davis Christian. Address, 1 Colonial Road, Brighton.

1920. PORTER—LINSCOTT. In Woburn, June 27, 1923, Mildred Linscott to Charles Scott Porter.

†1921. DUNN—BARBER. In Chicago, Ill., August 16, 1923, Lora Etta Barber to Charles J. Dunn.

†1921. BENNETT—WELD. In Middleboro, June 30, 1923, Elizabeth Weld to Edwin Clark Bennett. Katharine Weld was maid of honor and Carol Perrin, Edith Page and Marion Kimball were bridesmaids. Address 20 Prescott Street, Cambridge.

†1921. PRICE—NORPELL. In Newark, O., January 5, 1924, Helen Bradley Norpell to Owen Newton Price.

†1922. VANCE—HOWARD. In Lovell, Maine, September 7, 1923, Christine Olive Howard to William Horr Vance.

1922. SANDERS—BURR. In Bangor, Me., October 20, 1923, Geneva Claire Burr to Leslie Benjamin Sanders, Jr. Address 937 Center Street, Newton Center.

Births

In Detroit, Mich., June 8, 1923, a daughter, Ella Pearl, to Mr. and Mrs. Edwin E. Hebb (Louise Whiting, teacher at Abbot 1917-19).

†1909. October 4, 1923, a daughter, Emily Bradley, to Mr. and Mrs. Paul D. Meek (Louise Norpell), of Columbus, O.

1910. August 22, 1923, a son, Richard Albert, to Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Cook, Jr. (Eleanor Couch), of Danvers.

1911. March 26, 1923, a daughter, Zell Hart, to Mr. and Mrs. Griswold Hurlbert, Jr. (Helen Hart), of Warren, O.

†1913. October 17, 1923, a daughter, Shirley, to Mr. and Mrs. Paul R. Tucker (Olga Erickson), of Brookline.

†1913. In Baltimore, Md., August 12, 1923, a son, Charles William, to Mr. and Mrs. William T. Levitt (Edna Francis).

†1913. August 2, 1923, a daughter, Anne, to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph M. Patterson (Enid Baush), of Newton.

1913. February 12, 1923, a daughter, Katherine Converse, to Mr. and Mrs. Paul E. Donahue (Ruth Jenkins), of Portland, Me.

†1915. June 6, 1923, a daughter, Constance Whittier, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Whittier Cole (Marion Barnard), of Andover.

†1916. In New York, December 22, 1923, a son, Joseph Pillsbury, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard C. Bartlett (Dorothy Pillsbury).

1916. July 7, 1923, a daughter, Martha, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry G. Tyler (Winifred LeBoutillier), of Andover.

1916. June 4, 1923, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Russell D. Chase (Myra McLean), of Longmeadow.

1916. October 11, 1923, a daughter, Marilyn Talcott, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Francis Hanmer (Irene Baush), of Wethersfield, Conn.

1916. January 7, 1923, a son, to Mr. and Mrs. Burnham G. Preston (Meriel Thomas), of Salem.

†1917. In Bridgeport, Ct., December 29, 1923, a son, Philip Hawley, to Mr. and Mrs. Andrew R. Smith (Esther Davis).

1917. July 16, 1922, a daughter, Virginia Van Arsdale, to Mr. and Mrs. L. Rex Babbitt (Eloise Van Arsdale).

†1918. July 17, 1923, a daughter, Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Paul T. Searle (Ruth Clark).

†1918. April 4, 1923, a son, Robert Jepherson, to Mr. and Mrs. Edwin A. Buck (Mary Jepherson).

†1918. At Winthrop, June 24, 1923, a daughter, Mary Louise, to Mr. and Mrs. George A. Irwin (Mary F. Davis).

†1920. On June 18, 1923, a son, Philip Louis, to Mr. and Mrs. H. Peter Gravengaard (Helen E. Thiel) of Middletown, Conn.

†1920. In Andover, August 27, 1923, a son, William Phillips, to Mr. and Mrs. William Phillips Foster (Irene Franklin).

†1920. In Zanesville, O., January 9, 1923, a daughter, Elizabeth Jane, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Baker (Elizabeth Justine Pearsall).

†1920. In Lansing, Mich., June 29, 1923, a daughter, Marjorie Pratt, to Mr. and Mrs. Scott V. Rutherford (Lucy Pratt).

1920. August 12, 1923, a son, Stanley Rowell, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Barnes, Jr. (Miriam Rowell).

Deaths

1856. In Great Barrington, July 25, 1923, Sarah Lamson, wife of the late Rev. Evarts Scudder.

1856. In Lawrence, June 2, 1923, Abby Fletcher, wife of the late Thomas E. Whiting.

1857. In Medford, October 18, 1923, Helen E. Mills, wife of the late George W. W. Saville. Members of the Boston Abbot Club will miss the cheery little lady who has been so interested an attendant at the meetings.

1860. In Brookline, January 8, 1924, Corinne Hosford, wife of Charles B. Churchill.

1861. In Andover, August 1, 1923, Ella T. Cheever.

1861. In Boston, December 29, 1923, Anne Middleton Means.

1861. In Chicago, Ill., September 6, 1922, Mary Gage, wife of the late Peter S. Peterson. Mrs. Peterson was prominent in many activities, social and philanthropic. She had an unusual knowledge of forestry and was chairman of the forestry division of the General Federation of Woman's Clubs. In 1911 she was made a trustee of Mount Holyoke College where she studied

for a short time after leaving Abbot. She was the donor to the college of Peterson Lodge, a home for retired Mount Holyoke teachers.

1863. In Brookline, November 19, 1923, Lucy F. Bowen.

1873. In Harrow, England, August 23, 1923, Kate Douglas Smith (Mrs. Samuel Bradley Wiggin) (Mrs. George Christopher Riggs).

†1875. In Boston, July 17, 1923, Emma Meacham, wife of the late Rev. William H. Davis, and mother of Mary Davis Lee, †1904.

†1876. In Amsterdam, N. Y., June 1, 1923, Jessie Cole, wife of Rev. Charles B. F. Pease.

1876. August 11, 1922, Alice Greeley, wife of Gelston M. Bates, of East Orange, N. J.

†1877. In Boston, December 11, 1923, Arianna A. Barron, sister of Nellie Barron Bliss, †1879.

†1879. In Amarillo, Texas, October 7, 1923, Julia Read, wife of C. H. Hubbell.

1889. November 25, 1922, Candora Seeley, wife of James H. Guernsey, of Ansonia, Conn.

1905. In Bronxville, N. Y., June 6, 1922, Isabella MacBride, wife of William O. Packard. She left one child, Beatrice, born in 1915.

1906. In Washington, D. C., May 11, 1923, Carrie E. Johnson, of Hallo-well, Me.

1918. In Boston, November 16, 1923, Dorothy Lauder.

†1919. In Virginia, Ill., December 2, 1923, Jennie Marr Dunaway.

Abbot Academy Faculty

- BERTHA BAILEY, B.S., PRINCIPAL.
Psychology, Ethics, Christian Evidences.
- KATHERINE ROXANNA KELSEY, ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL
Mathematics
- NELLIE MARIA MASON
Physics, Chemistry
- REBEKAH MUNROE CHICKERING, B.A.
History, English
- MARTHA MELISSA HOWEY, B.L.
Literature, History of Art
- LAURA KEZIAH PETTINGELL, M.A.
History, English
- MARY ETHEL BANCROFT, B.A.
English
- RUTH EVELYN MARCEAU, M.A.
Latin
- OCTAVIA WHITING MATHEWS, B.A.
Spanish, Bible
- HELEN DUNFORD ROBINSON, B.A.
Latin
- RUTH STEPHENS BAKER, M.A.
French, German
- MRS. MARIE (DE LA NIEPCE) CRAIG
French
- HELEN DEARBORN BEAN, B.A.,
History
- HELEN FRANCES BURT, B.S.
Mathematics, Astronomy, Geology
- LUCIENNE FOUBERT, Certificat de la Sorbonne
French
- MIRIAM HAGUE, B.A., M.Ed.
Chemistry, Household Science
- NORA SWEENEY
Physical Education
- EDNA BARRETT MANSHIP
Rhythmic Expression
- BERTHA EVERETT MORGAN
Vocal Expression
- WALTER EDWARD HOWE, B. Mus.
Director of Music
- KATE FRISKIN
Pianoforte

- MRS. RUTH THAYER BURNHAM
Vocal Music
- MARIE NICHOLS
Violin
- MRS. BEATRICE WHITNEY VAN NESS
Drawing, Painting
- FANNY BIGELOW JENKS, B.A.
Secretary to the Principal
- JEAN HOPE BAYNES
Financial Secretary
- DOROTHY HOPKINS, B.S.
Librarian
- OCTAVIA WHITING MATHEWS
Supervisor of Day Scholars
- FLORENCE BUTTERFIELD
House Superintendent
- RUTH STEPHENS BAKER, M.A.
In charge of Sherman Cottage
- RUTH EVELYN MARCEAU, M.A.
In charge of Draper Homestead
- MARY BISHOP PUTNAM
In charge of Sunset Lodge, Supervisor of Cottages
- CHARLOTTE E. JOHNSON, R.N.
Resident Nurse
- MARION CURTIS LITTLEFIELD, M.D.
Examining Physician
- JANE BRODIE CARPENTER, M.A.,
Keeper of Alumnae Records, Curator of John Esther Gallery

Speakers

- | | |
|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| DR. EDMUND A. BURNHAM | Miss ANN WIGGIN |
| DR. CHARLES H. OLIPHANT | MISS MARGARET WILLIAMSON |
| MISS ALICE TWITCHELL | REVEREND W. H. P. HATCH |
| REV. CHARLES W. HENRY | DR. FREDERICK A. WILSON |
| DR. NEHEMIAH BOYNTON | BISHOP EDWIN H. HUGHES |
| DR. CLARENCE A. BARBOUR | Miss MARION COATS |

Lecturers

- | | |
|-----------------------|------------------|
| Miss HELEN FRASER | Miss FJERIL HESS |
| Mr. CHARLES UNDERHILL | |

Concerts

- | | |
|---------------|----------------------------|
| MOSHE PARANOV | RUSSIAN CATHEDRAL SEXTETTE |
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<i>Secretary</i>	ELSIE DRAPER
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<i>Secretary</i>	LOUISE DOUGLASS
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<i>First Vice-President</i>	ETHEL V. THOMPSON
<i>Second Vice-President</i>	ELIZABETH WILLSON
<i>Day Scholars' Vice-President</i>	BETTY HARRINGTON
<i>Secretary</i>	MARGARET COLBY

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<i>President</i>	KATHRYN WALLACE
<i>Vice-President</i>	ELIZABETH K. BRAGG
<i>Treasurer</i>	MARION SHRYOCK
<i>Secretary</i>	EVELYN McDOUGALL

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<i>Vice-President</i>	HELEN EPLER
<i>Secretary</i>	MARION SHRYOCK
<i>Treasurer</i>	MARGARET BUSH

Athletic Council

<i>Hockey</i>	MARGARET MACDONALD
<i>Basketball</i>	LILA CLEVINGER
<i>Tennis</i>	DORIS VON CULIN

"A" Society

<i>President</i>	DORIS VON CULIN
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	EVELYN GLIDDEN

Odeon

<i>President</i>	ADELAIDE HAMMOND
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	ELAINE BOUTWELL

Q. E. D.

<i>President</i>	RUTH FLATHER
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	ETHEL V. THOMPSON

Abbot Dramatic Society

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School Societies*Odeon*

The Odeon Society aims not only to broaden the literary outlook of its members by studying the best in literature, but also to increase their appreciative power by writing original compositions.

Q. E. D.

The Q. E. D. Society discusses events of the day, and through debates, awakens interest in world affairs.

Abbot Dramatic Society

The Abbot Dramatic Society, first introduced this year, was organized for the purpose of interesting students of ability in dramatics, and presenting plays at intervals during the year.

Calendar 1923-1924**1923**

September 19, Day Students register at 9 a.m.

September 19, Boarding Students register before 6 p.m.

September 20, Thursday, 9 a.m.

Fall term begins

November 29, Thursday

Thanksgiving Day

December 19, Wednesday, 12 m.

Fall term ends

Christmas vacation

1924

January 8, Boarding Students register before 6 p.m.

January 9, Wednesday, 9 a.m.

Winter term begins

February 2, Saturday

First semester ends

March 20, Thursday 12 m.

Winter term ends

Spring vacation

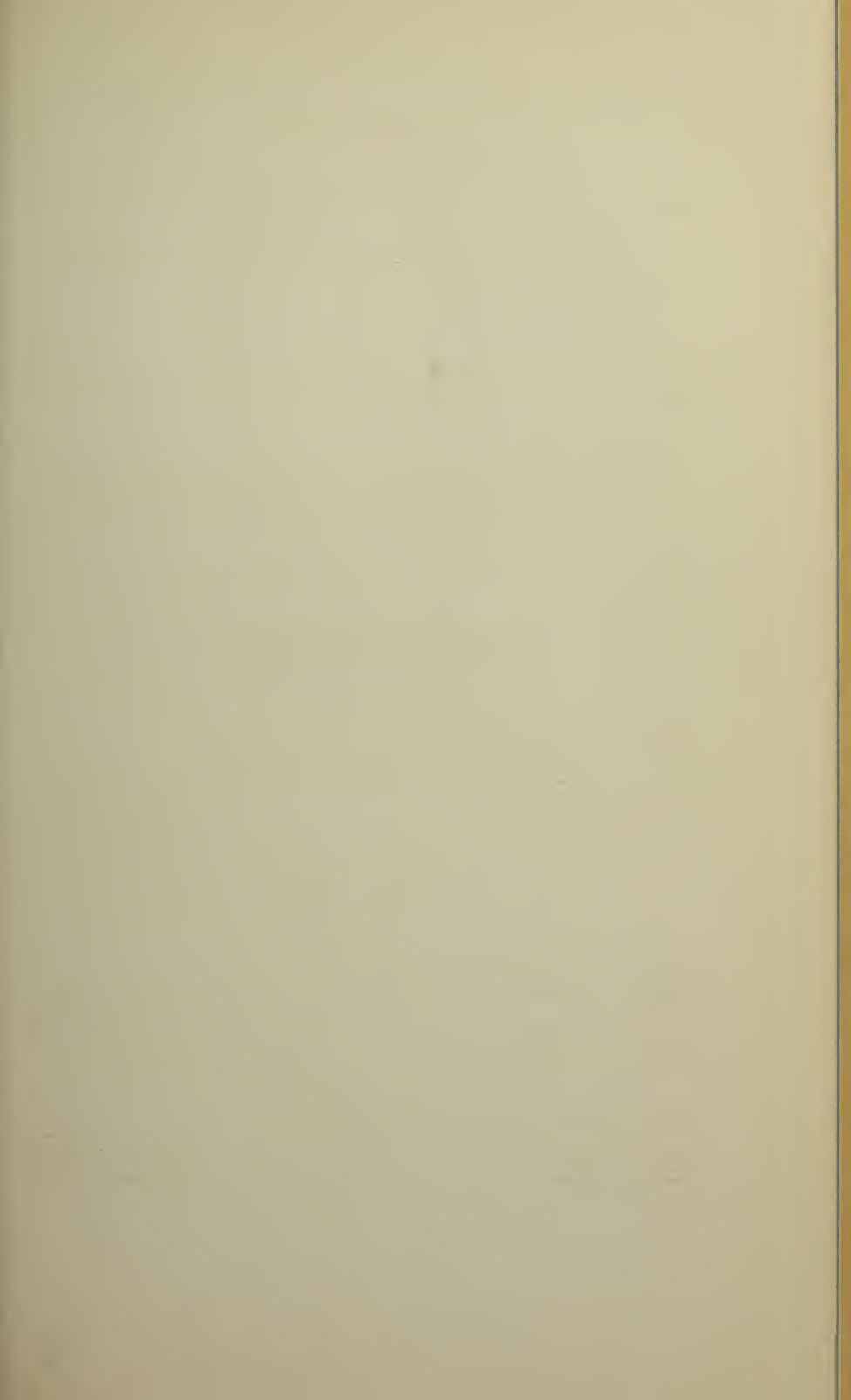
April 2, Boarding Students register before 6 p.m.

April 3, Thursday, 9 a.m.

Spring term begins

June 10, Tuesday

School year ends





The Abbot Courant

June, 1924

ANDOVER, MASS.

PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY

1924

JUNE, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOUR

THE
ABBOT COURANT

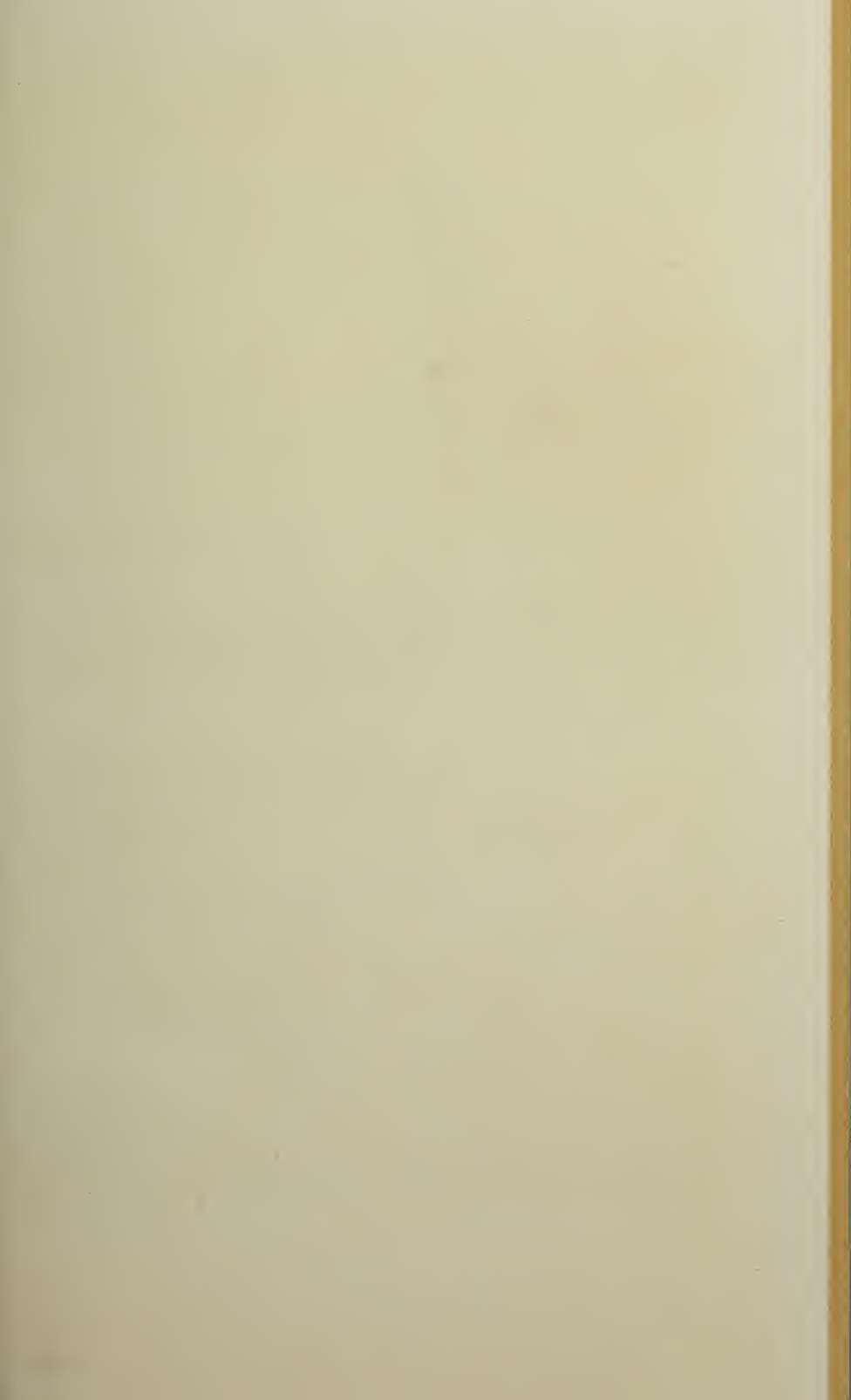
VOLUME XLXX, No. 2

ANDOVER, MASS.
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1924

Contents

Editorials	3
Hands	8
<i>Adelaide Hammond, 1924</i>	
Beneath the Bamboo Trees	8
<i>Mary Sun, 1926</i>	
A Scrap of Paper	9
<i>Helen Keating, 1924</i>	
My Hill	10
<i>Edith Bullen, 1926</i>	
Meditation and Merit	11
<i>Laura Scudder, 1924</i>	
The Recalcitrant Muse	13
<i>Laura Bliss, 1924</i>	
The Romance of Maps	14
<i>Margaret Daniell, 1925</i>	
Glass Cities	15
<i>Constance Twichell, 1924</i>	
Youth	16
<i>Gretchen Vanderschmidt, 1926</i>	
My Heritage	17
<i>Lucy Shaw, 1924</i>	
The Merman's Thought	18
<i>Marjorie L. Wolfe, 1924</i>	
The Voice of the Lake	19
<i>Laura Bliss, 1924</i>	
Thoughts	23
<i>Frances Ann McCarthy, 1924</i>	
The Older Generation	24
<i>Ethel Thompson, 1924</i>	
Reverie	25
<i>Alice Hobart, 1924</i>	
Sally Dreams	26
<i>Kate Louise Potter, 1925</i>	
On Middle Names	29
<i>Elizabeth Cutter, 1925</i>	
A Star's Twinkle — The Usual Fairy Tale	30
<i>Adelaide Hammond, 1924</i>	
A Neglected Bookshelf	32
<i>Katherine Keaney, 1928</i>	
Abbot People	33
<i>Elizabeth Willson, 1924</i>	
In Memoriam	34
Items of General Interest	35
School Journal	39
Alumnae Notes	46

The price of the COURANT is one dollar and one-half a year; single copies seventy-five cents. All communications made to the Business Editors will be promptly attended to.





THE TAYLOR HOUSE—REMODELLED, NOW THE HOME OF THE TREASURER

THE ABBOT COURANT

Board of Editors

Literary Editors

LAURA BLISS, 1924	ADELAIDE HAMMOND, 1924
MARGARET COLBY, 1924	HELEN KEATING, 1924
HELEN DAGENDORPH, 1925	PATRICIA GOODWILLIE, 1926

Business Editors

RUTH DAVIES, 1925	MARY SIMPSON, 1925
EDITH BULLEN, 1926	

Vol. XLXX

JUNE, 1924

No. 2

Editorials

Spring always seems to mean new clothes, and it is therefore quite fitting that the Spring COURANT should appear in a new guise. It had long seemed to the Board that, since blue was the Abbot color, a cover more blue than white was appropriate. In addition to this, the white covers soiled very easily, as the Board found to their sorrow when they attempted to take copies of the COURANT to an Alumnae Luncheon in Boston. About the middle of the year a change was effected in the management of the COURANT, whereby the Board of Editors took over entire responsibility for the magazine. The Editors were thereupon fired with reforming zeal and the cover was the first "reform". Other changes appear in the body of the magazine; the editorials and Items of General Interest have been advanced to the front pages, and the Alumnae Notes have been tabulated under classes instead of under Engagements, Marriages, Deaths. The Editors sincerely hope that the COURANT's new cover and arrangement will meet with the approval of the girls, both old and new.

Ever since the workmen came and began removing first the porch and then the very clapboards of the Taylor house next door, until we expected any day to find it had completely disappeared, we have all been watching with great curiosity to see what would happen next. The first thing that puzzled us was what the house was going to be used for. This was a matter for deep discussion, and a new and more impossible theory was arrived at every day. But at last the truth was learned. We were to have for our new neighbors the family of our treasurer, Mr. Flagg. This was indeed a pleasant surprise.

The house changed more and more every day until we scarcely recognized it. Almost over-night it turned from a wooden frame into a beautiful brick structure. Then the front door-way was remodelled. There was something new all the time. But at last it was finished, and an imposing new brick, colonial house now graces School Street and adds a great deal to its beauty. Only those who have had the good fortune to enter the house, and who also know how it used to look, can fully realize the complete change which has taken place. Stairways, fireplaces, and partitions have been moved about, apparently as easily as one rearranges one's furniture. Electricity and hard-wood floors have been put in, and a large garage is now being built behind the house. The Flaggs have made of it a charming home, and Abbot is delighted to welcome them as next-door neighbors.

*"The year's at the spring,
The day's at the morn—"*

And with the morn, the sun peeps in our windows to tell us that it is high time we were up and about like the rest of the busy world. In a tree just outside our window, Mr. and Mrs. Redbreast are building a nest. Today, Mr. Redbreast brings a Jordan-Marsh tag, "\$1.98", as his early morning offering to the new home. As his merry little wife sings her thanks, we realize that she is not the only "early bird" who is singing.

To the accompaniment of the tap-tap of the hammer, and the buzzing of the saw, we hear the chant of the Italian workmen who are building Mr. Flagg's charming new home nearby. The

chug-chug of an approaching lawn-mower drowns out their song and reminds us that even the Abbot world is awake early.

Spring at Abbot means circle-walking. When we saunter around the circle with our best friend after Sunday dinner, we meet the whole world. Of course, there is the inevitable person with the kodak, who loves to "snap" us when we least expect it. Protesting vigorously that our hair is blown into stringy wisps does no good, for she takes us unawares, and runs away giggling. Many, however, choose the steps of Abbot Hall as a background for their portraits. There is something conducive to that careless ease desirable in snapshots in its dignified steps and stately columns. Still, there are other places. Some brave spirit suggested the other day that a portrait of one's best friend taken from the topmost spike of the main gateway would be effective. We agree, but we are fearful that the friend wouldn't. Aside from photography, we think it is delightful to walk around the circle on these windy May days, and see all the colors of the spring's fashions walking gaily, too. The circle means so much to most of us, and we have a feeling that we may mean something to the circle!

"Girls whose names begin with letters from A to M come to Abbot Hall at 11.45; those whose names begin with letters M to Z go to the study hall, instead of to their usual English appointments. Girls who come to Abbot Hall bring theme pads with them." We have heard these directions issued in chapel several times during the year, so that we know just what is to follow. "Another Intelligence Test!" someone hisses in what is meant to be a sotto voce. When the time comes, we straggle into Abbot Hall, and are instructed to sit down at discreet distances from our too friendly neighbors. Large folders are distributed to everybody. Miss Pettingell, who is in charge, restrains our intense desire to open them. We begin to have qualms regarding the real state of our intelligence. Tormenting doubts arise. Is it possible that we are morons? We reassure ourselves with the thought that if we were, our friends would probably have detected it before. But Miss Pettingell is giving the signal to begin.

We open the impressive folders. A vocabulary test! In deciding the debatable question of whether a celibate is a pleasure-lover or an imbecile, time flies. We write with feverish haste. The bell rings. Our intellectual status is fixed for all time.

Tuesday, the 6th of May, 1924, was Abbot's ninety-fifth birthday. It seemed a day set apart from other days, — there was a change in the atmosphere, — we think that all of us thought a little more about what Abbot means to us.

At chapel, in the morning, Mrs. Jones, the president of the Alumnae Association, spoke to us, and after her talk each one of us was given an Abbot Birthday card, like the ones which are being sent to Abbot girls all over the country, thus starting a custom which we hope will be followed on all Abbot's coming birthdays.

That night the Seniors repeated their charming play, "Pomander Walk", which was enjoyed quite as much, if not more, than at its first presentation. Before the play began, and between acts, the lower classes sold flowers and candy and Abbot post-cards and pencils to help swell the sum which is to be given to the Abbot Loyalty Fund.

At the close of that day, we all felt as though we had come a little closer to the fine spirit which animates Abbot.

On April 26, 1924, Odeon challenged Q. E. D. to a debate on the question —

"Resolved:— that the Volstead Act should be amended to permit the use of beverages containing 2% alcohol."

On this subject Odeon supported the affirmative and Q. E. D. the negative side. The debaters brought many interesting points into the discussion which, we feel, shed new light on this much-disputed subject. The subject of prohibition and the Volstead Act is indeed one of the most important issues now under the consideration of our legislature, and is one which deserves the careful thought of every one of us. This debate, however, aside from the topic, was of great interest to us all, for although Odeon is Abbot's oldest society, and Q. E. D. is a debating society, we have never before had a real debate. Since this is the case, the

fluency of the speakers was really remarkable, for here at Abbot we do not have extensive training, or even very frequent opportunities for public speaking. The outcome of the debate certainly speaks clearly for the speakers' persuasive powers, as the judges voted unanimously for Q. E. D., while a majority of the audience voted for Odeon.

Every Senior knows the strange feeling that comes over us during our last term at school. It is half pleasant and half sad, and just a little scary. It seizes you at the strangest times and places, ties your throat into a little knot and leaves you with a bewildered April smile, half laughing and half crying. You may be walking around the Circle of a Sunday noon, or doing a Math lesson, or playing basketball when suddenly comes the thought, "Pretty soon I won't be doing this any more; pretty soon this part of my life will all be over," and then in an overwhelming flood it sweeps over you, that strange "gone" feeling that Seniors have during their last term. Why, it's dreadful to think of; in six weeks, four weeks, two weeks, we'll be *out* of Abbot, Almunae, Dear Old Girls, never able to come back on exactly the same footing. About to leave our school, we begin to realize dimly what she means to us and will continue to mean as time goes on. Every building, every tree becomes suddenly very dear, and we see everything through different eyes.

A Chinese wedding! Immediately we begin to picture all sorts of happy, romantic, remote scenes which seem like dreams. A Chinese wedding at Abbot! The remoteness fades, but the happiness and the romance and the dreams become realities. Can we ever forget the beautiful marriage ceremony which united our "Dear Old Girl", Dr. Tsing Lien Li, and Mr. C. Henry Chen in Abbot Chapel on the thirty-first of May? Can we ever forget the exquisite, embroidered bridal gown of "our bride", or the lovely decorations or the delicious Chinese food? Shall we ever cease to wish Tsing Li and her husband everlasting happiness and joy?

May the bond which drew Tsing Li back to her Alma Mater never fail to symbolize to us the bond of her nation and ours, China and America.

Hands

I thought of hands that high-wall'd cities built,
Of hands that, steeped in purple dye, have made
Bright robes for Eastern queens; of hands that laid
Their Popish touch on Emperors' heads, with gilt
And pomp; of hands that bravely fought in tilt
Of arms 'gainst Saracen, when Knight oft paid
The life-price to gain grace; O what can fade
Their joys, as bright as Arthur's shining hilt?
But nobler hands than these, O Christ, have been
Oft raised in benediction; or in prayer,
Or healing blind with gentle touch; and seen
At last, in clasped agony and care,
A sacrifice, yet not His pain too keen
To bless His enemies; O who so rare?

Adelaide Hammond, 1924

Beneath the Bamboo Trees

Beneath a bamboo tree I sit
And play a tone or two upon my lyre.
Aloud I laugh; I shout; I dance; I sing.
Some solitary birds begin to join in chorus
With the ghostly echoes of my lyric song.
Content and free and pleased and happy am I,
For no one knows this spot in which I am,
Except the silver, cold and wondering moon,
Who with a cheerful smile upon her face
Becomes my only well-beloved friend.

Mary Sun, 1926

"A Scrap of Paper?"

"We hold these truths to be self-evident: — that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

When the Declaration of Independence, which contains these unforgettable words, was adopted by our Continental Congress on the Fourth of July, 1776, its members, "for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence," mutually pledged to each other their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor.

They gave their lives. They gave their fortunes. But their sacred honor still remains as an inspiration to those of us who fail to see as clearly as these great statesmen. Yet how often have we trampled on this very honor! How often have our officials proved themselves unworthy of the offices entrusted to them! How often has the nation itself closed its eyes to the principles which it proudly claims as its own! The lofty ideals expressed are meaningless words unless deeds follow. But such deeds!

Now in the nation, there is a band of men advocating "100% Americanism". Is theirs a high and noble purpose for the furtherance of the "inalienable rights" with which the Creator endowed *all* men? No! "We object to you because of your color; to you, because of your race; and to you because of your creed," they say. Where are those ideals of our forefathers? Is our Declaration of Independence to be treated as "a scrap of paper"?

Are the principles for which our country has always stood, those ideals of a true democracy which must have been uppermost in Robert Burns' mind when he wrote "A man's a man for a' that," to be shoved aside and doctrines of hatred and intolerance set up in their place? For that is what he preaches, the Ku Klux Klanner and his kind, intolerance, class distinction, hatred, war. His idea of "100% Americanism" is incompatible with the ideals of equality and brotherhood established by those statesmen of long ago.

It is for us, the true Americans, to choose between the new *idea* and the old *ideal*. Which doctrine shall we support? Is it not for us to uphold these "self-evident truths" expressed in the most memorable document in the history of our nation? Is it not for us to hold steadfastly to our principles? We have fought for them. We have fostered them. Shall we not make them prevail?

Helen Keating, 1924

My Hill

One road to the stately forest,
One road to the smooth, flat plain.
But I shall take the one that leads
Back to the hills again.

My hills! It is clear and cool up there
With a tang of smoke and pine,
And slim white birches rest on slopes
Like ladies — dainty and fine.

The sun is warm and golden there,
The carpet of pine needles deep,
And oh! but I'd give my soul, again
To lie on them — and sleep.

One road to the stately forest,
One to the smooth, flat plain.
But I — I'll take another
Back to my hills again.

Edith Bullen, 1926

Meditation and Merit

Swamidas sat up on his straw mat on the hard mud floor, straining his ears for the first murmurs of dawn. He had not slept all that night, for he had been too sad and restless. Once during the night he had heard the soft footfalls of some wild beast — probably a cheta, usually harmless to man. Still this had been a hard year and chetas were hungry. Soon the footfalls were heard no more, only the soothing freshness of the new day wafted against Swamidas' swarthy cheek.

He got up and stretched himself. Then, kneeling by the one tiny window, and clasping his hands in prayer, he poured out his woes and longings. After some time he arose and left his hermit's cell, his isolated abode for these ten years. At the door he paused, drinking in the scene around him. High, dark boulders stood behind him, while before him lay the misty plains and villages. Then Swamidas turned to his right and disappeared down a passage way among the rocks. Feeling his way, he came to an open space some distance below the cell. There, hidden by a monstrous rock, a cool, dark pool gleamed. Swamidas knelt, drank long and deep, then plunged his head and shoulders into the pure, icy waters.

On a ledge of a rock stood the hermit's "chota", left since he last ate by his Aerial. With little relish did Swamidas eat this "chota" of water-soaked rice. Then he wearily climbed back to his cell, resuming his place at the window.

"Ten years. Yes, ten years," whispered he, "to find happiness. Where can happiness be found? Live a hermit's life, they say; journey to the holy Ganges; torment yourself; gain merit! Ah! there is no happiness!" he cried bitterly.

A merry whistle arrested him. 'Twas the boy-of-the-cows, the only person Swamidas had seen these ten years, and he had seen him pass twice daily. The boy, Dass, was perched on the back of his favorite cow, playing with the brightly-hued beads around her neck.

"Doi! Dass!" 'Twas Swamidas' voice, "Come!" His pledge, that great pledge of silence, was broken! And he, a holy man, was hailing a mere pariah boy!

The boy rushed to the door, and stood astonished to see the hermit merely standing by the window.

"Well?"

"O, tell me, are my people well? Come, talk to me!"

Dass liked to talk, so he squatted cross-legged by the door. He told the hermit many things, of his people, of the recent "Light-festival" and of the marriage of his twelve-year-old sister to another outcaste like himself.

In no time the sun was in mid-heaven. Dass, at the hermit's request, scrambled down to the pool and brought back a spicy dish of curry and rice. Swamidas began to eat, forgetting the food was now polluted by this outcaste's touch. Dass meekly moved toward the door, not to stop this one of higher caste from eating.

"Stay," commanded the hermit. "Let me be as you today, and help me eat," he added — as he saw the boy's hungry look.

Though the boy was much surprised, he was more hungry, so he sat down. He admired the hermit's high-caste way of eating, making a small ball of the curry and rice with the ends of his right fingers, then throwing it into his mouth from at least a foot away. Dass laughingly tried it, but just managed to miss his mouth and hit his nose.

The day sped merrily by, the happiest of many for both of them. At sunset Dass got up, moving to the window. "I go to get the cows," he said. "Thank you for this very happy day."

"Iuo!" The Hermit had given a terrified cry. He now grasped a club and rushed out the door.

Dass too went to the door, and saw there his own favorite cow in peril. On her neck a cheta clung.

Dass, seizing a stone, rushed to the spot. But the cheta had already slipped away. The cow came to her master scarcely hurt.

"My own precious!" cried the boy happily. He loved this cow as a father and mother, for he had no other to love now. "You are not dead — but Swamidas, the hermit! He is bleeding, may-be dying."

But Swamidas spoke, "Boy, you are happy with your cow. I am happy too now. I am dead. May I have as fine a master as you when next I shall become a cow."

"How! a cheta kill a man? O! but you wounded him. There is his blood."

"Yes, I wounded him, but saved the cow. Who knows, maybe that cow is my mother. I die, but I am happy. And, Dass, you will be happy too, only — only — live for others — not — not alone —"

Laura Scudder, 1924

The Recalcitrant Muse

When I consider how to write a sonnet,
Ere I begin my mind grows blank and dark,
And blanker grows the more I think upon it;
Coy Inspiration yields me not a spark.
And then through weary hours, while I con it,
I struggle with the subject, "To a Lark";
Failing with larks, I try "Her Easter Bonnet";
The mocking paper gleams, without a mark;
Ah me! the Poet's lot is surely hard
When fiery Peg'sus will but balk and kick.
Better than laurels to th' unhappy bard,
Give him some spurs, a quirt, perhaps a stick.
With these applied judiciously and quick,
His Muse might yield at least a limerick.

Laura Bliss, 1924

The Romance of Maps

What can be more fascinating than to study a map, just to stand up and look and look at a world map, for instance? The idea seems colorless if one has not tried it, but if one has, he realizes that within the outlines on the paper, is the history of the world from time immemorial. He can look upon the miraculous Red Sea of Bible times, on the Mediterranean World which Rome controlled, on the boundaries of Charlemagne's empire. He can put his finger on the spot where the Pilgrim Fathers landed; then by moving it slightly, where Captain Kidd is alleged to have buried his pirate treasure. And in this way over an entire map, a person can read and see where events have taken place.

While studying a map, one thinks casually how wonderful it is, but little stops to consider for what it stands — the toil required and discouragements endured all through the hundreds of years that map-making has been developed to the present perfection of science. It is hard to appreciate that, although today our mariners cannot be lost anywhere in the world because of their maps, there was a time when the oceans were uncharted. In those days such men as Columbus dared the dangers of an unknown sea where it was thought that fire-breathing monsters lived, and where people believed that there were torrid wastes, too hot for the existence of any living thing. Even the best of ancient maps were crudely made. Toscanelli and Waldseemüller were the most skilled of their generation, although, working with rude implements and guessing almost entirely at outlines, their maps were necessarily distorted. One could not buy maps and charts when America was being explored. Every explorer made his own. Quite different is it now when anyone can purchase a map for a few cents! LaSalle's greatest treasure was his map of the Great Lakes region which he had slowly and laboriously drawn. Now, any steamer on the Great Lakes carries hundreds of pocket maps for the benefit of its passengers. But these also have not been made without an infinite amount of care and patience. Each rocky promontory and sandy beach has been painstakingly surveyed, until with the help of old maps and the comparatively recent help of accurate surveying, we have our modern maps of each portion of the whole world.

Margaret Daniell, 1925

Glass Cities

A long, long time ago, it was the custom for each city or town to be built entirely of one material. Some towns were made entirely of brick, some of stone, and some of mud. Each time that a new city was built, the founders tried to think of some new material with which to build it. One time, a man named Argos decided to found a city of glass. He had much trouble building this city for, as soon as a street was made, the workmen would drop something on it and break it. Then they had to build it all over again. Finally, however, the city was finished. How beautiful it was! The streets were made of opaque glass, the houses of the common people and the lawns, of plate glass, but the castles were made of prisms. When the sun shone, the city was more dazzling than a world clothed in snow. Everywhere, the highly polished glass glittered and sparkled. Everywhere, the castles flashed forth all the colors of the rainbow. Everywhere, these colors were reflected and flashed back.

People came from far and wide to see this beautiful city. The inhabitants became very vain, enjoying nothing more than displaying it, and drinking in the many compliments of the awe-stricken admirers.

But one day, a traveller came who did not seem surprised or abashed by the dazzling beauty. He acted as if a city like this were a common occurrence. The people, who were used to having everybody astonished at the sight, were irritated at having this stranger take it so calmly. Finally, someone asked him why he was not astounded. He answered that, about fifty miles away, he had passed through another city just like this one. Now fifty miles was a long distance at that time, and no one had heard of the other glass city. The people did not like to think that there was another city of glass anywhere in the world. A council was immediately called in the glass assembly house to determine what was to be done. After much thinking, they contrived a wonderful scheme.

The whole town journeyed to the place where the rival city was, and encamped in a wood close by it. They spent a whole

year there, building derricks and cutting huge pieces of rock out of the cliffs. Their plan was very cunning. As they did not dare rush into the city and destroy it because all the glass buildings would collapse on them and cut them to pieces, they put the huge rocks on the derricks, raised them high above the city, and then let them fall. The rocks were so large that when they fell the country all around shook, as if in an earthquake. In less than half an hour that beautiful city was nothing but a heap of glittering ruins.

The victors, elated by the thought that now theirs was truly the only glass city in the world, journeyed home again. But alas! what did they see when they caught their first glimpse of their own city from the top of a hill. It, too, was in ruins. It had not been strong enough to withstand the quivering of the earth which had reached even that great distance. They had destroyed both glass cities at once.

Years afterwards, there were many glass cities all over the world, but none of them were half as beautiful as the original two. The beauty was marred by signs, hanging from the trees, the roofs, the windows, throughout the whole city, which said in big letters, "People who live in glass houses must not throw stones."

Constance Twichell, 1924

Youth

I am happy because I can run
And feel a spring in every limb;
I am happy because I can stand
Upon hilltops and feel the wind
In my hair and hear it in my ears;
I am happy because I can see
Things of beauty that give one joy,
And because I have long to live
And long to see and feel these things.

Gretchen Vanderschmidt, 1926

Abbot People

The Cook,
Our Abbot cook,
Must be
A lovely sort
Of person,
With curly hair,
And damp
At the temples,
Red cheeks,
Fiery red cheeks,
Deep blue eyes
The best nature,
Else how
Would the courage
Be hers
To make those brown,
Golden brown,
Choc'late topped
Eclairs
By the dozens
For us?

The man,
The one unseen,
Who walks
Around all night,
To protect us
From thieves and fire
And all
Black intentions,
Must be
Extremely brave,
Rather stout,
And very strong,
A man
With eyes of gray
And a
Mustache to match,
Heavy brows,
Iron gray hair.
He must
Carry a gun.
Brave man!

Elizabeth Willson, 1924

In Memoriam

Miss Laura Watson, principal of Abbot Academy from 1892 to 1898, died at St. Johnsbury, Vermont, on May 21st, at the age of seventy-five. Though in temperament modest and retiring, Miss Watson bore with able dignity the responsibilities and difficulties of the period of transition following the long and notable administration of Miss McKeen. During these years there was marked development and expansion in curriculum and increase in equipment, to meet the needs of the times. The College Preparatory course came naturally into being and the several departments of general study were unified and enriched. Miss Watson was fitted for this task by the varied character of her intellectual interests, broadened by travel and study in Europe. The influence of her regime is a vital part of the history of the school.

To many of her pupils Miss Watson seemed reserved, but those who knew her better felt her warmth of affection. One friend says of her: "She was very sincere and straightforward in her nature. I have often thought in talking with her that she was like a clear brook."

The years since her retirement from her Abbot work have been diversified by periods of study in England, Germany, Italy and Greece, when she followed her heart's desire, and wandered at will in the fields of learning. She took great delight in making a home for herself among warm friends in St. Johnsbury, where she had once been a teacher, — a place where she could live among the beautiful pictures and other art treasures gathered in her travels. The furnishings of the house and the arrangement of the gardens and grounds reflected her love of beauty and artistic sense.

Abbot girls as they come and go, year after year, may know Miss Watson's face from the portrait, painted by Miss Angelica Patterson, which hangs in Abbot Hall. Her friends see in it a fleeting glimpse of the charm of her expression when her face lighted with interest.

Items of General Interest

Another club has arrived in Abbot. "Philomatheia" is a scientific society and was originated by Miss Mason. Frequently we discover interesting posters on the bulletin board that ask one searching and pertinent questions such as "Why do you get a shock when you touch the radiator on a cold day?" Beside the question is a spirited sketch of an Abbot girl touching the radiator and being simply bowled over by the shock. By looking closer one discovers in finer print, the real, true, and scientific reason for the phenomenon that has injured our nerves and ruined our peace of mind all winter long. These amusing and clever posters are the work of Philomatheia. In addition to this the society sometimes supplements the usual "News" by giving the "Scientific News", consisting of information about the most recent and important developments along scientific lines. Altogether Philomatheia is a decided addition to the life at Abbot.

During the Easter vacation this year Miss Kelsey and Miss Mason went to Washington, where they met numerous Old Abbot girls. Among them were Mrs. Katherine Lakin Parker, of the class of 1894, who did remarkable work in France during the War, and Mrs. Cornelia Newcome Lattin of the class of 1917. Miss Kelsey and Miss Mason also saw Miss Sibley Wilkins, who taught at Abbot for a number of years.

Although she was in this country almost a month, Abbot had only a fleeting glimpse of Mrs. Bernard Duits, who was Miss Marian Pooke. Mrs. Duits, who is as charming as ever, spent May second at Abbot. Since their marriage in September, Mr. and Mrs. Duits have been living in Paris, in a charming studio, and Mrs. Duits has been painting in the Louvre.

Old friends of Miss Schiefferdecker will be glad to learn that in a postcard received from her she reported herself as keeping

pretty well, although the winter had been unusually severe. She said that the Elbe had been entirely frozen over, a thing that does not often happen. Prices, she said, were somewhat lower, though a letter to America still costs thirty gold pennies. Her address is still Schloss Pretzsch, Pretzsch a. d. Elbe, Provinz Sachsen, Germany.

On May seventeenth Miss Kelsey and Miss Mason went to Hartford to attend the first annual meeting of the Connecticut Abbot Club, which was held at Wangum Lodge and took the form of a luncheon. There were about forty Abbot girls present, ranging from the class of 1876 down to the present day. The Connecticut Club, though young, is extremely flourishing and members came from all parts of the state to this meeting. The new officers elected at the meeting are: President, Mrs. Norma Allen Haine; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Fanny Perry Hurd, Mrs. Ruth Niles Thompson, Mrs. Harriet Chapelle Newcombe; Secretary-Treasurer, Mrs. Marian Martin Teeson.

There have been numerous gifts to the school this year. The Spanish department gave twenty-two dollars to be used for a picture in the Spanish Recitation Room, and the Boston Abbot Club sent us fifteen dollars. Mrs. Irving Southworth, the wife of Mr. Southworth of the Board of Trustees, presented a book, "Women of the South in War Time," to the library. The income from Miss McKeen's art fund was used to purchase a set of panels in wood carving, illustrating Gothic Architecture. Another panel was presented by Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Duits.

Radcliffe College has conferred a Ph.D. on Miss Margaret Elliott. When we last heard of her she was visiting Mrs. Duits in Paris and expected to go to England for the summer.

Miss McLean has moved from Brookline to Belmont where her address is 354 Payson Road.

Miss Bailey gave an address in February at a Vocational Conference on teaching and social work held at Wellesley College.

Miss Chickering's mother, Mrs. Florence Tileston Chickering, died March 24, 1924, at Milton.

Miss Rachel Dowd, formerly teacher and secretary at Abbot, now assistant secretary and assistant treasurer at the home office in New Haven of Yale in China, writes that her work has increased greatly in volume.

At the annual banquet of the Brotherhood of Tremont Temple, held in Ford Hall on May fourteenth, Miss Morgan gave readings from "Seventeen" and a program very similar to one that she gave here recently.

A short time ago a notice was posted on the bulletin board which read something like this:

"To remedy the school-girl's continual use of 'Marvelous!' to express admiration, the following list of expressions is suggested." Then came a long list of words ranging from "Superb!" to "Indeed Remarkable!" and from "Unusual!" to "Quite Unprecedented!" Whether this reform has been effected or not, I do not know, but a similar reform is most urgently needed here at Abbot. Please, somebody, try to replace that hallowed remark, "I'm a wreck!" What should we do without it? I do believe we should find it impossible to talk. For instance, Mary Jane comes into your room at nine o'clock, helps herself to the saltines, and sinking down on the couch remarks in sepulchral tones, "I'm *just* a wreck!"

You inquire cheerfully, "What's the main difficulty?"

"Why, nothing!" says Mary Jane. "I'm all right. What did you think I said?"

"Why, I thought you said you were just a wreck."

"O, I am, absolutely a wreck! But there's nothing wrong at all."

This is a fair sample of the overwork this poor remark has to suffer. Or as I should say, being an Abbot girl, "Now isn't that *just* typical?"

At any rate I am thinking seriously of forming one of those William-Lyon-Phelps-ish clubs, to belong to which you must swear never to say "I'm a wreck" again. Because if something isn't done about it soon, — why honestly, I'll be just a wreck!

I feel that Abbot has missed a trick. In this school we have organizations of every conceivable sort, debating, dramatic, literary, religious and athletic, and yet no one has tried to form a chapter of the Ku Klux Klan here! Where is your public spirit; where is your civic pride? Is it not bad enough that the "Eastern Star", the "League of Nations", and the "Coolidge-for-President Club" are unrepresented here? Must we be even further behind the times? No, a thousand times, no! Let us organize at once and prove our one hundred per cent Americanism!

Phillips Andover has been recently presented with some very lovely chimes, but where they are I have never been able to decide. If I were an earnest seeker after information, I'm sure I could find out by asking, but investigations on my own have had little success. My method is to listen to them as they play "Rock of Ages" on Sunday afternoon and try to deduce where the sound comes from. Sometimes the "Rock of Ages" is cleft so resonantly that I am forced to believe the chimes have been concealed in the heating-plant; while on other afternoons the sound seems to come from Reading or possibly Boston. It is on occasions such as the latter that I come nearest to losing my mind. The parts and phrases of "Rock of Ages" that are doled out to me keep me in an eternal fidget as to what is coming next. A deep boom sounds — that is the note that goes with "Rock"; then a long pause while I repeat the verse over to myself, hoping against hope that the chimes and I shall arrive somewhat together. I always end by giving it up as an unbeatable game, but I still hope that on some future Sunday afternoon the P. A. chimes and I shall arrive at "Amen" on the same instant. In the meantime, however, I am still trying to guess where they are located.

L. B.

School Journal

JANUARY

- 27 Chapel. President Marshall of Connecticut College on "Loyalties".
- 28 Miss Adelaide Mercer of England on "The Succession States of the Austrian Empire."
- 29 Organ Recital. Mr. Howe.

FEBRUARY

- 2 Chapel. Dr. Clarence A. Barbour of Rochester University.
- 3 A. C. A. Dramatization of "Parables" by Bible I.
- 4 Seniors leave for Intervale.
- 5 Day Scholars' Dinner given by Miss Kelsey.
- 7 Seniors return from Intervale.
- 9 Abbot Club Luncheon. Hotel Vendome, Boston.
- 10 Chapel. Dr. John Timothy Stone of Chicago on "The Way, The Truth, and The Life".
- 11 Morning Chapel. Miss Alice Twitchell, class of 1886, on the "Loyalty Endowment Fund".
- 12 Lincoln Program. Readings by Miss Morgan.
- 17 Chapel. Poetry read by Miss Bailey.
- 21 Fudge Party. Poetry read by Miss Kelsey.
- 23 Hall Exercises. Pupils' Recital.
- 24 Afternoon Chapel. Dr. Brownell of Northland College on "The Meaning of Northland".
The Northland Quartette.
Evening Chapel. Miss Bailey.
Organ Recital by Mr. Gordon Brown of Christ Church.
- 26 Recital by Miss Nichols.
- 27 Recital by Mr. Howe at Phillips Academy Chapel.
- 29 Dr. B. R. Baumgardt of the Lick Observatory on "The Frontiers of The Universe".

MARCH

- 1 English V Plays.
- 2 Chapel. Miss Howey on "Japan of Today".
- 3 Miss Bailey speaks at Wellesley.
- 5 First Lenten Service. Miss Bailey on "The Way to The Successful Life".
- 8 Hall Exercises. Operalogues by Mr. Alvah Hubbard. "Pagliacci" and "Hansel and Gretel".
- 9 Chapel. Miss Sally Knox, class of 1909, of New Hampshire Children's Aid Society.
- 11 Senior Play. "Pomander Walk".
- 12 Second Lenten Service. Miss Bailey on "The Radiant Life".
- 15 Hall Exercises. Pupils' Recital.
- 16 Chapel. Miss Bailey.

- 19 Third Lenten Service. Miss Bailey.
- 20 Spring Vacation begins.

APRIL

- 2 Spring Vacation ends.
- 6 Chapel. Miss Bailey on "Your Life Work."
- 8 German Play.
- 9 Fourth Lenten Service. Miss Bailey on "The Christian and Her Use of Words".
- 12 Hall Exercises. Recital by Professor James Friskin.
- 13 A. C. A. Miss Howey on "The Passion Play".
Chapel. Rev. M. W. Stackpole on "Cheerfulness".
- 15 Recital. Mrs. Burnham.
- 18 Good Friday Service at Christ Church.
- 20 Easter Service.
- 22 Spanish Play.
- 26 Odeon-Q. E. D. Debate.
- 27 Chapel. Rev. Arthur S. Wheelock on "How Much Are You Worth?"
- 29 Gymnasium Exhibition.

MAY

- 1 May Breakfast.
- 3 Hall Exercises. Faculty Recital.
- 4 Chapel. Dr. Raymond Calkins on "Gather Up the Broken Bits".
- 6 Abbot Birthday. Morning Chapel. Talk by Mrs. Edith Dewey Jones, President of the Alumnae Association.
Seniors repeat "Pomander Walk".
- 7 Senior-Middler Banquet.
Junior-Middler Picnic.
- 10 Senior Promenade.
- 11 Chapel. Rev. Malcolm Peabody on "The Deep Pessimism of Our Day".
- 13 French Cabaret.
- 14 Geology trip to Nahant. Miss Bailey takes Wellesley College Seniors to Wellesley.
Junior Class picnic.
Coaching party.
- 16 Reverend E. Victor Bigelow on "The Bible Lands".
- 17 Rhythmic Dancing Exhibition.
Miss Kelsey and Miss Mason guests at Connecticut Abbot Club.
Joint Society Banquet.
- 18 Chapel. Rev. J. Edgar Park on "Investments of Good Will".
- 20 Kate Douglas Wiggin Recital by Vocal Expression Department.
- 21 Field Day.
- 24 Chapel. Dr. Clarence A. Barbour.
- 30 Memorial Day.

Lectures

Miss Adelaide Mercer talked to us on January twenty-eighth on the subject, "The States of the Austrian Succession". Many of us went to the lecture not knowing just what states were referred to, but Miss Mercer cleared up all our

difficulties by giving us a careful résumé of contemporary Austrian history at the very beginning of her talk. In telling us of present conditions in those countries, she did not forget to be entertaining, and her personal experiences among the people of Austria added much to our interest.

We were given an unusual opportunity on Friday, February twenty-ninth, when Mr. B. R. Baumgardt of the Lick Observatory gave us an intensely interesting and very inspiring lecture on "The Frontiers of the Universe." He made us realize our absolute insignificance beside the vastness and power of the heavenly bodies. Many of the distances which he considered were positively unthinkable, even in light-years. The remarkable lantern-slides shown us formed a great part of the lasting impression, and it was interesting to know that many of them were the result of Mr. Baumgardt's latest research work. In emphasizing the importance of truth in the scientific world, he quoted "Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty", and we consider that this saying was the keynote of his lecture.

Miss Howey's second talk to us this year was given March second as a sequel to her earlier one. This time the subject was "The New Japan". Lantern-slides were again shown and helped very much to picture for us the colorful streets and artistic people of the beautiful Oriental country. Miss Howey's main points of how the Japanese spend their spare time, how and what they study, and how they travel were logically and entertainingly brought out.

Concerts

On January twenty-ninth an organ recital was given by Mr. Howe, assisted by Miss Katherine Warren, violinist, and Mrs. Warren, accompanist. Mr. Howe, although hampered by the small capacity of the organ, showed it off to its best advantage. Miss Warren, a pupil of Miss Nichols, delighted the audience with her playing and her very bright and colorful selections. As the last number on the program, Mr. Howe repeated by request the Pomp and Circumstance March, which is a favorite with all of us.

The music pupils gave their second recital of the year on February twenty-third. Those who had played in the recital earlier in the year showed that they had made great progress, and those whom we had not heard before surprised and delighted us with their talent and ability. We feel that the music department should be complimented upon the excellent work they are doing.

Miss Nichols gave a violin recital on the evening of February twenty-sixth. She was deftly accompanied by Mr. Ellis Weston. Miss Nichols always plays with great charm and vivacity, and this occasion was no exception. Her program was very interesting and new to most of us. The Sonata in E Minor was perhaps the number which we enjoyed the most.

Mr. Hubbard gave an Operalogue here on March eighth. An Operalogue was a new and interesting experience for Abbot. In one you get the story, setting, and music of an opera in the English language. Mr. Hubbard gave two operas, "Pagliacci", and "Hansel and Gretel". His presentation of them

was wonderful, for he changed quickly from one character to another, being one moment a bent and haggard old man, and the next a frolicking young girl. We enjoyed Mr. Hubbard very much and hope to have the opportunity of hearing him again.

The music pupils gave a recital on March fifteenth. It was an unusually long one. The Fidelio Society and the Choral class sang several songs. There were also several vocal and piano solos and an organ selection.

Mr. James Friskin, the brother of Miss Friskin of our Music Department, gave his piano recital here, which had been so long anticipated, on April twelfth. His program was very varied, containing several beautiful selections from Beethoven, Brahms, Ravel and Chopin. Mr. Friskin has wonderful technique, and puts great feeling into his playing, which is as perfect and exquisite as we have ever heard here.

Another long anticipated event occurred on April fifteenth, when Mrs. Burnham gave a vocal recital, assisted by her daughter, Miss Ruth Burnham, who played the harp. Few of us had ever heard Mrs. Burnham sing before, and we could not hear enough. Miss Ruth Burnham was also very charming at the harp.

The faculty of the Music department, including Mrs. Burnham, Miss Nichols, Miss Friskin, and Mr. Howe, gave a recital ensemble on Saturday, May third. It was the first time in two years that the whole Music department had given a recital together, and was particularly interesting for that reason. The final selection, "Agnus Dei", in which all four took part, was perhaps the best one of the whole program.

Entertainments

On February twelfth Miss Morgan gave an informal reading here in commemoration of Lincoln's birthday. Besides "He Knew Lincoln" with which she thrilled the whole audience, Miss Morgan read parts of "As You Like It" and "Seventeen" and several short poems, all of which were most enthusiastically received. Miss Morgan has done splendid work here with the school dramatics, and we feel that we are indeed fortunate to have on our faculty one of such decided talent.

The annual English V plays were given on March first. We always feel an especial interest and pride in these plays, for they are truly our own, being not only acted by students of Abbot, but also written by them. Both of the plays were exceedingly interesting and very well acted.

"Lighthouse No. 208" by Geneva Rumford was given first. David McGregor, lighthouse keeper, and Bess his wife, had for twenty years lived all alone on an island off the coast of Massachusetts. Bess had for some time longed in her heart for the life and bright lights of the city; she wanted to get away from the lonely existence on the island and the monotony of it. At last she could keep her feelings to herself no longer and expressed her desire to her husband. Dave was shocked and grieved, for he loved the peaceful, happy life by the sea. Bess did too, but she did not know it, until she realized that if she lived in the city she must give up many things which were very dear to her, and that after all there is no place quite like home.

The second play was "Ze Leetle Oiseau" by Helen Keating. Bill Martin and his daughter Venda lived happily together in their little apartment. There was just one thing to mar their complete happiness: Venda had a beautiful voice and loved to sing, but her father, when he heard her, always commanded her to stop. One day a man came, wanting Venda to be première danseuse in a cabaret. Venda's happiness was complete, but just then her father entered and was nearly mad with fury and grief. It was then that he told his daughter about her mother who had had a beautiful voice and had run away to be in the opera. Father and daughter wept over the long-lost mother. But just as they were weeping, a voice was heard outside, the voice of the mother, singing the very song with which she had sung her baby daughter to sleep so many years before. She had come back to them.

The Senior class presented "Pomander Walk" by Louis Parker on March eleventh. It is the first time in many years that the Senior class has not given a Shakespearean play. But if anything may be judged by the applause of the audience, it met with great approval. The scene of the whole play is laid in Pomander Walk, and the plot centers about the five very interesting families who live there. It is a very pretty love-story, and has a fascinating plot, sprinkled throughout with much keen humor. It was considered such a huge success that it was decided to have it repeated on May sixth, Abbot's birthday, for the benefit of the Loyalty Endowment Fund.

THE CAST

JOHN SAYLE, 10th Baron Otford	Marian Shryock
LIEUT. the HON. JOHN SAYLE, R. N.	Caroline Straehley
ADMIRAL SIR PETER ANTROBUS	Kathryn Wallace
JEROME BROOKE-HOSKYN, Esq.	Susanna Smith
THE REV. JACOB STERNROYD, D.D., F.S.A.	Elizabeth Barss
MR. BASIL PRINGLE	Ruth Pritchard
JIM	Priscilla Bradley
THE MUFFIN MAN	Genevra Rumford
THE LAMPLIGHTER	Elizabeth Willson
THE EYESORE	Margaret Bush
MADAME LUCIE LACHESNAIS	Helen Keating
Mlle. MARJOLAINE LACHENAIIS	Elizabeth Harrington
MRS. PAMELA POSKETT	Elizabeth Bragg
MISS RUTH PENNYMINT	Marjorie Williamson
MISS BARBARA PENNYMINT	Caroline Hall
THE HON. CAROLINE THRING	Margaret McKee
NANETTE	Mary Harvey
JANE	Mary Elizabeth Ward

The German department gave a play on April eighth, "Deutsche Unterhaltung". Before the play an invisible choir sang some of the familiar old German folk-songs, in order to get the audience into the proper atmosphere. We were told the plot of the play before-hand, in English, for the benefit of those who did not understand German. The acting was so good, however, that the explanation proved to be almost unnecessary. The whole cast spoke German with great fluency, and might almost have been mistaken for natives of Germany.

"Zaragüeta," a delightful Spanish comedy, was presented by the Department of Spanish on April 22. The clever plot tells of Carlos who, heavily in debt, returns to the home of his uncle where he endeavors to obtain funds by feigning illness. His money-lender, Zaragüeta, arrives, is taken for the doctor and is paid by Carlos's uncle. Zaragüeta, who is deaf and fails to understand the situation, leaves without disclosing his identity and Carlos immediately recovers. Each actor took her part admirably and made us feel as if we had indeed witnessed a charming, Spanish domestic scene of the "epoca actual".

Tuesday night, the thirteenth of May, the French department transported us bodily into what seemed to our astonished eyes a true bit of Old France. There were the peasant girls, dressed in the picturesque costumes of the ancient provinces of France, — and then, when we had become accustomed to the foreign atmosphere, and it was time for the main part of the program, there was the weird old wizard who begged us to use our imaginations and believe ourselves actually in France. Indeed, the bits of every-day life of the French people were so vividly presented that we did not find this very hard to do.

The first play was the amusing comedy, "Les Étrennes", a tale of a young couple who become angry with each other over the subject of Christmas and New Year's gifts, but who "make up" happily at the end.

The second selection was from Molière's classic, "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme", which paints for us so clearly the absurdity of the "nouveau-riche" attempting to mimic the customs of a noble.

The third selection was from the well-known farce, "Monsieur Perrichon", which also deals with the "trials and tribulations" of a wealthy bourgeois.

These plays were interspersed with songs and dances given by girls dressed in bright, multicolored peasant costumes.

Athletics

"Right face!" The column of marching girls turned promptly and continued their Tactics. This was only the beginning of the interesting Gymnastics Demonstration which was given April 29 in Davis Hall. The program consisted of an Indian Club drill, wand drill, apparatus work, and gymnastic exercises, all of which were excellently done. The closing number was an exciting Wand Relay in which the Senior team was victorious.

The Department of Rhythmic Dancing presented the pageant, "Ceres and Proserpina", on the lawn under the old oak, the seventeenth of May. Marian Shryock took the part of "Ceres," and little Elaine Burt, that of "Proserpina," while Margaret Hawkes was "Pluto". The group dances, Nymphs at Play, The Huntresses, Dancers at Break of Day, and The Flower Girls, were delightfully interpreted by the members of the Rhythmic classes. The pageant ended with all groups in the charming Dance of Rejoicing.

Honor Roll

FIRST SEMESTER

Caroline Strachley	92
Anstiss Bowser, Margaret Bush, Helen Keating, Frances Ann McCarthy, Ruth Perry, Edda Renouf, Lucy Sanborn, Mary Simpson, Hildred Sperry, Ruth Stafford, Constance Twichell	91

Elisabeth Barss, Patricia Goodwillie, Katherine Keany, Susan Ripley, Phyllis Yates	90
Laura Bliss, Ruth Davies, Frances Flagg, Evelyn Glidden, Adelaide Hammond, Eunice Huntsman, Elizabeth Lincoln, Edna Marland, Margaret Stirling, Ethel Thompson	89
Elaine Boutwell, Elizabeth Bragg, Polly Bullard, Nancy Chamberlin, Lila Clevenger, Margaret Colby, Mary Harvey, June Hinman, Talita Jova, Helen Sagendorph, Sylvea Shapleigh, Elizabeth Tuttle	88

THIRD QUARTER

Margaret Bush, Lucy Sanborn	93
Anstiss Bowser, Helen Keating, Caroline Straehley	92
Elisabeth Barss, Margaret Colby, Ellen Faust, Adelaide Hammond, Ruth Perry, Edda Renouf, Constance Twichell	91
Laura Bliss, Nancy Chamberlin, Lila Clevenger, Ruth Davies, Frances Flagg, Evelyn Glidden, Patricia Goodwillie, Theodate Johnson, Edna Marland, Sylvea Shapleigh, Mary Simpson, Hildred Sperry, Ruth Stafford, Phyllis Yates	90
Polly Bullard, Elizabeth Cutter, Mary Harvey, June Hinman, Eunice Huntsman, Talita Jova, Frances Ann McCarthy, Susan Ripley, Helen Sagendorph, Ethel Thompson, Gretchen Vanderschmidt, Frances Williams	89
Elaine Boutwell, Elizabeth Bragg, Margaret Cutler, Ruth Farrington, Dorothy Hallett, Katherine Keany, Elizabeth Lincoln, Margaret MacDonald, Frances Merrick, Laura Scudder, Lucy Shaw, Madelyn Shepard, Marian Shryock, Alfreda Stanley, Margaret Stirling, Elizabeth Sweet, Elizabeth Tuttle, Elizabeth Mary Ward, Marjorie Wolfe	88

Posture Honor Roll

<i>Seniors</i> — Margaret Bush, Polly Bullard, Lucy Shaw, Marian Shryock
<i>Senior-Middlers</i> — Ruth Davies, Beatrice Joerissen, Mary Simpson, Hildred Sperry, Doris von Culin, Elizabeth M. Ward
<i>Junior-Middlers</i> — Josephine Gasser, Melinda Judd, Lucie Locker, Frances Flagg
<i>Juniors</i> — Margaret Cutler, Harriet Sullivan
<i>Preparatory</i> — Susan Ripley, Priscilla Whittemore

Program for Commencement Week

June 7-10, 1924

Saturday 7.15 P.M.	School Rally.
8.00 P.M.	The Draper Dramatics.
Sunday 10.30 A.M.	Commencement Sermon, South Church, by Reverend Nehemiah Boynton.
Monday 12.00 M.	Alumnae Reception and Luncheon.
4.00 P.M.	Senior Reception.
8.00 P.M.	Musicale.
Tuesday 10.30 A.M.	Tree and Ivy Planting.
11.00 A.M.	Commencement Exercises, South Church — Address by the Right Reverend Charles Lewis Slattery.

Alumnae Notes

1847

Died: In Brookline, April 22, 1924, Lydia Tapley, wife of the late James Harvey Reed, aged ninety-five.

1856

Miss Kathryn Newell Adams, daughter of Mrs. Caroline Plimpton Adams, has been appointed president of the American College for Girls in Constantinople. Mr. and Mrs. Adams were missionaries in Bohemia for some years, and later were greatly interested in the founding of the Schaufler Missionary Training School in Cleveland. Most of their six children are in educational work.

1859

Died: In Lynn, May 2, 1922, Ellen F. Eastman, wife of the late Leonard P. Brickett.

1860

Died: In North Andover, March 3, 1924, Anne M. Greene.

1866

Died: In West Newton, May 4, 1924, Lillian A. Ingraham, wife of the late Edwin A. Otis.

1867

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Donald celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding on May 13, at their home in Andover.

1868

†Died: February 6, 1924, Clara G. Lee, wife of Frederick K. Smyth, of Napa, Cal.

1871

Died: In Bordentown, N. J., November 29, 1923, Lucia Abbott, wife of Edwin L. Thompson.

1872

†A notable birthday party was given in Washington on March 28, which was of interest to Abbot alumnae for at least two reasons. It was given in honor of Major General Adolphus Greely, father of Rose Greely, 1902, on his eightieth birthday, by Dr. Gilbert Grosvenor, son of Prof. and Mrs. Edwin A. Grosvenor (Lillian Waters, 1872). Prof. and Mrs. Grosvenor were present.

1874

†The fifty-year class will doubtless have a good showing at the reunion in June. Mrs. Elizabeth Reed Brownell, Mrs. Mary Cressey Hill, Mrs. Emma Wilder Gutterson and Miss Kate Tilden plan to come, and they hope for one or two more.

1876

†Mrs. Jennie Pearson Stanford, of Kobe, Japan, will spend the summer in Honolulu.

1884

The class is expecting an unusually full reunion in June. Eight members out of ten expect to be present.

Hon. William S. Kenyon, now federal judge and formerly United States senator, husband of Mary Duncombe, was offered the post of Secretary of the Navy by President Coolidge, but declined the appointment on the ground that his training and experience had not adequately fitted him for the work.

1885

Professor Albert Sauveur of Harvard University, husband of Mary Prince Jones, has been awarded the Bessemer Gold Medal for 1924 by the Iron and Steel Institute of Great Britain, "in recognition of eminent services in the advancement of the science of the metallurgy of iron and steel." This is considered the highest award to which a steel metallurgist may aspire.

1886

†Alice Twitchell spent some weeks in the South this spring, and was the center of several impromptu little Abbot reunions. In Southern Pines, N. C., she met five "old girls": Ellen Burnap, 1868, Pamela Rogers, 1870, Harriet Cobb, 1874, Minnie Clay, 1891, and Elizabeth Cox, 1895, the first of these a permanent resident there. She also saw Alice Harsh, 1913, and Mary Harsh, 1914, in Birmingham, Ala.

1889

Jessie Nichols Robinson has sent to the school the official report written by her husband, Captain Samuel Robinson, Commander of the Canadian Pacific, "Empress of Australia", on the Japanese earthquake, and subsequent relief operations. The vessel was just about to leave the harbor of Yokohama when the first shock came. Captain Robinson's impersonal account of the handling of the difficult and dangerous situations that followed minimizes his own share, but the passengers and refugees put on record their admiration and appreciation of his gallant work of rescue and relief.

1891

Fannie (Gordon) Bartlett has been elected Dean of Women at Doshisha University, Kyoto, Japan.

1892

†Mr. Albert S. Manning, for many years one of the leading business men of Andover, who died in March, was the father of Bertha Manning Phillips, and of Arline Manning Brainerd, 1900, and brother of Harriet Manning, 1866.

1893

†Died: In Palm Spring, California, May 7, 1924, Alleine Hitchcock.

†Rev. Harry R. Miles, husband of our alumna trustee, Anna Nettleton, has resigned his pastorate in the Dwight Place Church, New Haven, because of his appointment as associate secretary of the board in charge of the Pilgrim Memorial Fund and other agencies for the proper care of retired and disabled clergymen of the Congregational denomination. He is recognized as well fitted for this important position by his administrative ability, his wide acquaintance with the ministry, and his "fine capacity for friendship and fellowship with his fellow ministers".

Died: In Haverford, Pa., March, 1923, Louise M. Scott, wife of Gustavus W. Bergner.

1894

†Mr. Edgar G. Holt, husband of Hannah Greene, and father of Jane, 1919, and Emily, 1923, died suddenly on April 19.

1896

†On March 11, Ruth Loring Conant entertained at luncheon at her home in Dedham in honor of Jessie Ross Gibby, of Newark, N. J. Those present were Lillian Franklin Carr, Marcia Richards Mackintosh, Sara Jackson Smith and Nellie Campbell, all of 1896, and Marion Morse, 1897.

1897

†Major Marlborough Churchill, Field Artillery U. S. A., husband of Mary Smith, was retired in January "for disability incident to the service", with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel.

1898

Died: In Glover, Vt., March 27, 1923, Mrs. Susan Couch Dodge.

1899

Married: Sanborn-Pickard. In Pasadena, Cal., December 25, 1923, Cornelia Woodhull Pickard to Samuel T. Sanborn. Address, 1495 East Mountain Ave., Pasadena, Cal.

1902

Died: February 22, 1924, Alice Raymond Reed of Arlington.

1904

†Rev. Roger F. Etz, husband of Verta Smith, is secretary of the Universalist General Conference. They are living at 94 North Street, Medford Hillside.

1906

Sarah C. Hincks has been appointed Freshman Adviser at Smith College for next year.

1908

Born: March 2, 1924, a daughter, Barbara Jean, to Mr. and Mrs. E. Perry Manville (Helen Chaffee), of Hartford, Ct.

1910

Born: September 1923, a daughter, Constance Barbara, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur F. Pym (Dora E. Heys).

1911

†Frances Pray, who has been teaching at Hampton Institute for six years, plans to study for her master's degree at Columbia next year.

†Marion Brown is substituting at Punchard School, Andover, in the department of modern languages. She has recently returned from nearly two years of study in France, and has diplomas for work accomplished in two Universities.

Elizabeth Hincks receives her doctor's degree from Radcliffe this June and has taken a traveling scholarship from Radcliffe.

1912

Born: In Cambridge, March 28, 1924, a son, Robert Warren, to Mr. and Mrs. Warren MacPherson (Elizabeth Bingham).

Abbot People

The Cook,
Our Abbot cook,
Must be
A lovely sort
Of person,
With curly hair,
And damp
At the temples,
Red cheeks,
Fiery red cheeks,
Deep blue eyes
The best nature,
Else how
Would the courage
Be hers
To make those brown,
Golden brown,
Choc'late topped
Eclairs
By the dozens
For us?

The man,
The one unseen,
Who walks
Around all night,
To protect us
From thieves and fire
And all
Black intentions,
Must be
Extremely brave,
Rather stout,
And very strong,
A man
With eyes of gray
And a
Mustache to match,
Heavy brows,
Iron gray hair.
He must
Carry a gun.
Brave man!

Elizabeth Willson, 1924

In Memoriam

Miss Laura Watson, principal of Abbot Academy from 1892 to 1898, died at St. Johnsbury, Vermont, on May 21st, at the age of seventy-five. Though in temperament modest and retiring, Miss Watson bore with able dignity the responsibilities and difficulties of the period of transition following the long and notable administration of Miss McKeen. During these years there was marked development and expansion in curriculum and increase in equipment, to meet the needs of the times. The College Preparatory course came naturally into being and the several departments of general study were unified and enriched. Miss Watson was fitted for this task by the varied character of her intellectual interests, broadened by travel and study in Europe. The influence of her regime is a vital part of the history of the school.

To many of her pupils Miss Watson seemed reserved, but those who knew her better felt her warmth of affection. One friend says of her: "She was very sincere and straightforward in her nature. I have often thought in talking with her that she was like a clear brook."

The years since her retirement from her Abbot work have been diversified by periods of study in England, Germany, Italy and Greece, when she followed her heart's desire, and wandered at will in the fields of learning. She took great delight in making a home for herself among warm friends in St. Johnsbury, where she had once been a teacher, — a place where she could live among the beautiful pictures and other art treasures gathered in her travels. The furnishings of the house and the arrangement of the gardens and grounds reflected her love of beauty and artistic sense.

Abbot girls as they come and go, year after year, may know Miss Watson's face from the portrait, painted by Miss Angelica Patterson, which hangs in Abbot Hall. Her friends see in it a fleeting glimpse of the charm of her expression when her face lighted with interest.

Items of General Interest

Another club has arrived in Abbot. "Philomatheia" is a scientific society and was originated by Miss Mason. Frequently we discover interesting posters on the bulletin board that ask one searching and pertinent questions such as "Why do you get a shock when you touch the radiator on a cold day?" Beside the question is a spirited sketch of an Abbot girl touching the radiator and being simply bowled over by the shock. By looking closer one discovers in finer print, the real, true, and scientific reason for the phenomenon that has injured our nerves and ruined our peace of mind all winter long. These amusing and clever posters are the work of Philomatheia. In addition to this the society sometimes supplements the usual "News" by giving the "Scientific News", consisting of information about the most recent and important developments along scientific lines. Altogether Philomatheia is a decided addition to the life at Abbot.

During the Easter vacation this year Miss Kelsey and Miss Mason went to Washington, where they met numerous Old Abbot girls. Among them were Mrs. Katherine Lakin Parker, of the class of 1894, who did remarkable work in France during the War, and Mrs. Cornelia Newcome Lattin of the class of 1917. Miss Kelsey and Miss Mason also saw Miss Sibley Wilkins, who taught at Abbot for a number of years.

Although she was in this country almost a month, Abbot had only a fleeting glimpse of Mrs. Bernard Duits, who was Miss Marian Pooke. Mrs. Duits, who is as charming as ever, spent May second at Abbot. Since their marriage in September, Mr. and Mrs. Duits have been living in Paris, in a charming studio, and Mrs. Duits has been painting in the Louvre.

Old friends of Miss Schiefferdecker will be glad to learn that in a postcard received from her she reported herself as keeping

pretty well, although the winter had been unusually severe. She said that the Elbe had been entirely frozen over, a thing that does not often happen. Prices, she said, were somewhat lower, though a letter to America still costs thirty gold pennies. Her address is still Schloss Pretzsch, Pretzsch a. d. Elbe, Provinz Sachsen, Germany.

On May seventeenth Miss Kelsey and Miss Mason went to Hartford to attend the first annual meeting of the Connecticut Abbot Club, which was held at Wangum Lodge and took the form of a luncheon. There were about forty Abbot girls present, ranging from the class of 1876 down to the present day. The Connecticut Club, though young, is extremely flourishing and members came from all parts of the state to this meeting. The new officers elected at the meeting are: President, Mrs. Norma Allen Haine; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Fanny Perry Hurd, Mrs. Ruth Niles Thompson, Mrs. Harriet Chapelle Newcombe; Secretary-Treasurer, Mrs. Marian Martin Teeson.

There have been numerous gifts to the school this year. The Spanish department gave twenty-two dollars to be used for a picture in the Spanish Recitation Room, and the Boston Abbot Club sent us fifteen dollars. Mrs. Irving Southworth, the wife of Mr. Southworth of the Board of Trustees, presented a book, "Women of the South in War Time," to the library. The income from Miss McKeen's art fund was used to purchase a set of panels in wood carving, illustrating Gothic Architecture. Another panel was presented by Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Duits.

Radcliffe College has conferred a Ph.D. on Miss Margaret Elliott. When we last heard of her she was visiting Mrs. Duits in Paris and expected to go to England for the summer.

Miss McLean has moved from Brookline to Belmont where her address is 354 Payson Road.

Miss Bailey gave an address in February at a Vocational Conference on teaching and social work held at Wellesley College.

Miss Chickering's mother, Mrs. Florence Tileston Chickering, died March 24, 1924, at Milton.

Miss Rachel Dowd, formerly teacher and secretary at Abbot, now assistant secretary and assistant treasurer at the home office in New Haven of Yale in China, writes that her work has increased greatly in volume.

At the annual banquet of the Brotherhood of Tremont Temple, held in Ford Hall on May fourteenth, Miss Morgan gave readings from "Seventeen" and a program very similar to one that she gave here recently.

A short time ago a notice was posted on the bulletin board which read something like this:

"To remedy the school-girl's continual use of 'Marvelous!' to express admiration, the following list of expressions is suggested." Then came a long list of words ranging from "Superb!" to "Indeed Remarkable!" and from "Unusual!" to "Quite Unprecedented!" Whether this reform has been effected or not, I do not know, but a similar reform is most urgently needed here at Abbot. Please, somebody, try to replace that hallowed remark, "I'm a wreck!" What should we do without it? I do believe we should find it impossible to talk. For instance, Mary Jane comes into your room at nine o'clock, helps herself to the saltines, and sinking down on the couch remarks in sepulchral tones, "I'm *just* a wreck!"

You inquire cheerfully, "What's the main difficulty?"

"Why, nothing!" says Mary Jane. "I'm all right. What did you think I said?"

"Why, I thought you said you were just a wreck."

"O, I am, absolutely a wreck! But there's nothing wrong at all."

This is a fair sample of the overwork this poor remark has to suffer. Or as I should say, being an Abbot girl, "Now isn't that *just* typical?"

At any rate I am thinking seriously of forming one of those William-Lyon-Phelps-ish clubs, to belong to which you must swear never to say "I'm a wreck" again. Because if something isn't done about it soon, — why honestly, I'll be just a wreck!

I feel that Abbot has missed a trick. In this school we have organizations of every conceivable sort, debating, dramatic, literary, religious and athletic, and yet no one has tried to form a chapter of the Ku Klux Klan here! Where is your public spirit; where is your civic pride? Is it not bad enough that the "Eastern Star", the "League of Nations", and the "Coolidge-for-President Club" are unrepresented here? Must we be even further behind the times? No, a thousand times, no! Let us organize at once and prove our one hundred per cent Americanism!

Phillips Andover has been recently presented with some very lovely chimes, but where they are I have never been able to decide. If I were an earnest seeker after information, I'm sure I could find out by asking, but investigations on my own have had little success. My method is to listen to them as they play "Rock of Ages" on Sunday afternoon and try to deduce where the sound comes from. Sometimes the "Rock of Ages" is cleft so resonantly that I am forced to believe the chimes have been concealed in the heating-plant; while on other afternoons the sound seems to come from Reading or possibly Boston. It is on occasions such as the latter that I come nearest to losing my mind. The parts and phrases of "Rock of Ages" that are doled out to me keep me in an eternal fidget as to what is coming next. A deep boom sounds — that is the note that goes with "Rock"; then a long pause while I repeat the verse over to myself, hoping against hope that the chimes and I shall arrive somewhat together. I always end by giving it up as an unbeatable game, but I still hope that on some future Sunday afternoon the P. A. chimes and I shall arrive at "Amen" on the same instant. In the meantime, however, I am still trying to guess where they are located.

L. B.

School Journal

JANUARY

- 27 Chapel. President Marshall of Connecticut College on "Loyalties".
- 28 Miss Adelaide Mercer of England on "The Succession States of the Austrian Empire."
- 29 Organ Recital. Mr. Howe.

FEBRUARY

- 2 Chapel. Dr. Clarence A. Barbour of Rochester University.
- 3 A. C. A. Dramatization of "Parables" by Bible I.
- 4 Seniors leave for Intervale.
- 5 Day Scholars' Dinner given by Miss Kelsey.
- 7 Seniors return from Intervale.
- 9 Abbot Club Luncheon. Hotel Vendome, Boston.
- 10 Chapel. Dr. John Timothy Stone of Chicago on "The Way, The Truth, and The Life".
- 11 Morning Chapel. Miss Alice Twitchell, class of 1886, on the "Loyalty Endowment Fund".
- 12 Lincoln Program. Readings by Miss Morgan.
- 17 Chapel. Poetry read by Miss Bailey.
- 21 Fudge Party. Poetry read by Miss Kelsey.
- 23 Hall Exercises. Pupils' Recital.
- 24 Afternoon Chapel. Dr. Brownell of Northland College on "The Meaning of Northland".
The Northland Quartette.
Evening Chapel. Miss Bailey.
Organ Recital by Mr. Gordon Brown of Christ Church.
- 26 Recital by Miss Nichols.
- 27 Recital by Mr. Howe at Phillips Academy Chapel.
- 29 Dr. B. R. Baumgardt of the Lick Observatory on "The Frontiers of The Universe".

MARCH

- 1 English V Plays.
- 2 Chapel. Miss Howey on "Japan of Today".
- 3 Miss Bailey speaks at Wellesley.
- 5 First Lenten Service. Miss Bailey on "The Way to The Successful Life".
- 8 Hall Exercises. Operalogues by Mr. Alvah Hubbard. "Pagliacci" and "Hansel and Gretel".
- 9 Chapel. Miss Sally Knox, class of 1909, of New Hampshire Children's Aid Society.
- 11 Senior Play. "Pomander Walk".
- 12 Second Lenten Service. Miss Bailey on "The Radiant Life".
- 15 Hall Exercises. Pupils' Recital.
- 16 Chapel. Miss Bailey.

- 19 Third Lenten Service. Miss Bailey.
- 20 Spring Vacation begins.

APRIL

- 2 Spring Vacation ends.
- 6 Chapel. Miss Bailey on "Your Life Work."
- 8 German Play.
- 9 Fourth Lenten Service. Miss Bailey on "The Christian and Her Use of Words".
- 12 Hall Exercises. Recital by Professor James Friskin.
- 13 A. C. A. Miss Howey on "The Passion Play".
Chapel. Rev. M. W. Stackpole on "Cheerfulness".
- 15 Recital. Mrs. Burnham.
- 18 Good Friday Service at Christ Church.
- 20 Easter Service.
- 22 Spanish Play.
- 26 Odeon-Q. E. D. Debate.
- 27 Chapel. Rev. Arthur S. Wheelock on "How Much Are You Worth?"
- 29 Gymnasium Exhibition.

MAY

- 1 May Breakfast.
- 3 Hall Exercises. Faculty Recital.
- 4 Chapel. Dr. Raymond Calkins on "Gather Up the Broken Bits".
- 6 Abbot Birthday. Morning Chapel. Talk by Mrs. Edith Dewey Jones,
President of the Alumnae Association.
Seniors repeat "Pomander Walk".
- 7 Senior-Middler Banquet.
Junior-Middler Picnic.
- 10 Senior Promenade.
- 11 Chapel. Rev. Malcolm Peabody on "The Deep Pessimism of Our Day".
- 13 French Cabaret.
- 14 Geology trip to Nahant. Miss Bailey takes Wellesley College Seniors to
Wellesley.
Junior Class picnic.
Coaching party.
- 16 Reverend E. Victor Bigelow on "The Bible Lands".
- 17 Rhythmic Dancing Exhibition.
Miss Kelsey and Miss Mason guests at Connecticut Abbot Club.
Joint Society Banquet.
- 18 Chapel. Rev. J. Edgar Park on "Investments of Good Will".
- 20 Kate Douglas Wiggin Recital by Vocal Expression Department.
- 21 Field Day.
- 24 Chapel. Dr. Clarence A. Barbour.
- 30 Memorial Day.

Lectures

Miss Adelaide Mercer talked to us on January twenty-eighth on the subject, "The States of the Austrian Succession". Many of us went to the lecture not knowing just what states were referred to, but Miss Mercer cleared up all our

difficulties by giving us a careful résumé of contemporary Austrian history at the very beginning of her talk. In telling us of present conditions in those countries, she did not forget to be entertaining, and her personal experiences among the people of Austria added much to our interest.

We were given an unusual opportunity on Friday, February twenty-ninth, when Mr. B. R. Baumgardt of the Lick Observatory gave us an intensely interesting and very inspiring lecture on "The Frontiers of the Universe." He made us realize our absolute insignificance beside the vastness and power of the heavenly bodies. Many of the distances which he considered were positively unthinkable, even in light-years. The remarkable lantern-slides shown us formed a great part of the lasting impression, and it was interesting to know that many of them were the result of Mr. Baumgardt's latest research work. In emphasizing the importance of truth in the scientific world, he quoted "Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty", and we consider that this saying was the keynote of his lecture.

Miss Howey's second talk to us this year was given March second as a sequel to her earlier one. This time the subject was "The New Japan". Lantern-slides were again shown and helped very much to picture for us the colorful streets and artistic people of the beautiful Oriental country. Miss Howey's main points of how the Japanese spend their spare time, how and what they study, and how they travel were logically and entertainingly brought out.

Concerts

On January twenty-ninth an organ recital was given by Mr. Howe, assisted by Miss Katherine Warren, violinist, and Mrs. Warren, accompanist. Mr. Howe, although hampered by the small capacity of the organ, showed it off to its best advantage. Miss Warren, a pupil of Miss Nichols, delighted the audience with her playing and her very bright and colorful selections. As the last number on the program, Mr. Howe repeated by request the Pomp and Circumstance March, which is a favorite with all of us.

The music pupils gave their second recital of the year on February twenty-third. Those who had played in the recital earlier in the year showed that they had made great progress, and those whom we had not heard before surprised and delighted us with their talent and ability. We feel that the music department should be complimented upon the excellent work they are doing.

Miss Nichols gave a violin recital on the evening of February twenty-sixth. She was deftly accompanied by Mr. Ellis Weston. Miss Nichols always plays with great charm and vivacity, and this occasion was no exception. Her program was very interesting and new to most of us. The Sonata in E Minor was perhaps the number which we enjoyed the most.

Mr. Hubbard gave an Operalogue here on March eighth. An Operalogue was a new and interesting experience for Abbot. In one you get the story, setting, and music of an opera in the English language. Mr. Hubbard gave two operas, "Pagliacci", and "Hansel and Gretel". His presentation of them

was wonderful, for he changed quickly from one character to another, being one moment a bent and haggard old man, and the next a frolicking young girl. We enjoyed Mr. Hubbard very much and hope to have the opportunity of hearing him again.

The music pupils gave a recital on March fifteenth. It was an unusually long one. The Fidelio Society and the Choral class sang several songs. There were also several vocal and piano solos and an organ selection.

Mr. James Friskin, the brother of Miss Friskin of our Music Department, gave his piano recital here, which had been so long anticipated, on April twelfth. His program was very varied, containing several beautiful selections from Beethoven, Brahms, Ravel and Chopin. Mr. Friskin has wonderful technique, and puts great feeling into his playing, which is as perfect and exquisite as we have ever heard here.

Another long anticipated event occurred on April fifteenth, when Mrs. Burnham gave a vocal recital, assisted by her daughter, Miss Ruth Burnham, who played the harp. Few of us had ever heard Mrs. Burnham sing before, and we could not hear enough. Miss Ruth Burnham was also very charming at the harp.

The faculty of the Music department, including Mrs. Burnham, Miss Nichols, Miss Friskin, and Mr. Howe, gave a recital ensemble on Saturday, May third. It was the first time in two years that the whole Music department had given a recital together, and was particularly interesting for that reason. The final selection, "Agnus Dei", in which all four took part, was perhaps the best one of the whole program.

Entertainments

On February twelfth Miss Morgan gave an informal reading here in commemoration of Lincoln's birthday. Besides "He Knew Lincoln" with which she thrilled the whole audience, Miss Morgan read parts of "As You Like It" and "Seventeen" and several short poems, all of which were most enthusiastically received. Miss Morgan has done splendid work here with the school dramatics, and we feel that we are indeed fortunate to have on our faculty one of such decided talent.

The annual English V plays were given on March first. We always feel an especial interest and pride in these plays, for they are truly our own, being not only acted by students of Abbot, but also written by them. Both of the plays were exceedingly interesting and very well acted.

"Lighthouse No. 208" by Genevra Rumford was given first. David McGregor, lighthouse keeper, and Bess his wife, had for twenty years lived all alone on an island off the coast of Massachusetts. Bess had for some time longed in her heart for the life and bright lights of the city; she wanted to get away from the lonely existence on the island and the monotony of it. At last she could keep her feelings to herself no longer and expressed her desire to her husband. Dave was shocked and grieved, for he loved the peaceful, happy life by the sea. Bess did too, but she did not know it, until she realized that if she lived in the city she must give up many things which were very dear to her, and that after all there is no place quite like home.

The second play was "Ze Leetle Oiseau" by Helen Keating. Bill Martin and his daughter Venda lived happily together in their little apartment. There was just one thing to mar their complete happiness: Venda had a beautiful voice and loved to sing, but her father, when he heard her, always commanded her to stop. One day a man came, wanting Venda to be première danseuse in a cabaret. Venda's happiness was complete, but just then her father entered and was nearly mad with fury and grief. It was then that he told his daughter about her mother who had had a beautiful voice and had run away to be in the opera. Father and daughter wept over the long-lost mother. But just as they were weeping, a voice was heard outside, the voice of the mother, singing the very song with which she had sung her baby daughter to sleep so many years before. She had come back to them.

The Senior class presented "Pomander Walk" by Louis Parker on March eleventh. It is the first time in many years that the Senior class has not given a Shakespearean play. But if anything may be judged by the applause of the audience, it met with great approval. The scene of the whole play is laid in Pomander Walk, and the plot centers about the five very interesting families who live there. It is a very pretty love-story, and has a fascinating plot, sprinkled throughout with much keen humor. It was considered such a huge success that it was decided to have it repeated on May sixth, Abbot's birthday, for the benefit of the Loyalty Endowment Fund.

THE CAST

JOHN SAYLE, 10th Baron Otford	Marian Shryock
LIEUT. the HON. JOHN SAYLE, R. N.	Caroline Strachley
ADMIRAL SIR PETER ANTROBUS	Kathryn Wallace
JEROME BROOKE-HOSKYN, Esq.	Susanna Smith
THE REV. JACOB STERNROYD, D.D., F.S.A.	Elizabeth Barss
MR. BASIL PRINGLE	Ruth Pritchard
JIM	Priscilla Bradley
THE MUFFIN MAN	Genevra Rumford
THE LAMPLIGHTER	Elizabeth Willson
THE EYESORE	Margaret Bush
MADAME LUCIE LACHESNAIS	Helen Keating
MLLE. MARJOLAINE LACHENNAIS	Elizabeth Harrington
MRS. PAMELA POSKETT	Elizabeth Bragg
MISS RUTH PENNYMINT	Marjorie Williamson
MISS BARBARA PENNYMINT	Caroline Hall
THE HON. CAROLINE THRING	Margaret McKee
NANETTE	Mary Harvey
JANE	Mary Elizabeth Ward

The German department gave a play on April eighth, "Deutsche Unterhaltung". Before the play an invisible choir sang some of the familiar old German folk-songs, in order to get the audience into the proper atmosphere. We were told the plot of the play before-hand, in English, for the benefit of those who did not understand German. The acting was so good, however, that the explanation proved to be almost unnecessary. The whole cast spoke German with great fluency, and might almost have been mistaken for natives of Germany.

"Zaragüeta," a delightful Spanish comedy, was presented by the Department of Spanish on April 22. The clever plot tells of Carlos who, heavily in debt, returns to the home of his uncle where he endeavors to obtain funds by feigning illness. His money-lender, Zaragüeta, arrives, is taken for the doctor and is paid by Carlos's uncle. Zaragüeta, who is deaf and fails to understand the situation, leaves without disclosing his identity and Carlos immediately recovers. Each actor took her part admirably and made us feel as if we had indeed witnessed a charming, Spanish domestic scene of the "epoca actual".

Tuesday night, the thirteenth of May, the French department transported us bodily into what seemed to our astonished eyes a true bit of Old France. There were the peasant girls, dressed in the picturesque costumes of the ancient provinces of France, — and then, when we had become accustomed to the foreign atmosphere, and it was time for the main part of the program, there was the weird old wizard who begged us to use our imaginations and believe ourselves actually in France. Indeed, the bits of every-day life of the French people were so vividly presented that we did not find this very hard to do.

The first play was the amusing comedy, "Les Étrennes", a tale of a young couple who become angry with each other over the subject of Christmas and New Year's gifts, but who "make up" happily at the end.

The second selection was from Molière's classic, "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme", which paints for us so clearly the absurdity of the "nouveau-riche" attempting to mimic the customs of a noble.

The third selection was from the well-known farce, "Monsieur Perrichon", which also deals with the "trials and tribulations" of a wealthy bourgeois.

These plays were interspersed with songs and dances given by girls dressed in bright, multicolored peasant costumes.

Athletics

"Right face!" The column of marching girls turned promptly and continued their Tactics. This was only the beginning of the interesting Gymnastics Demonstration which was given April 29 in Davis Hall. The program consisted of an Indian Club drill, wand drill, apparatus work, and gymnastic exercises, all of which were excellently done. The closing number was an exciting Wand Relay in which the Senior team was victorious.

The Department of Rhythmic Dancing presented the pageant, "Ceres and Proserpina", on the lawn under the old oak, the seventeenth of May. Marian Shryock took the part of "Ceres," and little Elaine Burt, that of "Proserpina," while Margaret Hawkes was "Pluto". The group dances, Nymphs at Play, The Huntresses, Dancers at Break of Day, and The Flower Girls, were delightfully interpreted by the members of the Rhythmic classes. The pageant ended with all groups in the charming Dance of Rejoicing.

Honor Roll

FIRST SEMESTER

Caroline Straehley	92
Anstiss Bowser, Margaret Bush, Helen Keating, Frances Ann McCarthy, Ruth Perry, Edda Renouf, Lucy Sanborn, Mary Simpson, Hildred Sperry, Ruth Stafford, Constance Twichell	91

Elisabeth Barss, Patricia Goodwillie, Katherine Keany, Susan Ripley, Phyllis Yates	90
Laura Bliss, Ruth Davies, Frances Flagg, Evelyn Glidden, Adelaide Hammond, Eunice Huntsman, Elizabeth Lincoln, Edna Marland, Margaret Stirling, Ethel Thompson	89
Elaine Boutwell, Elizabeth Bragg, Polly Bullard, Nancy Chamberlin, Lila Clevenger, Margaret Colby, Mary Harvey, June Hinman, Talita Jova, Helen Sagendorph, Sylvea Shapleigh, Elizabeth Tuttle	88

THIRD QUARTER

Margaret Bush, Lucy Sanborn	93
Anstiss Bowser, Helen Keating, Caroline Strahley	92
Elisabeth Barss, Margaret Colby, Ellen Faust, Adelaide Hammond, Ruth Perry, Edda Renouf, Constance Twichell	91
Laura Bliss, Nancy Chamberlin, Lila Clevenger, Ruth Davies, Frances Flagg, Evelyn Glidden, Patricia Goodwillie, Theodate Johnson, Edna Marland, Sylvea Shapleigh, Mary Simpson, Hildred Sperry, Ruth Stafford, Phyllis Yates	90
Polly Bullard, Elizabeth Cutter, Mary Harvey, June Hinman, Eunice Huntsman, Talita Jova, Frances Ann McCarthy, Susan Ripley, Helen Sagendorph, Ethel Thompson, Gretchen Vanderschmidt, Frances Williams	89
Elaine Boutwell, Elizabeth Bragg, Margaret Cutler, Ruth Farrington, Dorothy Hallett, Katherine Keany, Elizabeth Lincoln, Margaret MacDonald, Frances Merrick, Laura Scudder, Lucy Shaw, Madelyn Shepard, Marian Shryock, Alfreda Stanley, Margaret Stirling, Elizabeth Sweet, Elizabeth Tuttle, Elizabeth Mary Ward, Marjorie Wolfe	88

Posture Honor Roll

<i>Seniors</i> — Margaret Bush, Polly Bullard, Lucy Shaw, Marian Shryock
<i>Senior-Middlers</i> — Ruth Davies, Beatrice Joerrissen, Mary Simpson, Hildred Sperry, Doris von Culin, Elizabeth M. Ward
<i>Junior-Middlers</i> — Josephine Gasser, Melinda Judd, Lucie Locker, Frances Flagg
<i>Juniors</i> — Margaret Cutler, Harriet Sullivan
<i>Preparatory</i> — Susan Ripley, Priscilla Whittemore

Program for Commencement Week

June 7-10, 1924

Saturday 7.15 P.M.	School Rally.
8.00 P.M.	The Draper Dramatics.
Sunday 10.30 A.M.	Commencement Sermon, South Church, by Reverend Nehemiah Boynton.
Monday 12.00 M.	Alumnae Reception and Luncheon.
4.00 P.M.	Senior Reception.
8.00 P.M.	Musicale.
Tuesday 10.30 A.M.	Tree and Ivy Planting.
11.00 A.M.	Commencement Exercises, South Church — Address by the Right Reverend Charles Lewis Slattery.

Alumnae Notes

1847

Died: In Brookline, April 22, 1924, Lydia Tapley, wife of the late James Harvey Reed, aged ninety-five.

1856

Miss Kathryn Newell Adams, daughter of Mrs. Caroline Plimpton Adams, has been appointed president of the American College for Girls in Constantinople. Mr. and Mrs. Adams were missionaries in Bohemia for some years, and later were greatly interested in the founding of the Schauffler Missionary Training School in Cleveland. Most of their six children are in educational work.

1859

Died: In Lynn, May 2, 1922, Ellen F. Eastman, wife of the late Leonard P. Brickett.

1860

Died: In North Andover, March 3, 1924, Anne M. Greene.

1866

Died: In West Newton, May 4, 1924, Lillian A. Ingraham, wife of the late Edwin A. Otis.

1867

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Donald celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding on May 13, at their home in Andover.

1868

†Died: February 6, 1924, Clara G. Lee, wife of Frederick K. Smyth, of Napa, Cal.

1871

Died: In Bordentown, N. J., November 29, 1923, Lucia Abbott, wife of Edwin L. Thompson.

1872

†A notable birthday party was given in Washington on March 28, which was of interest to Abbot alumnae for at least two reasons. It was given in honor of Major General Adolphus Greely, father of Rose Greely, 1902, on his eightieth birthday, by Dr. Gilbert Grosvenor, son of Prof. and Mrs. Edwin A. Grosvenor (Lillian Waters, 1872). Prof. and Mrs. Grosvenor were present.

1874

†The fifty-year class will doubtless have a good showing at the reunion in June. Mrs. Elizabeth Reed Brownell, Mrs. Mary Cressey Hill, Mrs. Emma Wilder Guttererson and Miss Kate Tilden plan to come, and they hope for one or two more.

1876

†Mrs. Jennie Pearson Stanford, of Kobe, Japan, will spend the summer in Honolulu.

1884

The class is expecting an unusually full reunion in June. Eight members out of ten expect to be present.

Hon. William S. Kenyon, now federal judge and formerly United States senator, husband of Mary Duncombe, was offered the post of Secretary of the Navy by President Coolidge, but declined the appointment on the ground that his training and experience had not adequately fitted him for the work.

1885

Professor Albert Sauveur of Harvard University, husband of Mary Prince Jones, has been awarded the Bessemer Gold Medal for 1924 by the Iron and Steel Institute of Great Britain, "in recognition of eminent services in the advancement of the science of the metallurgy of iron and steel." This is considered the highest award to which a steel metallurgist may aspire.

1886

†Alice Twitchell spent some weeks in the South this spring, and was the center of several impromptu little Abbot reunions. In Southern Pines, N. C., she met five "old girls": Ellen Burnap, 1868, Pamela Rogers, 1870, Harriet Cobb, 1874, Minnie Clay, 1891, and Elizabeth Cox, 1895, the first of these a permanent resident there. She also saw Alice Harsh, 1913, and Mary Harsh, 1914, in Birmingham, Ala.

1889

Jessie Nichols Robinson has sent to the school the official report written by her husband, Captain Samuel Robinson, Commander of the Canadian Pacific, "Empress of Australia", on the Japanese earthquake, and subsequent relief operations. The vessel was just about to leave the harbor of Yokohama when the first shock came. Captain Robinson's impersonal account of the handling of the difficult and dangerous situations that followed minimizes his own share, but the passengers and refugees put on record their admiration and appreciation of his gallant work of rescue and relief.

1891

Fannie (Gordon) Bartlett has been elected Dean of Women at Doshisha University, Kyoto, Japan.

1892

†Mr. Albert S. Manning, for many years one of the leading business men of Andover, who died in March, was the father of Bertha Manning Phillips, and of Arline Manning Brainerd, 1900, and brother of Harriet Manning, 1866.

1893

†Died: In Palm Spring, California, May 7, 1924, Alleine Hitchcock.

†Rev. Harry R. Miles, husband of our alumna trustee, Anna Nettleton, has resigned his pastorate in the Dwight Place Church, New Haven, because of his appointment as associate secretary of the board in charge of the Pilgrim Memorial Fund and other agencies for the proper care of retired and disabled clergymen of the Congregational denomination. He is recognized as well fitted for this important position by his administrative ability, his wide acquaintance with the ministry, and his "fine capacity for friendship and fellowship with his fellow ministers".

Died: In Haverford, Pa., March, 1923, Louise M. Scott, wife of Gustavus W. Bergner.

1894

†Mr. Edgar G. Holt, husband of Hannah Greene, and father of Jane, 1919, and Emily, 1923, died suddenly on April 19.

1896

†On March 11, Ruth Loring Conant entertained at luncheon at her home in Dedham in honor of Jessie Ross Gibby, of Newark, N. J. Those present were Lillian Franklin Carr, Marcia Richards Mackintosh, Sara Jackson Smith and Nellie Campbell, all of 1896, and Marion Morse, 1897.

1897

†Major Marlborough Churchill, Field Artillery U. S. A., husband of Mary Smith, was retired in January "for disability incident to the service", with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel.

1898

Died: In Glover, Vt., March 27, 1923, Mrs. Susan Couch Dodge.

1899

Married: Sanborn-Pickard. In Pasadena, Cal., December 25, 1923, Cornelia Woodhull Pickard to Samuel T. Sanborn. Address, 1495 East Mountain Ave., Pasadena, Cal.

1902

Died: February 22, 1924, Alice Raymond Reed of Arlington.

1904

†Rev. Roger F. Etz, husband of Verta Smith, is secretary of the Universalist General Conference. They are living at 94 North Street, Medford Hillside.

1906

Sarah C. Hincks has been appointed Freshman Adviser at Smith College for next year.

1908

Born: March 2, 1924, a daughter, Barbara Jean, to Mr. and Mrs. E. Perry Manville (Helen Chaffee), of Hartford, Ct.

1910

Born: September 1923, a daughter, Constance Barbara, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur F. Pym (Dora E. Heys).

1911

†Frances Pray, who has been teaching at Hampton Institute for six years, plans to study for her master's degree at Columbia next year.

†Marion Brown is substituting at Punchard School, Andover, in the department of modern languages. She has recently returned from nearly two years of study in France, and has diplomas for work accomplished in two Universities.

Elizabeth Hincks receives her doctor's degree from Radcliffe this June and has taken a traveling scholarship from Radcliffe.

1912

Born: In Cambridge, March 28, 1924, a son, Robert Warren, to Mr. and Mrs. Warren MacPherson (Elizabeth Bingham).

Born: February 8, 1924, a daughter, Cathrine Bowman, to Mr. and Mrs. H. Lester Janney (Helen Bowman).

1913

†Born: In Newtonville, February 28, 1924, a daughter, Carol Norma, to Mr. and Mrs. Carl N. Lindsay (Mary Erving).

†Helen Danforth Prudden has two delightful poems in the last number of "Contemporary Verse."

Born: March 17, 1924, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Kirk Roland Batcheller (Ernestine Pitman), of Andover.

1914

†Engaged: Miriam Bancroft to Walter Carroll Jenkins.

†Married: Jenks-Bartlett. In Andover, April 17, 1924, Elisabeth Poole Bartlett to Frederick Angier Jenks. Address, 19 Phillips St., Beacon Hill, Boston.

†Born: January 24, 1924, a son, Howard Robison, to Mr. and Mrs. Howard Robison Meeker (Harriett Bowman).

†Frances Dowd is Assistant in the Class Secretaries' Bureau of Yale University.

†Mr. Nathaniel E. Bartlett, well-known Boston bookseller, died at his home in Andover in April. He was the son of Ellen Higgins, 1849, brother of Mary Bartlett Walton, 1880, and father of Elisabeth, 1914, Eleanor, 1915, May, 1917, Sally, 1920, and Nathalie, 1923.

†Born: On April 27, 1924, a son, Frederick Clement, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. McDuffie (Katherine Selden.)

†Born: In San Diego, California, March 21, 1924, a daughter, Elsie Louise, to Lieut. Horace E. Spruance, U. S. N., and Mrs. Spruance (Elsie Whipple).

1915

Married: Anable-Barton. In Boston, April 26, 1924, Emily Barton to Anthony Anable. Address, 190 Broadway, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

Married: Gardiner-Benson. In New Bedford, April 30, 1924, Edith Irene Benson to George Nelson Gardiner.

1916

†Born: On April 20, 1924, a daughter, Charlotte Emma, to Mr. and Mrs. Baldrige (Charlotte Fleming).

†Born: In Paris, France, February 6, 1924, a son, James Clifton, to Mr. and Mrs. Philip C. Pearson (Sylvia Gutterson).

†Engaged: Grace C. Merrill to George Chase Emery.

†Engaged: Emma Marie Stohn to Edward Noble Larrabee.

†Born: April 18, 1924, a son, Roger Foster, to Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Foster Woodman (Josephine Walker), of Cambridge.

Ruth Moore's father died in February.

Married: Thompson-Willson. February 20, 1924, Elizabeth Willson to Samuel Harrison Thompson.

1917

†Harriet Murdock has a position in the office of Secretary of Yale University.

†Born: On December 29, 1923, a son, Philip Hawley, to Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Raymond Smith (Esther Davis.)

†Engaged: Emmavil Luce to Leslie R. Severinghaus.

Katherine Chen is completing her medical course at Johns Hopkins this June. She will sail almost immediately for China, where she has a year's internship at the Peking Union Medical College.

1918

Married: Strout-Arey. In Cambridge, May 3, 1924, Maude Remick Arey to Clifford David Strout.

Mary Watson is studying at the Children's Hospital, Boston.

†Engaged: Mildred Frost to James H. Eaton, Harvard, 1921.

1919

†Muriel Johnson has been assisting at the Country Day School, Charles Street, Boston, since Christmas. She has received an appointment for next year as teacher of a class of small boys at the Longwood School.

Engaged: Anna Davidson to Wesley Wright, of Richmond, Va.

Born: May 3, 1924, a son, Harry Dixon, to Mr. and Mrs. Albert J. Knights (Ethel Dixon).

Born: February 14, 1924, a daughter, Margaret Coventry, to Mr. and Mrs. Lyman K. Stuart (Harriet Sanford).

1920

†Married: Culver-Adams. In Brattleboro, Vt., April 26, 1924, Edith Emerson Adams to Henry Clinton Culver.

†Virginia Miller is graduating from Bryn Mawr this June, "summa cum laude". This honor has not been awarded for several years. Virginia has also won the Bryn Mawr European Fellowship and will study at London University next year. She and Helen Walker are going to live together in London.

†Paulina Miller has been elected to Phi Beta Kappa at Smith.

†Helen Walker is graduating this year from Bryn Mawr, where she is the Assistant Manager of the May Day festivities. Next year, she plans to study economics at the London School of Economics.

†Engaged: Ruth C. Winn to Edward Harry Newhall.

From Mount Holyoke are graduating this year Julia Abbe, Anna Hussey and Margaret Worman. Martha Stockwell is graduating from Vassar, Paula Miller, Elizabeth Babb and Elizabeth Hawkes graduate from Smith.

Katherine Hamblet graduates from Connecticut College and Isabel Sutherland, Jean Lyon and Carolyn Grimes from Wellesley. Carolyn Grimes has accepted a position in Goucher College for next winter.

1921

†Dorothy Carr has an interesting position with the Old Colony Trust Company, Boston.

†Harriet Edgell has been elected next year's Vice-President of Student Government at Wellesley. The holder of this office is in charge of the village. Elizabeth MacDougall is also a Village Senior for next year.

†Married: Price-Norpell. In Newark, Ohio, January 5, 1924, Helen Bradley Norpell to Owen Newton Price.

†Engaged: Agnes Titcomb to William Wilson Henderson.

†Engaged: Marion Kimball to Hardwick Bigelow.

1922

† Married: Tillson-Bloomfield. In Wellesley Hills, May 10, 1924, Gwendolyn Fish Bloomfield to Ernest Francis Tillson. Address: 52 Gilbert Road, Belmont, Massachusetts.

†Married: Rahill-Kunkel. In Harrisburg, Pa., March 1, 1924, Cecilia Minster Kunkel to William Joseph Rahill.

Married: Lauver-Fuller: In Detroit, Michigan, April 5, 1924, Mary Ellen Fuller to Harold Jackson Lauver.

Married: Knowles-Upton. In New Haven, Ct., February 6, 1924, Dorothy Upton to Grinnell Knowles.

1923

†Dolores Osborne is among those taking part in the Freshman play, "The Copper Pot", at Wellesley.

†An interesting picture showing Elizabeth Flagg and Edith Damon riding a bicycle from one class to another at Wellesley, recently appeared in a Sunday paper.

†Anne Darling's father, Mr. D. H. Darling, of Gardiner, Me., has recently died. He was the son of Sarah Lane, 1865.

†Natalie Wickes Page is going to be one of the secretaries at Farmington next year.

1924

During Spring vacation, Carolyn Hall played the organ accompaniments for the Durrell String Quartette at a sacred concert in Plymouth.

Visitors

Edith Damon †1923, Elizabeth Flagg †1923, Annetta Richards †1923, Dolores Osborne †1923, Helga Lundin †1923, Ruth Holmes †1923, Ethel Goodwin †1923, Barbara Clay †1923, Mildred Frost †1919, Emma Twitchell †1886, Mrs. Charlotte Morris Mirkel †1915, Gladys Glendinning †1915, Marion Brooks †1915, Miss Bertha A. Grimes, Mrs. Marion Pooke Duits (teacher), Mrs. Ethel Converse Rockwell (teacher), Ruth Newcomb †1910, Frances Gere †1917, Annah J. Kimball †1884, Mrs. Katherine Ordway Parker †1911, Irma Naber †1910, Susan M. Hayward 1873, Mrs. Georgia Whitney Drake †1899, Rose Lobenstine †1923, Mrs. Lena Hinchman Townsends †1891, Margaret Neelands 1920, Mrs. Bessie Stow Twitchell †1897, Francelia Holmes †1923, Miriam Thompson †1923, Mrs. Kathreen Noyes Pettit †1919, Sarah Knox †1909, Sarah Finch †1923, Esther Patten 1923, Anne B. Darling †1923, Mrs. Mary Beal Stephenson 1890-92, Lydia Kunkel 1921, Martha Smith

†1921, Clara Louise Cleveland †1921, Beatrice Goff †1922, Lillian Wheeler 1923, Stella Throckmorton †1923, Mrs. Anna Nettleton Miles †1893, Mrs. Helen Norpell Price †1921, Mrs. Mary Ellen Fuller Lauver 1922, Maud Sprague †1906, Marjorie Bellows †1906, Frances Platt 1923, Elizabeth Maxwell †1923, Mrs. Edith Dewey Jones †1890, Kate P. Jenkins 1872-74, 1875-76; Mrs. Irma Sadler Webb 1899-1900; Mrs. Edith Morton Yoder 1896-97; Mrs. Louise Pitts Vary †1886, Mildred Chutter †1912.

Girls and Alumnae Relatives

Girls now at Abbot whose close relatives have been students are named in the following list:—

Dorothy Bartlett — grandmother, Ada Gaskell, 1874; Laura Bliss — mother, Edith Johnston, 1900, aunt, Belle Johnston, 1902, great-aunts, Clara and Nellie Hood, 1875, Jennette Bliss, 1840; Eleanor Bodwell — aunt, Myra Bodwell, 1891; Margaret Caverno — cousin, Martha Morse, 1920; Margaret Colby — sister, Louise, 1918; Julie Cross — sister, Eva, 1923; Margaret Cutler — grandmother, Mary Nourse, 1858; Frances Flagg — sisters, Dorothea, 1920, Elizabeth, 1923; Josephine Gasser — sister, Frances, 1921; Katherine Keany — sister, Frances, 1921; Helen Keating — cousin, Dorothy Baxter, 1917; Hazell Kidder — sister, Sibyl, 1923; Bessie Korst — sister, Dorothy, 1919; Sarah McPherran — sister, Elizabeth, 1922, aunt, Caroline Sanders, 1892; Elizabeth Righter — sister, Katherine, 1918, mother, Mary Carter, 1889, aunt, Jean Carter, 1887; Susan Ripley — aunts, Almira Bacon, 1885, Elizabeth Bacon, 1901, Sarah Ripley, 1880, Mary Ripley, 1886, grandmother, Mary Aiken, 1854; Genevra Rumford — mother, Belle Johnston, 1902, aunt, Edith Johnston, 1900, great-aunts, Clara and Nellie Hood, 1875; Lucy Shaw — mother, Kirty Eddy, 1895, grandmother, Lizzie Genn, 1873; Virginia Spear — aunt, Julia Spear, 1886; Catherine Sperry — aunt, Mary Sperry, 1900; Constance Twichell — mother, Bessie Stow, 1897, aunt, Mary Stow, 1888, great-aunts, Delight Twichell, 1873, Olive Twichell, 1876, Julia Twichell, 1879; Mary Elizabeth Ward — mother, Charlotte Bousfield, 1896; Priscilla Whittemore — mother, Polly Butterfield, 1895, aunts, Bell Butterfield, 1888, Margaret Whittemore, 1898, Helen Whittemore, 1901, grandmother, Elizabeth Jenkins, 1857, great-aunts, Mary Jenkins, 1841, Margaret Jenkins, 1849.

Abbot Academy Faculty

BERTHA BAILEY, B.S., PRINCIPAL.

Psychology, Ethics, Christian Evidences

KATHERINE ROXANNA KELSEY, ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL.

Mathematics

NELLIE MARIA MASON

Physics, Chemistry

REBEKAH MUNROE CHICKERING, B.A.

History, English

MARTHA MELISSA HOWEY, B.L.

Literature, History of Art

LAURA KEZIAH PETTINGELL, M.A., Ed.M.

History, English

MARY ETHEL BANCROFT, B.A.

English

RUTH EVELYN MARCEAU, M.A.

Latin

OCTAVIA WHITING MATHEWS, B.A.

Spanish, Bible

HELEN DUNFORD ROBINSON, B.A.

Latin

RUTH STEPHENS BAKER, M.A.

French, German

MRS. MARIE (DE LA NIÈPCE) CRAIG

French

HELEN DEARBORN BEAN, B.A.

History

HELEN FRANCES BURT, B.S.

Mathematics, Astronomy, Geology

LUCIENNE FOUBERT, CERTIFICAT DE LA SORBONNE

French

MIRIAM HAGUE, B.A., Ed.M.

Chemistry, Biology, Household Science

NORA SWEENEY

Physical Education

EDNA BARRETT MANSHIP

Rhythmic Expression

BERTHA EVERETT MORGAN

Vocal Expression

WALTER EDWARD HOWE, B.Mus.

Director of Music

KATE FRISKIN

Pianoforte

- MRS. RUTH THAYER BURNHAM
Vocal Music
- MARIE NICHOLS
Violin
- MRS. BEATRICE WHITNEY VAN NESS
Drawing, Painting
- FANNY BIGELOW JENKS, B.A.
Secretary to the Principal
- JEAN HOPE BAYNES
Financial Secretary
- DOROTHY HOPKINS, B.S.
Librarian
- OCTAVIA WHITING MATHEWS
Supervisor of Day Scholars
- FLORENCE BUTTERFIELD
House Superintendent
- RUTH STEPHENS BAKER, M.A.
In charge of Sherman Cottage
- RUTH EVELYN MARCEAU, M.A.
In charge of Draper Homestead
- MARY BISHOP PUTNAM
In charge of Sunset Lodge, Supervisor of Cottages.
- CHARLOTTE E. JOHNSON, R.N.
Resident Nurse
- MARION CURTIS LITTLEFIELD, M.D.
Examining Physician
- JANE BRODIE CARPENTER, M.A.
Keeper of Alumnae Records, Curator of John Esther Gallery

Lecturers

- MISS ADELAIDE MERCER DR. B. R. BAUMGARDT

Speakers

- | | |
|-------------------------|----------------------------|
| PRESIDENT MARSHALL | Miss SALLY KNOX |
| DR. CLARENCE A. BARBOUR | REVEREND M. W. STACKPOLE |
| DR. JOHN TIMOTHY STONE | REVEREND ARTHUR S. WHELOCK |
| MISS ALICE TWITCHELL | DR. RAYMOND CALKINS |
| DR. BROWNELL | MRS. EDITH DEWEY JONES |
| MISS MARTHA M. HOWEY | REVEREND MALCOLM PEABODY |
| | REVEREND J. EDGAR PARK |

Concerts

- MR. ALVAH HUBBARD PROFESSOR JAMES FRISKIN

School Organizations

Senior Class

<i>President</i>	MARGARET MARY MACDONALD
<i>Vice-President</i>	PRISCILLA BRADLEY
<i>Secretary</i>	ELSIE DRAPER
<i>Treasurer</i>	MARJORIE WOLFE

Senior Middle Class

<i>President</i>	EVELYN MCDUGALL
<i>Vice-President</i>	ELIZABETH M. WARD
<i>Secretary</i>	EUNICE HUNTSMAN
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<i>Vice-President</i>	GERALDINE RICKARD
<i>Secretary</i>	RUTH KATZMAN
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<i>President</i>	ELLEN FOREST
<i>Vice-President</i>	LUCY SANBORN
<i>Secretary</i>	MARGARET STIRLING
<i>Treasurer</i>	MARJORIE KNOWLTON

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<i>President</i>	POLLY ETHEL BULLARD
<i>First Vice-President</i>	ETHEL V. THOMPSON
<i>Second Vice-President</i>	ELIZABETH WILLSON
<i>Day Scholars' Vice-President</i>	BETTY HARRINGTON
<i>Secretary</i>	MARGARET COLBY

Abbot Christian Association

<i>President</i>	KATHRYN WALLACE
<i>Vice-President</i>	ELIZABETH K. BRAGG
<i>Treasurer</i>	MARION SHRYOCK
<i>Secretary</i>	EVELYN MCDUGALL

Abbot Athletic Association

<i>President</i>	ELEANOR ROBBINS
<i>Vice-President</i>	HELEN EPLER
<i>Secretary</i>	MARION SHRYOCK
<i>Treasurer</i>	MARGARET BUSH

Athletic Council

<i>Hockey</i>	MARGARET MACDONALD
<i>Basketball</i>	LILA CLEVINGER
<i>Tennis</i>	DORIS VON CULIN
<i>Baseball</i>	HELEN EPLER

"A" Society

<i>President</i>	DORIS VON CULIN
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	EVELYN GLIDDEN

Odeon

<i>President</i>	ADELAIDE HAMMOND
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	ELAINE BOUTWELL

Q. E. D.

<i>President</i>	RUTH FLATHER
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	ETHEL V. THOMPSON

Abbot Dramatic Society

<i>President</i>	CAROLINE STRAEHLEY
<i>Vice-President</i>	HELEN KEATING
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	ELIZABETH K. BRAGG

Philomatheia

<i>President</i>	MARY SIMPSON
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	LILA CLEVINGER

Officers of Alumnae Association — 1922-24*President*

MRS. EDITH DEWEY JONES

Vice-Presidents

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MISS JULIA E. TWICHELL

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Recording Secretary

MISS MARY E. BANCROFT

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Assistant Secretary

MRS. EDITH JOHNSON DONALD

Treasurer

MISS KATE P. JENKINS



The Abbot Courant

January, 1925

ANDOVER, MASS.

PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY

1925

JANUARY, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE

THE
ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME XLXXI, No. 1

ANDOVER, MASS.
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1925

Contents

Editorials	3
The Night Before Christmas	7
<i>Margaret Caverno, 1925</i>	
The Last Crow of the Cock	8
<i>Emily Gage, 1926</i>	
Winter Dawn	12
<i>Ruth Farrington, 1926</i>	
The Awakening of Venicia Briggs	13
<i>Emma Louise Wylie, 1925</i>	
The Lure of Changsha	15
<i>Emily Gage, 1926</i>	
The Sunset	16
<i>Lila E. Rich, 1925</i>	
An Adventure on the Desert	17
<i>Evelyn Bailey, 1925</i>	
December Evening	23
<i>Emily Gage, 1926</i>	
San Gimignano	24
<i>Patricia Goodwillie, 1926</i>	
Troubles	25
<i>Doris von Culin, 1925</i>	
The Character of Telemachus	26
<i>Fuki Wooyenaka, 1926</i>	
My Brother's Marriage	27
<i>Mary Sun, 1926</i>	
The Barracks of Many Uses	28
<i>Gertrude Craik, 1926</i>	
Rough Places Are Made Plain	29
<i>Elaine Boutwell, 1925</i>	
Items of General Interest	31
School Journal	34
Alumnae Notes	40

The price of the COURANT is one dollar and a half a year; single copies seventy-five cents. All communications made to the Business Editors will be promptly attended to.



FROM THE CHASTENING

THE ABBOT COURANT

Board of Editors

Literary Editors

HELEN SAGENDORPH, 1925
PATRICIA GOODWILLIE, 1926

ELAINE BOUTWELL, 1925
EMILY GAGE, 1926

Business Editors

MARY SIMPSON, 1925

RUTH DAVIES, 1925
EDITH BULLEN, 1926

Vol. XLXXI

JANUARY, 1925

No. 1

Editorials

The presenting of "The Chastening" here by Mr. and Mrs. Rann Kennedy and Miss Margaret Gage was one of the most beautiful and inspiring sights that we have had. The play, written by Mr. Kennedy, takes up some of the phases of our own home life, and is very human in its sympathy and tenderness. The wonderful thought behind, that guides the action, was beautifully interpreted by the actors, and has made a sincere and lasting impression on many of us.

How many of us, before November twentieth, would have chosen to be great painters, had we the ability to summon any talent we desired? On that day the John-Esther Art Gallery was the center of interest at Abbot. We had acquired, temporarily, to be sure, twenty-six glorious pictures from the New York Central Art Galleries by Modern American painters. Pictures by Mr. Jonas Lie, Walter Ufer, Fredrick Waugh, Gardner Symonds and Albert Groll, besides many other artists, were hung

around the walls. There was snow there, but how many varieties of snow and how many degrees of cold! Some reflected the blinding sunlight; some was threatening and mysterious, and you shivered unconsciously and looked at the next picture to feel the summer wind ruffle your hair and the smell of the sea in your nostrils. Color? One was entranced by it! Life? One could feel it whistle or sing past or moan and whisper in every picture. Feeling? You were there with the artist, plowing through a night sea or feeling the tropical sun beat down upon you, or the first night breeze blow about you. The exhibit, though small, was a large education in art, for which we are very grateful.

This year something entirely out of the ordinary happens in the shape of the eclipse. It is a marvellous occurrence, and it is a thrilling experience for any one who is privileged to see it. Scientists have journeyed into the depths of jungles to witness a total eclipse, but this year, after one hundred years, the eclipse is to be seen again in this part of the country. It will not be seen here again until 2024. As it is hardly probable that many of us will be here then, Miss Bailey felt that we should not miss this remarkable opportunity. So, as Andover does not lie in the path of totality, a party of girls, headed by Miss Bailey, Miss Kelsey, Miss Mason and Miss Burt, is going to New London, where, though they are armed only with pillows and pieces of smoked glass, it is hoped they will succeed in seeing this rare phenomenon. It is hardly to be supposed that in Miss McKeen's time the idea of letting the girls go away from the school would even have been considered. It is very interesting to see how our range of interest has widened, and how much closer we are in touch with happenings outside the school than in former years.

In connection with Christmas and New Year festivities one usually thinks of sleighs, snow-covered churches and bells. Is there anyone who can feel down-hearted when she hears the irresistibly gay sleighbells or who does not experience that indescribable combination of peace and joy when church bells begin to ring? It was therefore a particularly happy thought that prompted Mrs. Cary, an old girl and a recent visitor to Abbot, to

give us a beautiful Japanese temple-gong which she had brought with her to America. How many decades, or even how many centuries, it has hung in a Buddhist Temple, calling people to worship, we shall probably never know. How many hearts it may have filled with awe, hope or fear we shall probably never know, but we do know that it is a constant reminder of a far country which, until lately, was ignorant of Christianity and of the consequent happiness we experience when we hear our Christmas bells. It was Mrs. Cary's wish that this great bell, used so long in the worship of Buddha, might be rededicated to Christian service at Abbot Academy, and should we keep this thought uppermost in our minds it would serve as a real and helpful inspiration.

I wonder if many of us realize what a cosmopolitan center Abbot really is. In the United States there are girls from the extremities of the Pacific to the Atlantic coasts, who have tales to tell of the broad plains, the canyons, the ranches, and the Rockies of the West, the warm winters, the cotton fields and forests of the South, the alluring, surf-thundering coasts of Maine, and the old colonial atmosphere of the East. There are those of us who have seen the wonders of Europe, and farther around the globe we have girls who bring with them the mystifying, oriental tastes of Japan, China, and Korea. Yet do we all appreciate this fact? Haven't we who have travelled been a bit selfish about keeping to ourselves the strange and interesting things we have done or seen in our part of the world? And isn't it even more up to us who have not travelled or come from far places, to listen and be interested in what others have to tell us?

One of the strongest bonds between our "Dear Old Girls" and us here at school is cheering in chapel. There may have been moments when a senior has wondered if she won't be just a little bit forgotten when she steps out of her life at Abbot and walks into the great whirl and rush of the world, but if she holds her head high and has successfully made a place for herself in that great throng, the walls will ring with the voices of her friends in their pride of what she has accomplished. There is joy and trust

and determination in the heart of every girl cheering for a friend of hers who is upholding the standards of our Alma Mater. I think that in Chapel these are the moments when we realize a little more clearly what Abbot stands for, and what a source of wealth she is to those who have known her, and loved her, and worked for her.

How quiet and restful the library is! Isn't it just the loveliest feeling to know that the books and newspapers are waiting there for us to read? If we saunter in without any particular idea of what to read we can always find interesting books on the shelves of the reading-room — books with beautiful pictures, or books with thrilling stories, books of all kinds.

One thing that is particularly restful about our library is the fact that it is always kept in order. The books are kept in their places and the chairs in theirs, and the blotters are always kept clean. The board at the back of the reading room has interesting-pictures to look at, and we often see books in conspicuous places marked, "Have you read this?" To brighten the library and make it cheery there are ferns and flowers on the tables and shelves. To many of us our library is the nicest room in the whole school; and it is because it has such a pleasant and attractive atmosphere that we love to go there to read and study.

It is always the belief in a school that societies should stand for something other than a selected group of friends who like to get together and talk about things that interest themselves alone; but at times, unfortunately, it is just that into which societies drop. So this year our societies are endeavoring, in their different fields, to contribute to the good of the school at large. We feel that they have succeeded remarkably well, for they have made us think of things outside the regular routine of school life. For instance, Odeon aroused our interest in modern poetry by its readings from American poets; Philomatheia with its scientific bulletins has made us realize the significance of some everyday occurrences; Q. E. D., with its two political Forums, gave us a more intimate knowledge of political affairs at the time of the elections.

The Night Before Christmas

Millions of people

Good-naturedly jostling and crowding streets and stores;
Salvation Army women standing on corners
Monotonously pounding tambourines to keep their hands
warm.

Gay Shop windows

Surrounded by urchins clouding the glass with hot, eager
breath;

Stores thronged with toys, turkeys, toasters and bicycles;
Bursting with fur coats, vacuum cleaners, flowers and candy.

Families at home

Snatching odd moments to do up knobby packages secretly;
Over-wrought fathers trying to make trees stand erect;
Excited children hanging up stockings for the promised visit of
Santa Claus.

Tons of snow

As pure and cutting as ivory soap flakes,
As white and light as new-plucked dawn,
Making ghosts of people and fairyland of towns.

Midnight Chimes—

From the door of Heaven the Christchild looks down to earth
Smiling to see the peoples united in a happy struggle
To make the anniversary of his birth a Day of joy.

Margaret Caverno, 1925

The Last Crow of the Cock

On walking through the dark up the dirty village street of Chang Nan one night several years ago, one might have seen the straggling gleams of lamplight thrown across the road from the ill-lighted inn doorway, and heard a few bits of rare gossip circulated among the coolies who had come in according to custom, to chat over their little pots of tea and the cracking of watermelon seeds. It was a very warm night, and the customers, again according to custom, had thrown off their coats and were seated in a leisurely fashion, waiting vainly for the sign of a fresh breeze to stir the stifling air which hung heavy in the crowded little room.

Mr. Wu, the innkeeper, a corpulent man with a bald head and very bushy eyebrows, was smoking contentedly and occasionally making use of the palm leaf fan on the table before him. Suddenly his neighbor leant over and remarked casually, "Who, pray, is that silent man in the corner who keeps his coat on his back?"

The innkeeper frowned.

"I hadn't noticed him," he answered. "Strange that on a night like this he should act so contrary to custom. You might go over, Wong, and speak with him, and perhaps — oh!" A glint came into those half-closed eyes and he lowered his voice. "Have you not heard of the convict who escaped last week from the prison in Hankow after he had been striped five hundred times with the bamboo?"

The effect upon Wong was instantaneous. He was known as the craftiest and most determined man in the village, so he half winked at his companion, rose, and wandered casually towards the table at the opposite corner of the room. Here he seated himself and proceeded to relate a humorous incident that had occurred during the day's work, to one of his friends who was seated next to the silent man still sipping his tea quietly and apparently engrossed in thought. A few minutes later Wong broke in upon his ponderings:

"Do you live in the village, my friend?"

"No," he seemed a trifle embarrassed. "I am teaching in the

school at Fu Nan, and pass through here on my way home for a short vacation."

"Ha," thought Wong. "A pretty excuse for wearing his coat." For in China it is the custom for a scholar not to strip to the waist, when the common coolie does it for his own comfort.

"In Fu Nan?" piped up his young neighbor. "Why I went to school there for two years before my father died. I didn't know the boys' school had a new master — perhaps there are more teachers than there were in my day," and he laughed pleasantly.

The scholar hedged.

"Why," he began, "that is, I have taught there, but my uncle is ill and it is necessary that I return home. The school, I believe, has expanded in the last few years and — well —," here he stopped altogether, for a look at the cynical smile on Wong's face told him something was wrong.

"I have reasons to disbelieve you," declared Wong. "Will you take off your coat?"

"I will not," replied the other coolly. "A scholar in this country has special rules of courtesy and etiquette — I —" But at this point, as so easily happens with that curious race, half the room had been attracted by the last few words and all eyes were turned upon him with immediate suspicion. The innkeeper, always impetuous, seemed to gloat over this turn of affairs.

"Take off your coat!" he demanded.

The young man cast caution to the wind and with a shrug of his shoulders, rose, and threw off his coat. The whole room gasped, the innkeeper with triumphant pleasure, and Wong with the joy of having caught someone in his trap at last; for down the stranger's back ran four deep red marks, of the sort that remain after a bamboo whipping.

"Explain yourself!" ordered Wong.

And he began. And after a hour's listening one might have heard a pin drop upon that aged floor, so intent was the interest and so fixed were the eyes of that sensation-seeking little crowd.

His name was Chu, and having inherited a small fortune from his father, he had traveled a great deal through that section of the country. A few years before he had met with a most singular and horrible experience.

It was a rather cool time of the year, and he had lost himself in the dark, somewhere near the northern border of the province, without a hope of shelter for the night. But after stumbling through paddy fields and misleading paths he had discerned a light in the distance, and had come upon a strange little wayside inn which he had never heard of. However, it seemed a pleasing resort, and he entered. There was not a soul in the room, and only a mangy old cat was sleeping near the quaint stove in the corner. He waited for a few moments, then made some movement to attract the attention of anyone who might be in the house. The wind whined through the windows, and from the inner darkness of a room beyond he heard the shuffling of feet. An old woman came in, her eyes red with weeping. She told him he might sleep anywhere he could find some hay, and offered him a blanket, but at this point she again burst into spasms of weeping. He finally obtained the knowledge that her grandmother had just died.

He found himself led into an adjoining room, to which the door had been tightly closed, and there, in the center of the room the little black coffin was stretched over two worn stools, and five men were seated silently around it, smoking their opium pipes, and heeding neither the wind nor the shadows cast by the queer lamp on the right wall. Chu seemed to be in a very queer position, and not knowing quite what to do he sat down on an old bench on the left of the coffin and waited for them to speak. Nothing happened, and he waited for fully an hour after the unnoticed disappearance of the woman, half drugged by the shifting opium smoke that gradually crawled toward the ceiling, veiling the room in a hazy mist. Then suddenly one of the strange men put down his pipe, rose, and walked silently out of the room, shutting the door tightly behind him. There was no reaction on the part of the others, only the wind again whispered through the cracks and the lamp sputtered in a sinister fashion on the wall.

The minutes crawled by, the mysterious shadows darted here and there, and suddenly a second man put down his pipe, rose, and shuffled softly from the room, closing the door carefully behind him. Again there was not a sound to follow, and the

wind bored through the cracked panes and Chu shivered in his seat.

A third man rose, put down his pipe, and trod with silent footfall from the room, closing the door tightly behind him. The lamp flared and sputtered fitfully again on the wall and Chu suddenly remembered the old story of the dawn and the ghosts. For when the cock crows thrice the witches must go back to their haunts in unknown dungeons. The coffin suddenly loomed up in front of him, a terrible obstacle that he must clear before he could reach the window.

A fourth man put down his pipe, rose, and walked, without a sound, from the room. Then the wind howled mercilessly through the cracks, and suddenly the first crow of the cock jarred the terrible black monotony of the outside world, and the lamp sputtered, flared up and went down — almost out.

The fifth man put down his pipe, rose, and was gone from the room without a sound, closing the door tightly behind him, leaving Chu alone at the second crow of the cock with the strange evils of the room and the black coffin. The wind shrieked through the panes, the shadows whirled in fantastical dances around the room, and the lamp spurted to a flaming height and went out. Chu's brain reeled as he saw the gray white figure in the coffin sit up slowly, and his eyes were glued upon the horrible glare in her wild eyes, the white threads of her matted hair and the cruel droop of her mouth. He leaped suddenly, for the cock had crowed its last warning signal, and tried to pass the coffin in a desperate attempt to reach the window, but the witch caught the collar of his coat with her ugly claw and ripped it off him, tearing the flesh of his back as she brought her cruel talon down in four terrible wounds, in her last desperate attempt to detain him. The rest was all a dream to him, the crash of the window pane and his nightmare flight through the woods for four miles. But the scars from her terrible claws had always remained, and looked so like the bamboo stripes given in the Chinese Yamen for most offenses, that he had worn his coat on all occasions, in the fear of being arrested.

So he concluded his singular story, and though Wong's head drooped with disappointment, there was a murmur of satisfaction

after he had left, and no man forgot the least detail of that extraordinary evening, nor did they refrain from relating the strange adventure to their children's children around the stove on winter evenings in the years that were to come.

Emily Gage, 1926

Winter Dawn

The grey skies hover;
The ermine-clad hills huddle closer.
The fir trees go marching over the crest,
And I go plodding after.
 'Tis winter.

The tree branches bend
Underneath their snowy-white cover.
Little bright eyes peep out from beneath,
As my eyes go seeking after.
 'Tis winter.

Cotton balls drop from over-full arms,
The sun climbs up, jewel-brilliant.
The rainbow-hued pheasant lifts over the blue,
And my soul goes soaring after.
 'Tis winter.

Ruth Farrington, 1926

The Awakening of Venicia Briggs

Venicia Briggs was dying. She herself knew she was dying, her doctor had told her she was dying, and old Parson Pendle was at that very moment praying for her. There she lay stretched out on her old four-post bed which had been her mother's and grandmother's before her, waiting for the end to come.

She regarded her stately boudoir, which had been done in mahogany and deep red plush for her grandmother, with a look of pride and longing. She had lived a comfortable life. The Briggs house was the biggest and finest in town, and Venicia had been very well provided for. She would have to leave it all now, and of course it would never be the same again in her niece Molly's hands. Molly was such a little fool! She would be glad to hear of her Aunt Venicia's death. Venicia pictured Molly and Tom with their troop of little Mollies and Toms comfortably settled in her house. Comfortably settled indeed! She thought of the children and eyed her precious furniture again with a look of horror at the thoughts of what would become of it.

She might have known better than to run out into the damp air that morning without her rubbers or shawl, just to shoo Molly's brats out of her yard where they were picking pansies. And now — she was dying of pneumonia.

Venicia began to think of her funeral. She hoped Jenks would conduct it properly. She wondered what kind of flowers she would get. She hoped they would be red roses, she had always thought red was such a dignified sort of color and it was so becoming to her too. And then she wondered, who would send the flowers? How terrible it would be if she shouldn't get any. Then for the first time in Venicia's life she thought — did she really have any friends? She had never done a thing for anyone else. She had always thought people imposed upon her because of her money. She remembered how that very afternoon she had slammed her door in the face of a frightened little woman who came to ask for money for a fund for the poor.

She thought of Molly and Tom and the children in the little "hang-to" of a cottage she had rented to them. She had never

given them a thing, nor invited them to her home. Everything they had got from her they had paid for. She was suddenly overcome by an impulse to do something for someone before she died.

Old Parson Pendle was still praying over her in his cracked and mournful voice, whistling his words through his too large set of false teeth. Poor parson, she had forgotten him. Did he think it was in his power to save her soul? She knew now it was in hers alone.

She called to him and gave him directions as to what to do with her money. The house and half her money was to go to Molly, the rest was to go to various worthy societies, namely, for the poor, sick, orphaned and blind. Never had Venicia been so happy. She thought of Molly, pretty, golden-haired Molly, smiling and happy with all her adorable little tow-headed children living in her house. Nor did she shudder at the thought. Why hadn't she thought of it before? How happy they were all going to be. And now she was ready to die. She closed her eyes and felt herself being gradually lifted heavenward.

What was that shining angel saying? "Was this the morning for her soft-boiled egg?" A queer thing indeed for an angel to be saying. She opened her eyes wider and gradually the angel took on the short ample form of Jenks holding her breakfast tray, good old Jenks!

The astonished Jenks had never received such a bright good-morning from her mistress in her twenty long years of service. And as for Venicia she never felt better in her life. Not just because she wasn't dead after all, but because now she could do all the things she had planned to do in her dream. She thought of Molly's tow-headed children; she could hardly wait to go and see them.

Emma Louise Wylie, 1925

The Lure of Changsha

Changsha, to me, has a lure that could not be felt by the globe-trotter, nor even by those who have lived there and called it "home." I can forget any moments of horror or danger and the Changsha that I remember is a city of peace, of unconscious beauty and quiet restfulness. If you stood on the waterfront at noon, and watched the sluggish Siang crawl past the city like some mud-colored snake, bearing its burden of sampans, rafts, and lazy gray-sailed junks down through the blue heat of distances to the great Yangtse itself, and heard the weird calls of the boatmen and the strange singsong of the coolies loading the river steamer by the old docks, you might begin to realize a little of it. And looking east, or west, or north, or south, it is haunted with its unconscious beauty and dreamful peace. Across the river the mountain Yolo Shan sleeps purple in the hot sunlight, beckoning you, calling you, and offering to the heat-worn traveler the cool of the Buddhist temple in the camphorwood grove near the summit, where the gulls fly all day long.

But Changsha is not a sleeping city; it is an agricultural and commercial center, and as alive in its quietness as Manhattan is with all her roars and screams and rush. For in the shimmering rice lands of Changsha, in its fields of musk and clover, there is always the toiling farmer, plowing and planting unceasingly twelve hours a day, never complaining, never bemoaning his fate of worker of the lower race. Changsha can go about its purpose in life, of working, growing, and succeeding, in such a quiet and unconscious manner, that the sweating, steaming, smoking, noisy, avaricious cities of the white race fairly disgust the man who goes back to New York and London.

And Changsha will never disturb your memories; you can hide them anywhere in that quaint tile-roofed city, and come back twenty years later to find them the same. That is what I love best of all. For I have hidden my memories under the cobblestones of the narrow, crooked, little streets, where the water coolie splashes by, the rickshaw men jog on with their curious burdens, and the venders advertise their tinkling wares by that

weird cry that will suddenly come back to you years afterward. I have buried them in the river that gleams opalescent in the Asian dusk, in the stone courtyard of the great governor's palace, within the gloom of the Confucius temple, incense-filled, and shadowy. I have buried them beneath the lotus and the magnolia trees in the old Chu gardens where the moonlight drips like no other moonlight in the world, and the atmosphere is filled with the strange booming of gongs and the tom-tom of the Chinese drums that are carried across the city by the river winds. They are nights that call you back to touch your remembrances again, nights that are so beautiful you can't sleep through them. Where in the world could I find a lure like this?

Emily Gage, 1926

The Sunset

Out of the blue-black darkness
There is a heavy ribbon of orange light,
Spreading below the sky, once white.
Dull and unaccented it fades.
Over the housetops I see it go,
Slowly, distinctly, beyond the snow.
O such a vivid flame it is!
And the paint brush we know is His.
He who paints such gorgeous color,
Who tints pure water sparkling blue,
Would make all other hues seem duller.
But even as I look it sinks away;
I fain would follow the flight of day —
I'm wondering what course it takes,
What stops on its journeying it makes.
So farewell, dear day, until tomorrow,
For you fade and night would borrow
All your charms, until tomorrow.

Lila E. Rich, 1925

An Adventure on the Desert

It was dusk on the Arizona desert. The fiery red sun had slipped below the horizon, and a hazy lavender mist shrouded the expanse of sand and sagebrush. In the distance the billowy dunes softened the horizon with a purple shadow on the rosy, glowing aftermath of the setting sun. Everywhere was an air of placidity. The absolute stillness was broken only by the whispering rustle of the sage stirred by the faint breath of air. As far as one could see were the infinite spaces of purple shadow.

Dick Mansfield had checked his spirited roan to drink in the majestic glory of the twilight. He sat silent and thoughtful in the saddle, thrilled with the sheer joy of being far from the tumult and superficialities of the city, in the heart of his beloved desert.

Dick Mansfield was the owner of a large and prosperous ranch; he was by no means an ordinary cowboy. During his senior year at Yale his father had suddenly died, and had left to his son, his only heir, hundreds of acres of rolling prairie and desert land besides a large fortune and the family home in Virginia, where the Mansfields had always lived. Dick had spent most of his time since graduating from college traveling abroad, but the primitive lure of the great out-of-doors had proved stronger than the glamour and romance of foreign cities; so once more he had come to make an indefinitely long visit in the broad desert of Arizona.

He made a striking picture clearly silhouetted against the dusky sky. There was a certain ruggedness about him that was in keeping with the ruggedness of the country. His thick black hair was tossed by the gentle breeze, and his face was bronzed by the sun. Heavy dark eyebrows and lashes shaded his eyes, eyes that startled one with their blueness when they were opened wide in his keen, penetrating gaze. His chin was slightly prominent and verified the suspicion drawn from the firm, straight lines of his mouth that he was a bit stubborn. The sleeves of his rough khaki shirt were rolled up above his elbows, and the ripple of the muscles under his tanned skin when he tightened the reins of his impatient animal, gave proof of his strength.

As he sat there breathing the invigorating air, scarcely able to refrain from shouting with the joy of being alive and young and strong, he noticed a solitary rider approaching him. This lone horseman bent low over the horse's neck as if whispering words of frantic exhortation in its ears, and the quiet twilight was broken by the muffled sound of hoofs beating on the sand. The rider's full black cape flew out behind like the streaming tail of a comet. Dick watched, wondering what the urgent quest of the rider might be, when suddenly he uttered a low exclamation of amazement. The hood of the cape had fallen back, revealing the head of a woman. One foot had slipped from the stirrup, and she was clutching and tugging at the reins in a vain effort to check the ever increasing speed of the galloping horse. Impetuously Dick Mansfield pricked his horse with his sharp spurs and was off to the aid of the fair damsel in distress. He easily overtook her, and lifting her bodily from the saddle of the runaway horse, placed her gently but firmly in front of his own saddle.

He was so absorbed in his heroic deed that he was oblivious of everything except the slender, quivering form in his arms, the glittering auburn curls that brushed his cheek tantalizingly, and the dark curling eyelashes that rested on her pink, glowing cheeks. He found himself meditating absurdly on what color her eyes would be when she opened them. Then his soaring thoughts suddenly fell to earth with the quick realization that there was a bright spotlight upon him — and several people around him.

A short, fat man with dark-colored glasses and an iron-gray beard was approaching him, muttering madly and shaking his fists in wild gesticulations.

"You meddling idiot — you! You've gone and ruined the whole scene — . Ruined it! Wasted two hundred feet of film!"

Dick was stupefied. He scarcely felt the girl wriggle out of his arms and run away. A deep flush of mortification spread over his face, from the roots of his hair, deep down into his neck. It had dawned on him that he had burst in on the taking of a movie scene. Instead of being a hero, he had played the fool. There were a number of actors and actresses standing near, and a mocking, derisive laugh rang in his ears. Dick stood there, too embarrassed to speak.

"Where do you come from, anyway? Don't you know anything? That was the most exciting scene in 'The Golden Trail,' starring Betty Brown. And you've ruined it, you clumsy, good-for-nothing ignoramus! Get out of my sight!" raved the disappointed director.

The college graduate turned sharply and was gone. He rode blindly and aimlessly at first, angry with himself. What a blundering fool he'd been! He cursed himself up and down and rode furiously. But soon the cool night air calmed him. The myriad blinking stars soothed him. His spirits rose. He thought of the girl and again he wondered what color her eyes would have been. She must have been the famous Betty Brown. Still she had seemed too young and innocent.

The little seed of love had been sown deep down in Dick's heart, but his pride would not allow him to go in search of her. He spent all his time in the saddle, riding under the burning blue sky across the burning brown sands. One day he rode far across the desert to the foothills of the mountains. Here the foliage was green and the fields were gay with purple asters and orange poppies. He followed the rocky little path into the refreshing shade of the scrubby trees, and cooled his parched throat with the bubbling water of a little pool. Dick sat down on the mossy ground under a tree. Looking up he could see patches of blue through the lacy branches, and now and then a bird winging its way across the blue.

He had almost fallen asleep when he heard someone laugh. It was a laugh that rippled up and down the scale. All was silent for awhile, and then a little splash in the water, and again that contagious, singing laughter. Dick crept silently from beneath the tree. There, standing in a patch of sunlight near the little pool, was the girl of his dreams. Her lithe, boyish form was clad in riding clothes. Her head was uplifted and her hair shone like burnished copper. Tightly grasped in one hand was a bunch of flaming, full-blown poppies. The other arm was lifted over her head. She stood poised on her tip-toes, like a fragile, dainty butterfly poised on the edge of a rose-petal, gazing at the circles of ripples appearing on the water where she had tossed a pebble. She wrinkled her little upturned nose, the tip of which

was sprinkled with golden-brown freckles, and her red lips parted in a smile. She was just about to utter another delicious trill when, like a fawn startled by the hunter's presence, she suddenly twirled about and stood — her surprised gaze fixed on Dick Mansfield.

Dick breathed a sigh of relief. At last he had seen her eyes. They were a dark brown — and very tender and large. Then he spoke and at the same time she recognized her untimely rescuer.

They both laughed at the remembrance and Dick said, "Miss Brown, I apologize humbly for being such a nuisance the other evening. Can you ever forgive me?"

At first it seemed as though she were going to deny that she was the famous Betty Brown, but evidently she changed her mind and walking swiftly to his side she smiled and gave him her hand.

Then followed a week of happiness. Every day they rode together and their chance acquaintance ripened into friendship, and then inevitably into love. One day Dick went to the daily tryst, his heart glad, and humming a merry tune. There was no Betty. The little moving picture colony had gone as suddenly as it had come.

Then came the torturing weeks of endless waiting and frantic hoping. Every day he watched for a letter, a telegram, some message from Betty, but none came. At last Dick made up his mind to go east and then abroad. The glory of the desert instead of being soothing and invigorating became appalling, mocking, empty. The beauty that was there brought to his mind the desperate longing for the beauty that was not there.

He had one night to spend in New York before his boat sailed. As he was strolling down Broadway, with its glittering lights and its jostling throngs of people, he saw before him in dazzling red letters "Betty Brown in The Golden Trail." The fading embers of hope in his heart were fanned into a wild flame when he read that Betty Brown was to appear in person. Mad with joy, he hailed a taxi, and directed it to the nearest florist's, where he ordered five dozen of the most expensive roses in the place. He had them sent to the little actress, and hurried back to the stage door of the theatre. He sent up his card, thrilled beyond words

at the idea of seeing his dream-girl again. The trim little maid returned shortly, and as Dick jumped up expectantly, she informed him that Miss Brown regretted being unable to recall ever meeting Mr. Richard H. Mansfield, and that she could not possibly accept his flowers. The maid thrust the beautiful roses into his arms and left him bewildered and dismayed.

In the papers the next day was the notice that Richard H. Mansfield had sailed for Liverpool on the S. S. Samaria. Once abroad he found himself unable to forget, and he developed into a pessimistic misogynist. The gaieties of Paris bored him. He fled to Switzerland but the majestic, calm, snow-capped mountains mocked him. He went to Venice. The deep blue sky and the sparkling blue waters irritated the wound in his heart. The romance of the gliding gondolas and the strains of serenaders wafted across the waters in the warm summer nights were unbearable. He journeyed to the Orient. In Japan, under the cherry blossoms gently floating to the ground, there was no peace. In Hawaii, the swaying palms, the lull of the waves rolling up on the beach, the moon casting its shimmering pathway across the water, the sentimental strumming of the ukuleles — he despised them all.

When he reached San Francisco he found two important letters. One was from his lawyer telling him his best friend and classmate, Ted Townsend, had died, and as a last request had asked him, Dick, to act as guardian for his eighteen-year-old sister, Elizabeth. The second was a letter from his housekeeper in Virginia, telling him that Miss Townsend had arrived. She said the poor child was heart-broken and very despondent and implored him to come home at once.

A week later Dick Mansfield got off the train in the sleepy little Virginia town where he had spent his boyhood. All during his journey he had pondered over the freakish turn of fate that had placed a girl eight years his junior under his guardianship. When he reached the beautiful, stately Colonial house he went right to the garden, the place where his dear mother had spent the happiest hours of her invalid life. He followed the mossy stepping-stones through the little wicket-gate and between the trim rows of box. The foxgloves nodding in the breeze, the

fragrant heliotrope and honeysuckle brought back poignant memories of his mother. Suddenly he paused. At the end of the path in a little pergola covered with climbing roses, was a girl. She was standing, back toward him. She wore a black dress with crisp white collar and cuffs, and she seemed very little and rather plaintive as she stood there motionless, gazing at the hills opposite and the valley below. Her head was covered with a broad-brimmed floppy black hat, and it drooped a little, giving her a dejected and sorrowful attitude. She looked especially sombre in contrast with the bright colors about her.

Dick knew immediately by her black dress that she must be little Elizabeth Townsend. His heart filled with pity and sympathy for the girl. He approached her silently and placed his arm tenderly around her pathetically drooping shoulders. She turned her face slowly, and Dick found himself gazing into the eyes of Betty Brown!

She uttered a cry of joy and unexpectedly seized the lapels of his coat and wept hysterically into his sleeve. Then she explained to him how she wasn't Betty Brown at all. She had simply been doubling for her on that memorable day in the desert because Betty Brown herself was desperately afraid of horses. The temptation in the woods when he had mistaken her for Miss Brown had been too strong, and she had not denied his natural supposition concerning her identity. Then when the company had left, her brother had been suddenly worse and she had been too occupied in caring for him to write, until it was too late. She said she had never connected Mr. Richard Mansfield of Virginia, with her Dick of Arizona.

They sat under the bower of roses hand in hand, watching the gorgeous sun sinking below the green hills. The pine trees were defiantly silhouetted against the crimson sky. Below in the valley the little river wound its way in and out through the green meadows, shining like a silver ribbon. The sun slipped lower and lower, while Dick and Betty sat side by side, transported on the wings of love far above this mundane sphere into the celestial regions of infinite peace.

Finally Dick broke the silence. "Betty, do you realize that

I am your legal guardian and that you are bound by the law to obey me? You do? All right, then, kiss me."

And Betty, brought up to respect her elders, obeyed.

Evelyn Bailey, 1925

December Evening

The glowing embers of a dying day
Flicker in the village windowpanes
Like red torches,
That flare in their one silent moment of life
And are blown out.
The sleigh tracks in the white snow
Begin to blur slowly,
And dusk
Creeping through the trees like a thin blue fog
Obliterates them.
Then the little new moon
Untangles itself from the pine branches
And slips, half-frightened,
Into the winter sky.

Emily Gage, 1926

San Gimignano

San Gimignano is probably one of the sleepest old towns in all Italy; therein lies its charm. It is a walled town, and these walls were built in the twelfth, ninth and seventh centuries! The piazza, with its old well in the center, is the place around which the noblemen built their houses long ago. These houses are queer in this respect, that they all have towers of varying heights built upon them. The highest tower is the one belonging to the mayor of the town, and the next highest that of the richest man. In the days when these houses were built the towers represented the wealth and influence of its owner. But no one was allowed to build his own tower any higher than the mayor's; and so one man, wishing to show that though he was not perhaps any more powerful than the mayor, but infinitely more wealthy, built two towers, each as high as he dared make it!

But at the time that these noblemen were vying with each other in building towers, the town was very prosperous, and such things could be afforded. Since then the town has not advanced a bit; it just takes life as it comes, and the principal bit of life that comes to it is tourists.

There is one main street in San Gimignano, and that leads to the cathedral, the center of all the inhabitants' daily life. It is true that automobiles pass along this street daily, but the cats and dogs, lying in the warm, sunny street have not yet got used to them. They sleep and doze as if no harm could possibly befall them, and when an automobile disturbs their rest, they quietly amble to one side of the street and let it pass; and then they doze and sleep again. This is the attitude that the whole town takes, it seems. It doesn't care what happens.

As we walked down one of the side streets we saw a woman sitting out in front of her house, spinning. By her side was a friend braiding straw for hats, and the two were visiting while they worked, apparently as happy as could be. They did not care if they were not making large salaries — they had enough to live on!

Outside the walls the country is covered with gnarled old trees,

and grapevines are festooned from one of these to the other. The Italians do not cut their grapevines every year, as we do, but hang them between trees! The earth around them is the color of burnt sienna, and peasants, ploughing it with their white oxen, can be seen all along the road.

As we sped back to Siena, after our visit to San Gimignano, we saw these peasants returning home, pitchfork on back, to their cottages. They were singing as they trudged along in the dusk; each one the picture of contentment. We were happy ourselves, and as we looked back at the walled town for one last glimpse it appeared to be a phantom city with its towers just visible in the fast gathering darkness.

Patricia Goodwillie, 1926

Troubles

The thoughts which make our troubles are like soap bubbles blown from a "bubble pipe." Our thoughts are the same as the breath blown into the pipe, and our troubles are like the bubbles. We blow on the pipe and the bubble grows a little larger. We think a bit and the trouble grows too. We blow more and more. The bubble grows rounder — larger, and our trouble grows larger — rounder. Then, snap! The bubble breaks — our trouble ends, and we find that our own breath made the bubble, our own thoughts made the trouble, and there really wasn't much to it after all.

Doris von Culin, 1925

The Character of Telemachus

The firelight danced on the grave features of Nestor as he sat with his young son. "Yea, my child, you have seen him, our noble guest, the youthful Telemachus. On him the Gods have bestowed many gifts, beauty of form, strength, youth, but greatest of all a noble character. Truly, he is the worthy son of Odysseus. He is comely and the heart within his breast is good, for 'tis the same heart that beats with pity for sufferers. You have seen his strong young arms bend the bow with ease; these are the same that support the weak and defend the innocent. And in the races did you not see him outstrip the rest? Guided by love of his long-unheard-of father, he walks the rough and rocky ways, seeking. He was but a stripling a short time ago, but now he stands in the full glory of his manhood. His are the virtues of generous hands, that give unflinchingly to the needy; courage, that daily increases and makes him like his father; tenderness and love for his mother, not unbecoming to a brave man, for he owes much to his queen mother, Penelope, the ever faithful. Time will increase each virtue, experience will aid him, for he is wise. I pray, that you, my son, will grow to be like him."

But the firelight flickered on a sleeping child, and Nestor caressed the drooping head.

Fuki Wooyenaka, 1926

My Brother's Marriage

Shortly after my brother's return from Europe, he was married.

The marriages, in the olden days were arranged by the parents. The young people were told at a certain time that they were to be married and had to be. If there is any love, it is after the wedding, not before. Thus my brother never saw my sister-in-law until the day of the wedding.

Before the wedding, the astrologers had to search their horoscopes to see whether the stars under which they were born were harmonious. If the stars are not harmonious the marriage does not take place. Fortunately, their stars were harmonious. And so it was settled. The ceremony took place the next day at the bride's home. We accompanied the bridegroom to the altar which was in the middle of the room decorated with roses, and greens. Each side of the altar stood the relatives and friends. My brother was standing there while the bride was brought in a chair which was covered with beautifully embroidered red silk. The bride herself was dressed in a red embroidered dress and her eyes were veiled. In the olden days they thought the red color meant cheerfulness and happiness, thus the bride was always dressed in red. After they took their vows, there were refreshments served which I enjoyed the most. Then we, the young ones, played tricks on the bride which she must do, as using the chopsticks to pick up an egg and passing the tea to every guest who came in to see her. My poor sister-in-law was all tired out the following day for there were hundreds of guests and everybody wished to have the tea passed by the bride, which meant great honor to them. My sister-in-law was so busy that she had hardly any time to rest from half past two o'clock in the afternoon until three o'clock in the morning.

Mary Sun, 1926

The Barracks of Many Uses

Belize, sitting quietly on the northern shore of British Honduras, is a quaint little town, rather drab and humdrum for those who are not fond of the tropics, but a place of wealth for those who are. While it has had rather a long existence, yet there are few places in it which stand out as historical landmarks. Perhaps the place that gives the most vivid idea of its past is the barracks.

They are a series of low white buildings with very shiny red roofs which face an open green beyond which is the sea. It is not their looks, but what they have seen and done which makes them so interesting. First, long ages ago, they housed the young British "Tommies" who came out to hold the colony against the Spaniards. After some pretty serious fighting, Belize settled down into a prosperous tropical seaport and the soldiers left. Some of the houses became private residences, from which all shades of chocolate-colored folk could be seen coming. Two became club houses where the Europeans drank their "sundowners" and read the month-old papers from *home*. Another became a poor-house for the decrepit old men of the place. And a motley crowd they were to be sure, each having his own character, from the one who built himself a play-house by the side of the sea, to the old man who at sundown drove his flock of chickens home with a large whip. In 1919, they were again given over to the soldiers who came to put down a race riot. Now, however, they are back in their peaceful occupation.

The green in front has also been used for a great number of things: for races on the King's birthday and New Year's, polo in the fall, and cricket every day in the year, except Sunday, when all the darker population turn out for a walk dressed in brilliant pinks and blues. Up and down they go, much to the amusement of the watchers from the club verandas.

* Gertrude Craik, 1926

Rough Places Are Made Plain

Number eight hundred and three was restless. He paced back and forth in his narrow cell muttering to himself; presently he flung himself down on his cot. "Confounded softies!" he growled. He heard the warden go by and as the sound of his footsteps died away, the man in the next cell began to whistle softly one of the Christmas Carols that had been sung for the prisoners that evening by a group of well-meaning, conscientious women who had made their annual Christmas-Eve visit.

Number eight hundred and three sprang to his feet and resumed his nervous pacing. It was a black, snowy night; the flakes had been hissing against the glass but they seemed to be losing their assurance and were falling less frequently, and the man went to his narrow, barred window and looked out. "Huh, it's lucky for me that it's stopping," he thought as he looked at the last falling flakes. "I won't have so much shovelling to do tomorrow." He squinted up at the grey sky and found the snow clouds flying away to the north. As he watched, the last flimsy clouds parted and a great, shining star shone through. Something seemed to stiffen in him and then relax, his eyes were fixed on that star and the mysterious something came again and gripped his throat. He assured himself that he despised the feeling and yet to insure its continuance he forced himself to watch that shining light. The whole soul of the man went out between those narrow bars and flew to a little farm house. He was standing by a big window with no bars, smelling the spicy pine-smell of the Christmas wreath. His little sister was sitting on the floor, cooing about the coming "Hollyday" on the morrow. His mother was putting four white candles in the window and he asked her what they were for. She put her arm around his small shoulders and told him that they were to light the Christ child when He came in, to keep Him from stumbling in the snow.

Number eight hundred and three put his hot face against the cold stone wall.

Christmas Eve, twenty years ago! He heard the warden's

steps coming near and impulsively he went to the iron door. "I say," he asked gruffly. "Would you let me have a candle?" Then as the Warden looked blankly at him, he added, "To put in my window." The Warden was a man of sense, he nodded and went down the hall. Presently he returned with a candle, lighted it and passed it through the bars. "Goodnight, Warden," said number eight hundred and three.

He put the flickering candle in the window and went to bed. There were strange shadows in the room. Was it a shadow or a smile on the man's hard face? Out in the now clear sky the star shone; bright and triumphant it hung in the West.

Elaine Boutwell, 1925

Items of General Interest

Last year we hated to say good-bye to Miss Pettingell, who left Abbot to take the important position of Principal of the Waynflete School in Portland, Maine, and to Mrs. Chamberlin (Mlle. Foubert) who left us to be married, for we felt that no one could ever take their places. But although Madame Riest has not been here long, she has already become an important member of our faculty, and the *COURANT* wishes to extend a hearty welcome to her and to Miss Grimes, who has returned to Abbot after a trip abroad.

This summer, on the 15th of August, the wedding of Mlle. Lucienne Foubert and Mr. Edward Hastings Chamberlin took place. Mrs. Chamberlin is now living in Cambridge, and is teaching at Wellesley College part of the time. Address: 8 Plympton Street, Suite 37, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

During Christmas vacation Miss Hague announced her engagement to Mr. Nelson T. Montgomery of Buffalo.

A son, Edwin Elijah, was born, October 14, 1924, to Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Elijah Hebb of Detroit, Mich. Mrs. Hebb was Miss Louise A. Whiting.

Doris von Culin has announced her engagement to Mr. George Doehne, 3rd, of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

We all appreciate Miss Bancroft's thoughtful gift to the library of three beautiful and delightfully illustrated books, "Poems of Childhood," by Eugene Field, and Stevenson's "Treasure Island," and "David Balfour." Certainly no one who has not read these classics can now resist them when they are in such charming editions.

We were all very proud and very much interested when Miss Friskin gave her first Boston recital at Steinert Hall on November 17th. She was enthusiastically received by her audience, and very appreciative notices appeared in the Boston newspapers.

On Monday evening, October 27th, Q. E. D. went to a discussion of the Child Labor Amendment at a meeting of the League of Women Voters at the Punchard High School.

On October 30th, Dr. J. M. Hirst, a surgeon in a hospital in Seoul, Korea, the father of Jessie Marianne Hirst, spoke to us in morning chapel on "Life in Korea." He made us see vividly the little walled Korean towns, and gave us a clear picture of the isolated life of the people. Just before Christmas Dr. and Mrs. Hirst returned to Korea.

On November 1st, Miss Bailey took the members of the Abbot Dramatic Association to Boston, to "The Admiral," by Charles Rann Kennedy, in which both Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy and Miss Margaret Gage played.

Dr. Roald Amundsen, the first man to reach the South Pole, lectured at Phillips Academy on Thursday evening, the 30th of October. In connection with his talk he showed some remarkably interesting pictures of his experiences during the journey there and back.

The vocal pupils went to Lawrence on the evening of Monday, November 17th, to hear a recital by the well-known tenor, Tito Schipa.

On Tuesday, the 18th of November, the members of Odeon went to a lecture at Phillips Academy on "My Mediterranean" by William McFee, the author of many stories of the sea.

On Monday evening, the 24th of November, Marcel Dupré, the famous French organist, gave a recital in the Chapel of Phillips

Academy. He played a symphony of his own, and at the end of the program gave as an encore an improvisation on "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" at the request of the audience.

The class of 1924 gave as their parting remembrance to the school a drinking fountain for the hockey field. This fountain has proved a very practical gift. It is greatly appreciated by the players, and it has, undoubtedly, aided their skill by refreshing draughts from its waters.

This year was the time for the great elections, so, to improve our knowledge of the candidates for the presidency, Q. E. D. had two political forums, ably setting forth the platforms of Coolidge, Davis, and LaFollette. When they felt that we had acquired enough knowledge about these gentlemen to know which one we preferred, we had a Registration Day, when we had absolutely to prove our ability to read, and give our full name and age. Afterward we had our Election Day, the outcome of which was like that of the whole country's voting in that it was a "landslide for Coolidge."

This year there has been a radical change in the management of the property room. No longer can one wander up to the manager on the eve of an entertainment and casually demand the keys. Nor can one retain the borrowed articles for an indefinitely prolonged period of time. The property room is now run on a strictly business basis. Anything that is to be rented for Tuesday night must have been taken and paid for by Friday, and returned by Wednesday night. The members of the Dramatic Society are to be congratulated for having brought order out of chaos in the room itself, making it much easier for the borrower to make her choice.

The *COURANT* extends its sympathy to Miss Howey on the death of her sister, Mrs. Frederick Whitwell, at Tucson, Arizona.

H. R. S.

School Journal

SEPTEMBER

- 18 School year begins.
- 20 Hall Exercises. Miss Bailey on "Characteristics of a true Abbot Girl."
- 21 Bible Group Tea for the New Girls.
Chapel. Miss Bailey.
- 22 Morning Chapel. Miss Twitchell and Miss Mason.
- 23 New Girl-Old Girl Dance.
- 24 Tally-Ho Party.
Motor trip to North Shore.
- 27 Hall Exercises. Miss Sweeney on "Safeguarding Our Health."
- 28 Dr. Burnham.
- 29 Morning Chapel. Dr. Burnham.
- 30 Corridor Stunts.

OCTOBER

- 2 Egyptian Bazaar.
- 5 Chapel. Miss Bailey.
- 7 Senior Picnic at Haggett's Pond.
- 8 Motor Trip to Lexington and Concord.
- 11 Hall Exercises. Miss Sweeney on "Hygiene."
- 12 Chapel. Rev. Howard R. Weir of Salem on "Prayer."
- 14 Bridge and Mah-Jong Party.
- 15 Motor Trip to Lexington and Concord.
- 18 Hall Exercises. Model Student Government Meeting, presented by the Senior Class.
- 19 Chapel. Mrs. Otis Cary of Bradford on "Japan."
- 20 Political Forum conducted by Q. E. D. Society.
- 21 Senior Middle Picnic at Pomp's Pond.
- 22 Faculty Reception.
- 25 Hall Exercises. Dr. Littlefield of Bradford.
- 26 Northfield Girls go to Bradford Academy to hear Margaret Slattery.
- 26 Mr. Colton on "Student Friendship Fund."
- 27 Q. E. D. Society goes to Political Meeting at Punchard High School, Andover.
- 28 Hallowe'en Dinner and Dance.
- 29 Second Political Forum, conducted by Q. E. D. Society.
- 30 Morning Chapel. Dr. J. M. Hirst on "Life in Korea."
Lecture by Dr. Roald Amundsen in Phillips Academy Chapel.

NOVEMBER

- 1 Miss Bailey takes the members of the Dramatic Society to Boston to see "The Admiral."
- 2 Chapel. Dr. Charles W. Henry of Christ Church, Andover.
- 5 Bradford Day.
- 8 Hall Exercises. Miss Donham on "The Value of Budgets."
Hampton Institute Quartet.

- 11 Faculty Recital, assisted by Mr. Bassett.
- 12 Tea given by Mr. and Mrs. Henry for girls attending Christ Church.
- 16 Dr. Forbush on "Common Honesty."
- 17 Vocal Students go to Lawrence to hear Tito Schipa.
- 18 Day Scholars' Entertainment for Boarding Students.
Members of Odeon Society go to a lecture by William McFee at Phillips Academy.
- 19 Piano Recital by Miss Friskin at Steinert Hall, Boston.
- 20 Lecture by Mrs. Rose Berry on "Appreciation of the Modern Art."
Opening of Art Gallery Exhibition.
- 23 Chapel. Miss Bailey on "The Significance of Thanksgiving."
- 24 Organ Recital at Phillips Academy by Marcel Dupré.
- 26 Thanksgiving Service.
Thanksgiving Recess begins.
- 28 Thanksgiving Recess ends.
- 29 Reading of Modern Verse by members of the Odeon Society.
- 30 Rev. Arthur McGiffert of Lowell on "The Value of Education."

DECEMBER

- 2 Abbot Dramatic Society presents, "Twelfth Night," and "The Holly-Tree Inn."
- 4 Miss Sophie Hart of Wellesley College on "India."
- 6 Hall Exercises. Piano Recital by Mme. Bliven-Charbonnel.
- 7 Chapel. Rev. Markham W. Stackpole on "A True Sense of Duty."
- 8 Mr. William B. Ellsworth on "Life in Shakespeare's Time."
- 9 Chapel. Mr. Ellsworth on "The Newest New Poetry."
- 13 Christmas Party for the Andover Children.
- 14 Chapel. Christmas Service.
- 16 Miss Bailey's Christmas Party.
- 17 Christmas Vacation begins.

JANUARY

- 6 Christmas Vacation ends.
- 10 Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rann Kennedy and Miss Margaret Gage in "The Chastening."
- 11 Chapel. Miss Kelsey on, "The Guiding Spirits of Abbot."
- 13 Corridor Stunts.
- 17 Hall Exercises. Student's Recital.
- 18 Chapel. Dr. Rosalie Morton.
- 20 Senior Middle Plays.
- 24 Hall Exercises. Boston String Quartette.
Trip to New London to see the eclipse.
- 25 President Marshall of Connecticut College.

Lectures

On Sunday evening, October 26, Mr. Colton talked to us about the students in Russia, in connection with the Student Friendship Fund. He told us of their hardships, and their bravery and perseverance in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties. We realized our great abundance as contrasted with their want, and felt as though we wanted to extend our help and friendship to our fellow-students across the seas.

Miss Donham came on November 8, to talk to us about budgets. In a very interesting and entertaining way she showed us how often people make the mistake of extravagantly spending their money when they first get it on foolish, unnecessary things, and then have to suffer at the end of the month, when there are things that they really need to have. She suggested that a budget would help us to spend our money more systematically.

Dr. Forbush on November 16 talked to us on the subject, "Common Honesty." There is no doubt but that each one of us needed to have this subject discussed, to impress upon our minds the fact that right now, at Abbot, we are making our reputation for the lives which we shall lead when we leave school, and that everything depends upon our honesty and upon our character while we are here. Dr. Forbush gave examples of boys from West Point whose careers had been absolutely ruined because of one dishonourable act. Though it was a very serious lecture, Dr. Forbush was very amusing at times, and we were all extremely interested in what he had to say. We were thinking about many things when we left Abbot Hall that evening.

Surely we all feel as though we have gained a fuller knowledge and greater appreciation of modern art after Mrs. Rose Berry's interesting lecture on November 20th. Mrs. Berry has a wide knowledge of the art of today, as she is the Chairman of the Art Department of the Federation of Women's Clubs of America. She was a delightful speaker, and one who held your interest to the end. She told us of the advancement of painting, and of the hard work, and thought, and years of trial that have gone into developing painting into what it is today. We feel sure that we could not have caught all the beauty in some of the pictures in the art exhibition if it had not been for the help Mrs. Berry gave us.

On Thursday, December 4th, we had the great pleasure of hearing Miss Hart of Wellesley speak on some of her experiences in the East where she has recently been traveling. She spoke particularly of India, and gave us a very vivid and picturesque description of the country geographically. We learned that India is a vast sun-baked plain swept continually with famines, and that underneath our picture of the incense, and sandalwood, and black elephants with gold earrings, there are real suffering human hearts. To most of us it meant a new conception of the East, and a clearer picture of life in that part of the world.

Monday night, December 8, Mr. Ellsworth gave us a very interesting talk on Shakespeare — what is known of his life, and of places closely associated with him. The lecture was illustrated with lantern slides, showing several portraits of Shakespeare himself, his home, and a great many pictures of old London and the theatres in Queen Elizabeth's day. This more intimate sketch of that immortal dramatist is one not easily forgotten, and one that will make his plays seem even more human. The next morning, Mr. Ellsworth spoke to us in chapel on the newest new poetry, and everyone was delighted with the charming selections which he read to us. He also spoke in the Psychology class and read poetry to the college seniors. I am sure that his visit left us with a deeper appreciation of Shakespeare's works, and of our modern poets.

In order better to understand and appreciate the pleasure in store for us in Mr. Ellsworth's reading of modern poetry, Odeon presented to the school a few examples of American poetry. On Saturday, November twenty-ninth, the members of Odeon read about twenty poems of varying types, which ran

from the more eccentric to the conservative. It was a great help to learn something of this poetry, as most of us have very little time in which to read poetry, no matter how delightful it may be.

On Sunday evening, January 11, Miss Kelsey told us about the splendid women who had built up Abbot tradition and spirit and made it as fine as it is today. She introduced them to us in connection with the portraits or mute testimonials of them in Abbot Hall. She told us about Miss McKeen, Miss Phoebe McKeen, Miss Means, Miss Merrill, Miss Belcher and Madam Abbot. It is very fortunate for us that we have someone who can make the women she knew live for us, and talk so interestingly of others. We shall be able to appreciate Abbot Hall better now, thanks to Miss Kelsey.

Concerts

The first recital this year was by the Musical Department of our Faculty, assisted by Arthur Bassett, pianist. It proved to be of unusual interest and beauty. It began with one of Beethoven's sonatas for violin and piano, which Miss Friskin and Miss Nichols played with great depth of feeling. Mr. Howe played on the organ two selections from more modern artists. Then Miss Friskin and Miss Nichols each played some modern compositions with a remarkable charm and delicacy of touch, and faultless technique. The program ended with a concerto of Mr. Howe's, played by Mr. Bassett, with Mr. Howe at the second piano.

The series of concerts which are given at Abbot every year was opened on December sixth by Madame Bliven-Charbonnel, the pianist. Though she played a few things of Brahms, the greater part of her program was made up of more modern pieces which were not so familiar to us, but which, perhaps for this very reason, we enjoyed very much.

On Saturday evening, November 8, the Hampton quartet made a visit to Abbot. They have come here to sing to us and tell us about Hampton for many years and we have always looked forward to their visits and enjoyed these concerts immensely when they took place. This year was no exception. They told us many interesting things and sang beautifully. We were very sorry when train time took them away and we look forward to visits from them every year.

Entertainments

We were invited to a Hallowe'en party on the evening of October 28th. When, on that ghostly evening, we had donned our several costumes we went to Davis Hall. Here we were directed to the side door, and to our horror we found that the long hall was as dark as midnight. We took our courage in our hands and started down that endless corridor; little shivers crept up and down our backs. Suddenly a voice in the dark greeted us, and a hand was placed in ours. It was ice-cold in the true sense of the word. As we advanced farther down the hall, our legs were pinched at regular intervals, and our lives were probably shortened by about two years during these few minutes. When we had finally come to the end of the hall we were conducted upstairs, where to our joy we found light. We danced during the evening, bobbed for apples, drank cider, and ate doughnuts. We left by the *front* door, by the way, and scurried into our beds; but not without first looking carefully under them!

The day scholars gave the boarders a party on the evening of November 18. When we arrived we were all told to sit in groups of four. We were given

pieces of paper, and pencils, and then played what is called the "automobile game." Someone read a few words to us, and from these we were supposed to guess the name of an automobile. For instance, "two objects in the sky," were "Star and Moon." After this several courageous girls braved an aeroplane race, and one or two other games were played.

The first of the corridor stunts were given on October 30th. The first number was a minstrel show given by Sherman Cottage. It was very amusing and the end men were very clever and entertaining. The fourth-floor wing next gave a series of well-known advertisements. All our old favorites were there, even the "Trade" and "Mark" Smith Brothers! Then came a thrilling game between Andover and Exeter, given by the third floor wing. No real game could have provided more thrills than its many runs and touchdowns. Altogether the stunts provided a delightfully amusing evening's entertainment.

Tuesday evening, the 13th of January, we had the pleasure of seeing the second group of corridor stunts. The fourth floor front gave "An Evening at the Movies," which was very well done, and extremely amusing. The Homestead gave "Wild Nell, the Pet of the Plains," a thrilling drama, in which a cowboy chased Indians all over the stage. The main part of the Sunset performance was preceded by two single acts, "A Movie of a Musician," and "Sewing on a Button." Then came the interesting "Operation," from which we learned a great deal about the methods of modern surgeons. The last stunt was short vaudeville acts, given by the second floor wing, all of which were very entertaining. The stunts this year have been unusually original.

On Tuesday evening, December 2nd, the Abbot Dramatic Society presented a scene from "Twelfth Night," and "The Holly-Tree Inn." Although its members have appeared in several plays in the past, it is the first time that the society itself has presented anything. The scene from Twelfth Night (Act I, Scene V) was a character study, well portrayed. "The Holly-Tree Inn," adapted from Dickens's Christmas story, made a delightful play which touched and charmed everyone in the audience. It concerns two children, Harry Walmers and his sweetheart, Norah, who are running away to Gretna Green to be married. On the way they stop at "The Holly-Tree Inn," and there they are found by Harry's father, who brings them safely home. The parts were well taken, and the acting was remarkably good throughout the plays. The casts:

TWELFTH NIGHT

OLIVIA	Gracie Griffin
VIOLA	Sylvea Shapleigh

THE HOLLY-TREE INN

COBBS, Landlord	Annie Dunn Estes
MRS. COBBS, Landlady	Doris von Culin
BETTY, Chambermaid	Josephine Gasser
CAPTAIN WALMERS	Hildegard Mittendorff
HARRY WALMERS	Gretchen Vanderschmidt
NORAH, Harry's Sweetheart	Marjorie Knowlton

On the tenth of January, the unusual opportunity came to us of having Charles Rann Kennedy, his wife, and Miss Gage, give "The Chastening" on our stage. The play, which was written by Mr. Kennedy, deals with the story of the boyhood and calling of Christ. Miss Gage's interpretation of the character was remarkable, and the acting of the Kennedys was beautiful, as it

always is. There was practically no scenery used, but the costumes were appropriate, and the picture one which will remain with us.

The bare outline of the story is this. Mary, the mother of Jesus, has great faith in her son, and wishes him to become a priest; but Joseph thinks that the boy is just a dreamer, and he wants him to take up the trade of carpenter as his life work. As for the lad, he knows what he is to be; God has told him, and there is no doubt in his mind on this point. At last Joseph has a vision in which God talks to him and tells him of the powers of this Son.

Athletics

BRADFORD DAY

"The top o' the morning to you!" With this we greeted our friendly Bradford rivals as they marched into the circle on a crisp golden morning in early November. After we had met our respective guests and acquainted them as much as possible with the school, we hurried over to the tennis courts, where the first events of the day took place. Doris von Culin and Lucie Locker made the first score for Abbot, in the doubles match, and after three very thrilling sets in the singles, Elizabeth Burtnett won a well-earned victory. Next, Virginia Gay, after a close game, won clock golf for Abbot, and Eunice Huntsman and Margaret Cavanaugh tied Marjorie Morton and Marjorie Eaton of Bradford in croquet.

By this time our appetites were sharpened to a whit, and after a wonderful lunch in the gymnasium we held an enthusiastic song rally. And cheers rang on cheers in the hockey game that followed, where, after a splendid fight on the part of both teams, Abbot again held the score. The final event of the day was basketball, a very quick and well-played game, which summed up the victory for the Blue and White.

The Bradford teams put up a wonderful fight and showed such fine spirit that we were all the more sorry to have them leave.

After a few parting songs we saw our guests off on the cars and led an enthusiastic snake-dance back to school, where the yellow and white chrysanthemum petals lay strewn over the grass to remind us of one of the happiest Abbot-Bradford days in our school history.

Elizabeth Burtnett was again presented with the tennis cup, after many exciting matches in the fall tournament.

There was much interest taken in the inter-class games this season. The seniors came out on top in basketball and also in hockey after a very close game.

Honor Roll

FIRST QUARTER

Lucy Sanborn	93
Evelyn Glidden, Edda Renouf	92
Ruth Davies, Theodate Johnson, Katharine Keany, Ruth Perry, Helen Sagendorph, Mary Simpson, Hildred Sperry	90
Shirley Austin, Dorothy Beeley, Anstiss Bowser, Virginia Gay, June Hinman, Margaret Nivison, Ruth Stafford, Louise Anthony	89
Margaret Creelman, Emily Gage, Natalia Jova, Susan Ripley, Alfreda Stanley	88

Alumnae Notes

1848

Died: In Bangor, Me., October 3, 1924, Sarah H. Hooker.

1852

Died: March, 1923, Abby M. Lyford, wife of Nelson Tenney of Portland, Me.

1854

Died: In Newtonville, October 16, 1924, Helen M. Lovejoy, wife of the late George W. Spalding.

1855

Died: In North Andover, May 18, 1924, Laura A. Bailey, sister of Sarah L., 1855, and Charlotte O., 1855.

1856

Died: In Saratoga, N. Y., July 18, 1924, Margaret E. Ross, wife of William S. McRae.

1857

Died: In Washington, D. C., March 29, 1923, Emily True, wife of the late Rev. William E. De Riemer.

1859

Died: In Andover, October 25, 1924, Ellen E. Rea, wife of the late Charles S. Foster.

1860

Died: In Newton, June 26, 1924, Abby Arnold, wife of the late Hiram E. Barker.

1861

A new organ has been given to the Williston Church, Portland, Me., by members and friends, as a tribute of affectionate gratitude to Dr. and Mrs. Francis E. Clark (Harriet Abbott), and in honor of their great work for the youth of the world. At the service of dedication Dr. Clark made a short address. He is recovering from the effects of an attack of Algerian fever contracted in his travels.

1862

Died: In Boston, December 25, 1924, Izanna Grant, wife of the late Samuel A. Wheeler, of Lexington.

1863

Died: In Redlands, Cal., January 2, 1925, Sarah L. Brigham, wife of the late Prof. Junius W. Hill, after several years of helplessness.

1864

Died: In Roslindale, September 22, 1924, Matilda Field, wife of the late George W. Want.

1868

Died: In Philadelphia, Pa., suddenly, January 8, 1925, Katherine Chapin, wife of the late Milton P. Higgins, of Worcester. Mrs. Higgins had been attending a board meeting of the National Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teacher Associations, in which she was vitally interested. She was president of the state branch for eight years and of the national organization for three years, 1920-23, furthering its interests with enthusiasm and ability, traveling and speaking in more than forty states, and writing many articles for periodicals. In local philanthropies, also, she rendered helpful and important service. She was one of the prominent women of Massachusetts, having been a delegate

to the International Council of Women in Sweden in 1920, a member of the American Academy of Social Science, the Women's National Committee for Law Enforcement, and of Boston social agencies.

Died: In Danvers, July 21, 1924, Elizabeth M. P. Downs.

Sarah (Brown) Hamblin, whose home is Suite 2, 1197 Beacon Street, Brookline, is spending the winter with her son at 398 East Pearl Street, Pomona, Cal.

1870

Died: In Framingham, November 28, 1924, Frances H. Puffer, wife of the late Cyrus N. Gibbs.

1874

Died: In Hartford, Conn., July 10, 1924, Phebe Sykes, wife of the late Rev. George Reid.

1876

Died: December 17, 1924, Augusta Billings, wife of the late Rev. Charles H. Taintor, of Clinton, Ct. Mrs. Taintor was greatly interested in her husband's work for the Congregational Church Building Society, seeing the value of helping struggling churches to finance the building of suitable homes for both congregations and their pastors. On the death of Mr. Taintor, she was made assistant field secretary, and has rendered valuable service during the twenty years since.

1878

Mrs. Edith Bolton Todd, whose husband is governor of New Brunswick, was the guest of the Maine Federation of Women's Clubs in Portland in September. The Todds and the Boltons and their forbears have long been prominent in public affairs, and have been represented in Parliament for over a hundred years.

1880

Died: In Wakefield, January 1, 1925, Mary E. Bartlett, wife of Arthur G. Walton, of Wakefield, and daughter of Ellen Higgins, 1849.

1882

Died: In West Roxbury, January 13, Maria Dyer, wife of X. H. Good-nough.

1884

Margaret McGiffert has recently published a charming song entitled "Song for the Seasons," with music by Robert Huntington Terry.

Miss Annah Kimball had a party in October at her home in Concord, N. H., for Miss Kelsey and Miss Mason, at which Miss Ellen Willard, 1872, of Concord was present.

1885

Mary Schaufler (Mrs. Frederick G. Platt), of New Britain, Conn., has recently published a book called "The Heart with the Open Door," intended for those who have newly entered upon a great task or life work, especially prospective missionaries. It contains a stimulating and helpful message. Earlier books are "The Child in the Midst" and "The Home with the Open Door."

Died: In Jamaica, N. Y., August 30, 1924, Dora S. Berry, formerly of Andover.

1886

Ella Wood is cataloguer in the Army War College, Washington, D. C.

Word has been received from Margaret Redford of the death of her husband, Colonel E. S. Ready, on September 22. The press notices speak of him as commanding in appearance, with a Southern charm of manner, attracting many friends, and prominent in business and financial circles.

1887

Harriet Thwing, faithful to her duties as class secretary, sends a budget of class news, including the latest reports from proud grandmothers. Anna Bronson Root writes of the birth of a grandson; Angie Dunton Purrington has a granddaughter; Bessie Baird Archbald has a second grandson.

Lucy Rokes's father, Mr. Leander Rokes, died in Thomaston, Me., June 25, 1923.

Catherine Crocker spent last summer at "Le Phare," in Paris, the home for blind soldiers. She learned the Braille system and assisted in the translation of Kipling's "Kim." This winter, she is again at Saint-Jean-Cap-Ferrat with her sister, Mrs. Josephine Crocker Winslow, 1892. Their sister, Mrs. Davies, will be with them for a time. Mr. Winslow died last spring, after a short illness.

Jeanie Carter Prall, her husband and their daughter, Marion, returned in October, from an eight-months tour in Europe. They visited Jeannie Jillson at the American School in Brousa, Turkey, and motored from Nice to call on Catherine Crocker, and Mrs. Winslow, at the Villa Saint Francois.

Alice Hamlin Hinman gives a vivid account of motoring in the Rockies of Colorado. "On the south side of the Hoosier pass we had the wildest and most inspiring mountain views I have ever seen. When at the very top of the pass we came to a little grassy plateau, all shut in with little trees and shrubs, and in the sunlight there went flashing, flashing in every direction, hundreds of bluebirds."

1890

Jessie Guernsey has been called from the Calhoun School in Alabama, where she was head of the Academic Department, to Tougaloo College, in Mississippi. Her subjects are Education and English, and she is also doing important work in supervision and teaching at the Night School.

1892

The Empress of Japan recently paid her first official visit to a Christian school — Doshisha University — where she visited Dean Fanny (Gordon) Bartlett's class, and was so much interested she overstayed the time she had allowed for the visit.

1893

Abbot girls who knew Susan Chase will be interested to learn that her brother, Mr. Osgood Chase, recently made a visit to the school in her memory and enjoyed going about the place, which he had not seen since Susan's graduation.

1894

Mabelle (Bosher) Scudder, with her husband and little daughter, Katherine, spent the summer in Honolulu. Mabelle stayed on for two months in the fall, to organize International Y. W. C. A. work, as the new secretary was unable to go out from America. The Scudders are living in Claremont, California, but plan to be at Abbot for the class reunion in June, and are looking forward to two years' residence in France, for the sake of Katherine's education.

A recent number of the *Boston Transcript* describes the important work of Ellen C. Lombard, "the modest and capable woman who sits in a little office on the sixth floor of the Interior Building (Washington), marshalling the best and most human writers of the world into reading courses for all America." She is director of Home Education in the U. S. Bureau, and has for ten years been working to stimulate activities of parent-teacher associations, and to promote home reading. Home education committees have now been organized in seventeen states, and these co-operate with Miss Lombard.

Died: In Southington, Ct., November 13, 1924, Grace E. Beckley, wife of Dr. Charles Kelley.

1896

Nellie Campbell is now connected with the Boston office of the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company.

1900

Edith Valpey took a summer course at Simmons College and is now librarian at Piedmont College, Demorest, Georgia.

Died: In Andover, September 20, 1924, by accident, Grace D. Wright.

1901

Evelyn Carter is in New York this winter, living with Honora Spalding and her mother, Mrs. Rebecca Davis Spalding, 1868, and taking up some special art study on the subject of Dynamic Symmetry. Evelyn, with the assistance of her brothers, has prepared a little memorial volume of her father, James Richard Carter, the founder and president of Carter, Rice and Company.

1902

Mercer Mason Kemper has a grandson, John Kemper Rice, born in Manchester, N. H., on December 1st, the son of Lucy Ord Kemper.

1903

Died: In Atkinson, N. H., August 29, 1924, Bertha E. Brown, wife of William A. Rugg.

1905

In the death of Mr. Douglas Crawford, of Andover, and Boston University, husband of Frances Tyer, and brother of Leslie Crawford, 1900, the world loses a strong, brilliant and winsome personality. The printed tributes to his worth are unusual in their spontaneity, voicing the general appreciation of his friendliness, his flashing humor, his idealism, and his many public-spirited activities, which were expressions of his deep-seated desire to serve.

Born: September 28, 1924, a son, Richard Wentworth, to Mr. and Mrs. William S. Knickerbocker of Syracuse, N. Y. (Frances Cutler).

Married: Fowler-Williams. In Woodstock, Vt., August 9, 1924, Cornelia Williams to Charles Worthington Fowler of Porto Rico. Address: San Juan, P. R.

1906

Died: Harold Taylor, husband of Maria Pillsbury, in Manchester, N. H., September 13, 1924.

1909

Florence MacCreadie is assistant to the director of Keewaydin camp for girls, Barton, Vt.

Bertha Ewart, executive secretary of the Cleveland Y. W. C. A., visited Andover with her mother last summer.

1910

Born: In New York City, October 30, 1924, a daughter, Mary, to Dr. and Mrs. John E. Sutton (Lucy Porter).

Born: September 19, 1924, a daughter, Alice Mary, to Mr. and Mrs. Edwin B. Cox of Brookline (Lydia Trask).

1911

The Ordway girls, Katherine, and Elizabeth, 1909, have met with a great loss in the recent death of their sister, Helen, a beautiful character, of whom it was said "Always she sought to give of her radiant best".

Elizabeth Hincks has a travelling fellowship from Radcliffe. She is studying at Zurich, continuing her subject of psychology.

1913

Engaged: Emma Holt to Thomas H. Garside.

1914

Ada Brewster has a position as county supervisor of Household Economics in the extension department of Oregon State University. She is stationed at Medford, the county seat.

Engaged: Jessie Agnes Lumsden to Glenwood John Sherrard.

Married: Steinmetz-Jones. In Portland, Ore., December 20, 1924, Frances Jones to Dr. Eugene P. Steinmetz.

Married: Jones-Brown. In Malden, October 1924, Barbara Brown to Ward Mackay Jones.

Married: Winslow-Hanscom. In Lawrence, January 3, 1925, Helen Hanscom to Edward Nicholas Winslow, of Elizabeth, N. J.

Married: Jenkins-Bancroft. In Kobe, Japan, October 15, 1924, Miriam Bancroft to Walter Carroll Jenkins.

1915

Katherine (Adams) Haskell is living at 1426 East 6th Street, Tucson, Arizona. Her little son, Coburn, was born in December.

Born: In Methuen, September 8, 1924, a daughter, to Mr. and Mrs. Theodore L. De Camp of Andover (Clara P. Tolman).

Born: In New York City, September 18, 1924, a son, Allen Kerr, to Mr. and Mrs. Walter K. Belknap (Elizabeth Allen).

1916

Marion Selden has a position in the President's office of the Hood Rubber Company in Watertown. She is living in Cambridge.

Agnes Grant sailed in June for a ten months' tour in Europe.

Engaged: Edith S. Bancroft to Charles Speare Roll.

Married: Larrabee-Stohn. In West Roxbury, Mass., September 10, 1924, Emma Marie Stohn to Edward Noble Larrabee, brother of Mattie Larrabee Whittemore, 1915.

1917

Gertrude Goss is teaching Physical Education in the Fermata School, Aiken, S. C.

Miriam Bacon is dietician at the Peabody Hospital.

Katherine Chen has finished her medical course at Johns Hopkins, and has returned to China as interne in the hospital of Peking Union Medical College.

Tsing Lien Li Chen (Mrs. Henry Chen) sailed early in December for Shanghai.

Margaret Van Voorhis is president of the very interesting Woman's Club of Zanesville, Ohio.

Frances Gere is very happy in her teaching at the Bishops School, La Jolla, California.

May Bartlett is doing all kinds of interesting art work, including batik, furniture decoration and illustrations for advertising booklets.

Dorothy Newton is spending a year of study and travel in Europe, specializing in French.

Engaged: Lidwine Curran to Donald Falvey.

Engaged: Kathryn D. Cooper to Dr. Lyman Richards, Harvard Medical School, 1919.

Engaged: Marion Willson to Ira Milliken Boothby.

Married: Swain-Bacon. In Loudonville, N. Y., August 23, 1924, Elizabeth Harlow Bacon to Donald Newman Swain. The Swains sailed for Australia in the fall, and are enjoying keeping house in Sydney. Their address is P. O. Box 517, Sydney, Australia.

Born: October 27, 1924, a son, Frederic Newcomb, to Mr. and Mrs. Clarence L. Lattin (Cornelia Newcomb), of Washington, D. C.

Born: July 31, 1924, in New Britain, Ct., a daughter, Suzanna Powe, to Mr. and Mrs. Venton L. Staub (Esther Hungerford).

Born: August 25, 1924, in Roxbury, a son, Philip Brown, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Philip B. Parsons (Bernice Boutwell).

1918

Helen (French) Warner will shortly move to her new home at Scarsdale, New York.

While traveling in Europe in the summer of 1924, Helen Leffingwell Farnsworth met several old girls in Paris — Eva Phillips Ambler, 1889, was in Paris with her son who was there studying, and Catherine McReynolds, 1918, was doing library work in Paris.

Margaret B. Speer is warden of Rockefeller Hall at Bryn Mawr College.

Married: Reese-Miller. In Newark, O., September 4, 1924, Martha Grace Miller to Everett David Reese.

Married: Severinghaus-Luce. In Peking, China, September 6, 1924, Emmavail Luce to Leslie Richard Severinghaus. Emmavail had a very interesting wedding. She was given away by her mother and married by her father. She and her husband expect to live in Peking during the winter.

Born: January 5, 1925, a son, George Alexander, to Mr. and Mrs. George Alexander Irwin (Mary F. Davis).

Born: January 1, 1925, a son, William Leffingwell, to Mr. and Mrs. William P. Farnsworth (Helen Leffingwell).

1919

Dorothy Shapleigh and family spent the summer in England and at their home in Norway. Dorothy, who is in the Social Service department at Simmons, is doing field work in Pre-School Education at the Ruggles Street Nursery in Roxbury.

Marguerite Morgan has been made a member of the Chromatic Club in Boston, one of the oldest musical societies in the city.

Jane Holt has a position in the Boys' and Girls' Bookshop, Boylston Street, Boston.

Engaged: Jane Holt to Paul Foster Chapman.

Engaged: Virginia Edwards McCauley to Courtland Otis.

Married: Jenkins-Francis. In Boston, December 27, 1924, Grace Murdock Francis to Lawrence Dean Jenkins.

Married: Eaton-Frost. In Putnam, Ct., May 14, 1924, Mildred Harriet Frost to James Henry Eaton.

Born: May 26, 1924, a son, Emmett Noyes Pettit, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Pettit (Kathreen Noyes).

Married: Wright-Davidson. In Boston, October 4, 1924, Anna Parker Davidson to Wesley Wright. Address: 205 North Mulberry Street, Richmond, Va.

1920

Dorothy (Fisher) Whitaker spent the summer in America, and has now returned to Shanghai, China. Address: 544 Rue Ratard. Clara Louise Cleveland went out on the same ship with her.

Helen Donald has a position in the First National Bank of Boston.

Virginia Miller and Helen Walker spent their Christmas vacation in Rome. Helen is studying at the London School of Economics and Virginia at London University.

Born: July 26, 1924, a son, Frank Charles, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. McMullen (Bertha Worman).

Bertha (Worman) MacMullen's new address is 75 Southbourne Road, Forest Hills, Mass.

Two delightful little visitors in October, were the ten weeks' old son of Bertha (Worman) McMullen and the three months' old daughter of Elizabeth (Weld) Bennett (1921).

Married: Wright-Bailey. In Harrisburg, Pa., November 14, 1924, Eliza Bailey to Frederic Flavel Wright.

Married: Cutler-Rowell. In Plymouth, September 27, 1924, Velma Rowell to George Jackson Cutler.

Married: Jackson-Miles. In Asheville, N. C., August 14, 1924, Marjorie Chipman Miles to Winston Jerome Jackson.

Married: McCorkindale-Ford. Lucy Lincoln Ford to William Angus McCorkindale. Address: 219 North Monroe Street, Green Bay, Wis.

Married: Brown-French. In Boston, August 19, 1924, Margaret Vinton French to Gordon S. Brown. At home, 60 Elm Street, Andover.

Born: July 24, 1924, a daughter, Lucy Bailey, to Mr. and Mrs. Scott V. Rutherford (Lucy B. Pratt), of Lansing, Mich.

Born: October 18, 1924, a daughter, Marjorie Franklin, to Mr. and Mrs. William P. Foster (Irene Franklin), of Andover.

1921

Edith Page designed the attractive invitations for a large Bridge and Mah Jong Party, held at the Copley Plaza, Boston, in December.

Clara Louise Cleveland is spending the winter in Hongkong, and will return to America via India, Egypt, and Europe in the spring.

Aya Ebina has given up her course at Mount Holyoke, and is studying art in London.

Frances Lamont is at Knox College in Illinois.

Engaged: Elizabeth Palmer to James Edward Mitchell.

Married: Henderson-Titcomb. In Kennebunk, Me., December 20, 1924, Agnes Elizabeth Titcomb to William Wilson Henderson.

Married: Fairchild-Day. June 19, 1924, Margaret Burr Day to Louis Waldo Fairchild, at Glen Ridge, N. J.

Married: Cothran-Barnett. June 28, 1924, Vera Cathleen Barnett to Shepard Newton Cothran.

1922

Ruth Hill is teaching English and French in Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va.

Barbara Goss graduated at the Boston School of Physical Education last June. She was hockey coach at Abbot during the fall term.

Kathrine Weeks assisted the physical director of the Lawrence Y. W. C. A. in the summer program of tennis and swimming.

Sarah Bodwell, who is majoring in Home Economics at Connecticut College, found some practical work in Filene's restaurant during the summer, where she studied with a good deal of interest the various problems of institutional management.

Taye Hirooka studied music in New York last year. She is now at home in Japan and her sister, Saye, has entered Abbot.

Susanne Root is librarian at the high school in Boyertown, Pa.

Engaged: Susanne Root to Faneuil Adams, Harvard, 1919.

Engaged: Barbara Sands to Frank James Sherman, Jr.

Engaged: Louise Mount to Donald McGrayne.

Married: Pitman-Moxley. September 20, 1924, Dorothy Moxley to Richard Jackman Pitman. At home 221 Pleasant Street, Laconia, N. H.

Married: Mason-Damon. In Cranford, N. J., September 12, 1924, Catherine Perry Damon to Carl Holland Mason.

Married: Carrington-Haskell. At Fort McPherson, Ga., November 15, 1924, Juliet Haskell to Lieut. Cabell Carrington.

Born: December 25, 1924, a daughter, Geraldine, to Mr. and Mrs. William J. Rahill (Cecilia Kunkel), of Columbus, O.

Born: July 23, 1924, a daughter, Gale Lakin, to Mr. and Mrs. William H. Vance (C. Olive Howard). Address: 1494 Center Street, Roslindale.

Born: November 13, 1924, a son, Frederick Grinnell, to Mr. and Mrs. Grinnell Knowles (Dorothy Upton).

Born: October 16, 1924, a daughter, Barbara Burr, to Mr. and Mrs. Leslie B. Sanders (Geneva Burr).

1923

Caroline Lakin is studying at the Sargent School of Physical Education.

Natalie Page is at Miss Porter's School, Farmington, Ct., as sports coach and secretarial assistant.

Miriam Sweeney is assisting the public school music supervisor in Andover, and has private pupils.

Nettie Pritchard is at Nasson Institute, Springvale, Me. She is playing on the basketball team and as winner of the fall tennis tournament had her name inscribed on the silver tennis cup.

Emily Holt is studying at Leland Powers School of the Spoken Word, Boston.

Engaged: Olive Mitchell to Douglas MacDonald Bacon.

Married: Stubbs-Warner. In Port Chester, N. Y., July 19, 1924, Victorine Warner to Alfred Stubbs. At home 95 Sagamore Road, Bronxville, N. Y.

REPORT OF CLASS OF 1924

Margaret Bush and Constance Twichell both made honor grade in the entrance exams for Wellesley, Margaret Bush is representative to Student Council, and Constance Twichell representative to Congress.—Nancy Chamberlin and Elsie Phillips are also at Wellesley.—Smith claims Dorothy Adams, Polly Bullard, Margaret Colby, Ruth Hawley, Ethel Thompson, and Frances Ann McCarthy. Alice Hobart, Susanna Smith and Kathryn Wallace are at B.U. Kathryn Wallace is taking a journalism course.—Laura Scudder, Madelyn Shepard and Marjorie Wolfe are at Mt. Holyoke.—Caroline Straehley was one out of 13 in a class of 1400 who made an A-average the first six weeks of the year at Oklahoma University.—Mary Harvey is at the University of Chicago.—Laura Bliss is attending the University of Vermont.—Adelaide Hammond is at Radcliffe.—Ruth Pritchard and Elizabeth Harrington are studying at Skidmore College.—Margaret MacDonald is at Brown.—Elizabeth Sweet is at Connecticut College.—Barbara Loomer is at Wheaton.—Helen Keating is taking a course in Journalism at Barnard College, Marion Shryock is at Columbia, and Betty Bragg is at the New York Fine and Applied Arts, doing costume illustration. They are all living together at 612 West 115th.—Marion King is at the University of Wisconsin.—Bessie Korst is at Beloit College, going to Florida for one more winter.—Priscilla Bradley is in the Museum of Fine Arts School and living in Newton Highlands. Mary Elizabeth Cole is there also, and living at home.—Caroline Hall is studying at the Conservatory of Music in Boston.—Ruth Kelley and Eleanore Ireland are at Katharine Gibbs School, taking the regular secretarial course.—Marjorie Williamson is taking a dancing course at Chalif, N. Y.—Eleanore Robbins is at a secretarial school.—Helen Epler is taking the nurses' training course at the Massachusetts General Hospital.—Marjorie Wilson is working with the Copley Theatre in Boston.—Genevra Rumford, Mary Elizabeth Ward, Elizabeth Willson, Elsie Draper, Dorothy Hallet, Katherine Hart, and Margaret McKee are at home.

Abbot Academy Faculty

- BERTHA BAILEY, B.S., PRINCIPAL.
Psychology, Ethics, Christian Evidences
- KATHERINE ROXANNA KELSEY, ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL
Mathematics
- NELLIE MARIA MASON
Physics, Chemistry
- REBEKAH MUNROE CHICKERING, B.A.
History, English
- MARTHA MELISSA HOWEY, B.L.
Literature, History of Art
- MARY ETHEL BANCROFT, B.A.
English
- RUTH EVELYN MARCEAU, M.A.
Latin
- OCTAVIA WHITING MATHEWS, B.A.
Spanish, Bible
- HELEN DUNFORD ROBINSON, B.A.
Latin
- RUTH STEPHENS BAKER, M.A.
French, German
- MRS. MARIE (DE LA NIEPCE) CRAIG
French
- HELEN DEARBORN BEAN, B.A.
History
- HELEN FRANCES BURT, B.S.
Mathematics, Astronomy, Geology
- MME. LOUIS RUEST
French
- MIRIAM HAGUE, B.A., M.Ed.
Chemistry
- BERTHA A. GRIMES
Household Science
- NORA SWEENEY
Physical Education
- EDNA BARRETT MANSHIP
Rhythmic Expression
- BERTHA EVERETT MORGAN
Vocal Expression
- WALTER EDWARD HOWE, B.Mus.
Director of Music
- KATE FRISKIN
Pianoforte
- MRS. RUTH THAYER BURNHAM
Vocal Music
- MARIE NICHOLS
Violin
- MRS. BEATRICE WHITNEY VAN NESS
Drawing, Painting
- FANNY BIGELOW JENKS, B.A.
Secretary to the Principal
- JEAN HOPE BAYNES
Financial Secretary

DOROTHY HOPKINS, B.S.
 Librarian, Curator of John-Esther Art Gallery
 OCTAVIA WHITING MATHEWS
 Supervisor of Day Scholars
 FLORENCE BUTTERFIELD
 House Superintendent
 RUTH STEPHENS BAKER, M.A.
 In charge of Sherman Cottage
 RUTH EVELYN MARCEAU, M.A.
 In charge of Draper Homestead
 MARY BISHOP PUTNAM
 In charge of Sunset Lodge, Supervisor of Cottages
 CHARLOTTE E. JOHNSON, R.N.
 Resident Nurse
 MARION CURTIS LITTLEFIELD, M.D.
 Examining Physician
 JANE BRODIE CARPENTER, M.A.
 Keeper of Alumnae Records

Speakers

MISS ALICE TWITCHELL	REV. CHARLES W. HENRY
MISS MASON	DR. FORBUSH
DR. EDMUND A. BURNHAM	REV. ARTHUR MCGIFFERT
REV. HOWARD R. WEIR	MISS SOPHIE HART
MRS. OTIS CARY	REV. MARKHAM W. STACKPOLE
DR. J. M. HIRST	DR. ROSALIE MORTON
PRESIDENT MARSHALL	

Lecturers

MR. COLTON	MR. WILLIAM B. ELLSWORTH
MISS AGNES DONHAM	MRS. ROSE BERRY

Concerts

MME. BLIVEN-CHARBONNEL	HAMPTON QUARTETTE
BOSTON STRING QUARTETTE	

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<i>Basketball</i>	VIRGINIA THOMPSON
<i>Tennis</i>	DORIS VON CULIN

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Philomatheia

<i>President</i>	MARGARET HAWKES
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	ELIZABETH MARY WARD

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Corresponding Secretary

MISS JANE B. CARPENTER

Assistant Secretary

MRS. EDITH JOHNSON DONALD

Treasurer

MISS KATE P. JENKINS

Calendar

1924

June 10, Tuesday		School year ends
	Summer Vacation	
September 17,	Day Students register at 9 A.M.	
September 17,	Boarding Students register before 6 P.M.	
September 18,	Thursday, 9 A.M.	Fall term begins
November 27,	Thursday	Thanksgiving Day
December 17,	Wednesday, 12 M.	Fall term ends
	Christmas Vacation	

1925

January 6,	Boarding Students register before 6 P.M.	
January 7,	Wednesday, 8.30 A.M.	Winter term begins
January 31,	Saturday	First semester ends
March 19,	Thursday, 12 M.	Winter term ends
	Spring Vacation	
April 1,	Boarding Students register before 6 P.M.	
April 2,	Thursday, 8.30 A.M.	Spring term begins
June 9,	Tuesday	School year ends



The Abbot Courant

June, 1925

ANDOVER, MASS.

PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY

1925

JUNE, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE

THE
ABBOT COURANT

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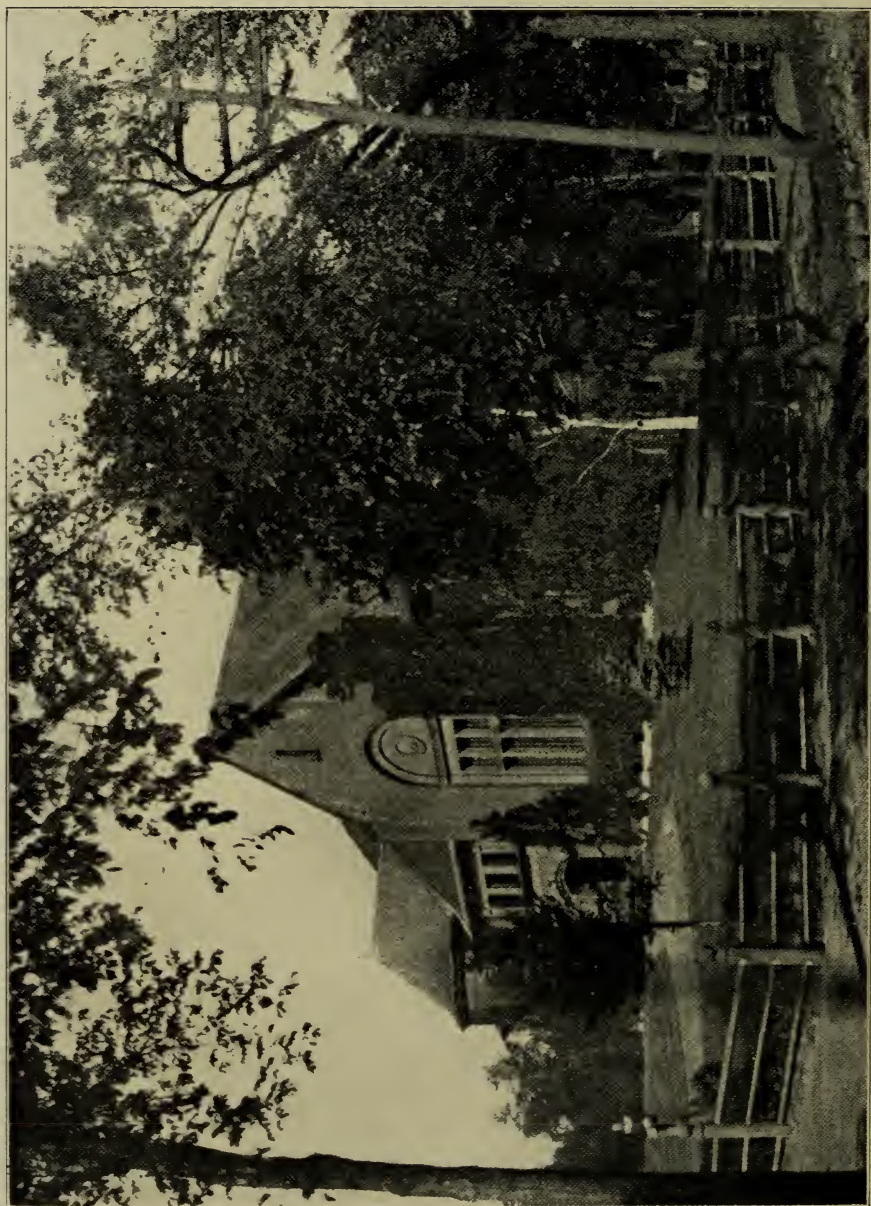
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1925

Contents

Editorials	3
Why Does Spring <i>Emily Gage, 1925</i>	8
Time to Think Things Over <i>Evelyn Glidden</i>	9
Lavender and Old Lace <i>Helen Sagendorph, 1925</i>	12
Nakano <i>Fuki Wooyenaka</i>	14
Sacred <i>Emily Gage, 1925</i>	15
Any Rags <i>Katherine Stewart, 1929</i>	18
The Abbot Circle <i>Margaret Caverno, 1925</i>	19
Fair Raiment <i>Carlotta Sloper, 1926</i>	20
My Stage Career <i>Alice Hougan, 1926</i>	21
Aunt Mary's Jim <i>Edda Renouf, 1926</i>	23
Water — Water — Everywhere <i>Adelaide V. V. Black</i>	24
On Being Tall <i>Suzanne Loizeaux, 1926</i>	25
Miss Pepys' Diary <i>Edith Bullen, 1926</i>	27
Life <i>Doris H. von Culin, 1925</i>	28
My Bad Manners <i>Edda Renouf, 1926</i>	29
The Wedding Dress <i>Ruth E. Davies, 1925</i>	30
Beauty <i>Natalia Jova, 1925</i>	30
In Blossom Time <i>Elaine Boutwell, 1925</i>	31
A Spring Thought <i>Margaret Daniell, 1925</i>	31
Sunset <i>Elizabeth Burtnett, 1925</i>	32
In May <i>Fuki Wooyenaka, 1926</i>	32
My Wish <i>Edith Bullen, 1926</i>	33
Night Secrets <i>Patricia Goodwillie, 1926</i>	34
A Kitten <i>Katherine Haskell, 1929</i>	35
If — !! <i>Dorothy Bailey, 1926</i>	35
Items of General Interest	36
School Journal	39

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McKEEN HALL

THE ABBOT COURANT

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Editorials

With the coming of the first warm, fragrant, sunny days of April comes also that perennial malady, spring fever. Do we not all experience it? We gaze with delight at the budding trees, their bare branches now blurring against the blue, blue sky, or at the new-dug flower beds with their little green plants set in neat rows, so soon to burst into gorgeous color — and feel that we cannot sink to the level of everyday affairs. We do not understand how our teachers can expect us to work when the evenings are long and warm, and the insects are beginning again their monotonous songs, and the robins chirp merrily as they search for worms under our windows. How can we take our eyes from them to *study*?

Spring does strange things to us. It makes us sit in our classroom, gazing vacantly out of the window, so that we start guiltily if our teacher speaks to us. It makes us dig out our bureau drawers in a frenzy of neatness, and then leave them to go outdoors to pick violets. It makes the suburbanite spend many of his leisure hours poring over seed-catalogues, really believing that he can produce mammoth squashes and colossal tomatoes like those in the highly-colored pictures. It makes his wife churn up

her whole house in her annual spring-cleaning, mightily disturbing her poor husband's peace of mind.

We cannot say what it is that makes us absent-minded, or energetic, or happy, but each year we are affected in some way by the coming of the spring. We wonder what it will do to us this year!

On May 6th, Abbot's 96th birthday, anyone entering Davis Hall would have thought he had intruded unaware upon some Old World fête. Walking around the room one encountered Jewish Rabbis, Gypsy maidens, and numberless peasant girls dressed in brilliant costumes, quite different from the ordinary run of people one sees about school. This was the "Bazaar of Six Nations," with which we celebrated Abbot's birthday. It was unusually well organized, and as no such pretentious affair has ever before been attempted, the smoothness with which everything was carried out was remarkable. After such a time of working together for Abbot, the girls feel that they have drawn closer together, and closer to Abbot.

The fact that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing is swiftly discovered when students attempt to go through school and college on a half-supply. We have learned this through painful experience and low marks, and when we attempt to reform — behold the tragedy as illustrated in our own orderly school. A lesson of great length and difficulty must be assimilated for the following day and only one book is furnished. In our zeal to acquire more than a little knowledge we wait, crouched behind closed doors, during silent time. The bell rings; doors fly open and young and vigorous bodies are hurled forth. Dozens of feet may be heard leaping down the stairs; feeble voices are raised in protest as the weak are hurled aside in a rush for the one book in the senior parlor. There is a survival of the fittest in this stampede for *the* book and a general revival of those poor souls, mercilessly hurled aside during the first rush, who limp expectantly to the door of the senior parlor and wait, with avid eyes, for the first successful ones to give them their turn at the all-important book.

Some say the younger generation dislikes to study. Ah, not always; witness a scene such as this and draw your own conclusion from our confusion.

Is it because there is in each one of us an inherent hate of discord, or a desire to "keep peace in the family," that we are all so eager to agree with one another? This dislike of disagreeing is all very well to a certain extent; surely we should not disagree merely for the sake of an argument, but sometimes we would seem to be almost painfully complaisant.

It may be very agreeable and polite always to say "yes," but one can hardly call it stimulating. We are in danger of falling into a sort of pleasant lethargy from which we cannot be sufficiently aroused to feel strongly on any one point, simply because it is much easier to agree than first to take a definite stand and then try to defend it. Our minds fall into a state of coma from this easy acquiescence. We do not wish to become like those old English monks who used to argue for hours, trying to figure out how many angels could stand on the point of a pin, but we should want to argue if one of our friends attacks a theory on which we feel very strongly. Let us stop "yessing," and argue!

Isn't it remarkable how many friendly and unattached dogs there are in Andover! There are the dogs who leap with sportive grace about our Circle, and enliven chapel with their barks; there are the dogs who fréquent the basketball field, evidently laboring under the delusion that the ball is a sort of football rolled along the ground for their amusement; there are the dogs who linger around the back door of the Infirmary when it is time for crackers and milk, and gaze with infinite longing in their liquid eyes at the girls who come out; then — there are the dogs on the walks! Collies, bulldogs, shepherd dogs, old or young, they have a common interest — escorting the Abbot girls on their walks. They none of them seem to have the slightest compunction about deserting their homes and masters, but follow us, drawn by some inexplicable attraction we exert. There is absolutely no end to the supply, the longer the walk, the more dogs collected. Seven, I believe, is the maximum number for Prospect Hill, and that is

one of the shorter walks. When we climb the tower there, and try to gain peace and repose by looking off over the rolling country, we are disturbed by the plaintive yapping of the dogs below, who are unable to climb the stairs.

In rainy weather they jump through mud-puddles and swamps, and then rush gleefully upon us, wagging their tails and expecting to be petted. Their company is diverting, but sometimes they are a hindrance if one likes to walk swiftly. There are times we wish more of the dogs in Andover were "one man dogs."

What a lot of difference good spirit makes in our lives! When we go to our classes, to choral, to sports, it is spirit which makes the things we do interesting or deadly boring. But we seem to be so inconsistent. For example: it is drizzling outside and we sing abominably. That, we explain, is because the atmosphere is depressing. On the other hand, we have been known to sing our best on just such mornings. What is the explanation? It concerns neither weather nor chance circumstances, but ourselves. How much our school life would be bettered if each one of us made a special effort to keep the feeling buoyed up. If there is but one person who has not good spirit, the vim of those with whom this person is working is greatly lowered. If we could only at all times — in class, at choral, and at everything we attempt — muster up the enthusiasm we show when our hockey ball is near the Bradford goal, our lives would sail along on a cloud of good spirit!

In defining "fad" we find that it is a custom or amusement which is pursued with exaggerated zeal. It is a transient thing that springs up overnight, perhaps furtively seeks the opinion of people or boldly struts before the world. Once seized it is often pursued eagerly and is run to its death; sometimes it dies a natural death. But, like the fabled phoenix, from its ashes rise other fads.

Inquiring into the source of these fashions, it appears that the craving for novelty, the eagerness for the unusual, is the cause. Sometimes a fad will rouse a sleepy little village, set a city all agog or sweep the country like a tidal wave.

This winter we have had some unusual lectures on India. It is interesting that, in a country so far away, we should be able to feel that we have really had a glimpse of the soul of the people. India with all her weird beauty and mystery is now beginning to grasp for higher things, and to be recognized as a people by the world. This atmosphere is being conveyed to us by men and women who have seen it and understood it, and the taste of the oriental brought to us forms a fairly clear picture as a background for us to seek deeper into the character of that strange race. If sometime we were to have a true representative from India at Abbot, perhaps what we have learned this year would make her seem even more interesting in our eyes.

It was with great regret that we learned soon after the spring vacation that Miss Howey was not coming back to us next year. We find it hard to think of Abbot Academy without her. We cannot imagine anybody else teaching us "History of Art" and "Senior Literature" or helping us write and produce the English V plays. Those of us who have been fortunate enough to have her in class can never be too grateful to her for the interest in books and painting which she aroused in us and for the way in which she made us work. Many an old girl has told us of the love of good books which she owed to Miss Howey.

And we all, whether or not we had her as a teacher, shall miss her very much. How we all have admired her keen wit, her lively and interesting conversation, her enthusiasm and constant interest in things and people! And how much we have appreciated her sympathy and advice! We wish we could thank her for what she has done for us. Those of us who are going out to join the "old girls" will feel with them the strangeness of returning to Abbot and not finding Miss Howey's hospitable greeting in No. 62.

We know, too, that she is sorry to leave us. But she feels that next winter she must be with her little nephew, Billy, and it seems wise for him to be in California. So, reluctantly we hope and believe, she has accepted a position to teach English and History of Art in the Katharine Branson School in Ross, a suburb of San Francisco.

Why Does Spring . . . ?

"Why does Spring . . . ?"

I asked

The golden sun-square

Crawling over the morning floor.

(But the sun-square

Went on crawling — and couldn't answer.)

"Why does Spring . . . ?"

I asked

The brown velvet bee gentleman

Hiding his love secret

In a shell-pink peach blossom.

(But the bee gentleman

Had hidden his love secret — and couldn't answer.)

Discouraged, I waited

For my friend the owlet, sitting on the linden branch,

Dreaming black dreams.

It was nine o'clock.

(But he looked so ferocious

That I dared not ask him

And stole away.)

I had another friend, one more,

It was the moon.

I went out on the roof, in the hot shadows,

And started to ask —

"Why does Spring . . . ?"

But he heard me coming, I think,

For he scuttled behind the tall chimney-pot

And wouldn't speak.

(He knew he couldn't answer;

Nobody knows

Why Spring . . .)

Emily Gage, 1926

Time to Think Things Over

A pie-plate fell to the floor and broke into bits.

"Oh-h-h!" this from Ma Cobb. "What'll I do now? There's another plate gone, the second this week. What'll Pa say?"

"Well, if I was you, I wouldn't give a rap about Pa," said neighbor Jenkins with an indignant stamp of her foot. "Here you've been a good wife to Pa for nigh onto thirty years and look how he's treated you. I'll bet you aint had ten new dresses since you was married. All the money you get is enough to get a few victuals. An' look at Pa. Rollin' in money. I know he's got a pile. Look at your rich sister with a maid to help her and you here in this ramshackle old place. I been talkin' to you long enough now an' I ain't a-goin' to waste no more breath. I'll say it's time you was makin' a kick." Mrs. Jenkins rose from her seat by the kitchen table and strode from the house with head held high.

Mira Cobb stood looking at the doorway for a long time. Then she turned slowly and resumed her task of dishwashing. Ma was a tall, gaunt woman, not one that you'd think would be timid. But Ma was timid and very much in awe of her miser husband. It was true. She had stood his treatment for almost thirty years. She had been so happy with him the first two or three years of their marriage. She remembered his promises. She was to have a wonderful house in the city with servants. But he had changed for some reason and become very miserly. Mira sighed as she hung the dish towel up to dry. She went to the door a few minutes for a breath of fresh air.

It was a beautiful spring afternoon. Thousands of little hands, reaching from the newly budded trees and the fresh green blades of grass, seemed to beckon and call her to come out. "Why shouldn't I go?" Mira thought. "Pa has gone away to town for the afternoon."

She took her hat from a peg on the door and started down the road. She met no one for some distance until suddenly, when she turned a bend, she saw a young man and a young girl walking hand in hand before her. She felt like an intruder and turned abruptly and went into a wood road on her right. O, it was a

beautiful afternoon! She sat under a huge pine tree to enjoy the beauty and stillness of the woods. But, strangely, the sight of those young lovers kept flashing through her mind. It reminded her of a time, almost thirty years past, when she and John had walked like that along the country roads. What plans for the future she had had then! John was to work up slowly and steadily and she was to have everything she wanted. And look at her now! Like a flash, the whole realization of her wasted life came over her. She had been blind, blind all the time. Through love for her husband she had kept plodding along steadily, never thinking of herself until — well, just look at her. She realized now the truth of Mrs. Jenkins' words. She had a right to her happiness and it was because of Pa and his miserliness that it had been denied her. The glorious spring life faded into the background. Mira spent the rest of that afternoon thinking hard. She must make Pa realize what his miserliness had cost her. But how? She knew she could not talk to him. He wouldn't listen to her. If she could only get him stranded somewhere, at her mercy. Then he might listen.

Toward dusk, Mira went home. A light in the kitchen told her that her husband had returned from his weekly visit to town. He glanced at her when she entered, but said nothing. "He probably wonders where I've been," thought Mira.

At supper Mira asked a question, "Pa, when are you goin' to fix the well?"

"Huh," was the answer. "I don't know. What's it got to do with you, anyhow?"

"I just wondered."

"Well, if you must know, I'm waitin' until them Stone Brothers come down in the price of their cement. I hear there's goin' to be a sale next week."

A week later Mira perceived the preparations going on for which she had been waiting. Pa was bringing from the barn things needed to repair the well. Ma, watching intently from the kitchen window, saw him make several trips into the empty well, carrying down cement and tools. When she was sure he would not come up again she went out of the house and drew near the well. She could hear him busy at work so she crept very

close and looked over the edge. He was on his knees, filling cement into a crack. Suddenly Ma did a surprising thing. She raised the ladder quickly and before her husband could realize what had happened she had it beyond his reach and on the ground. She stood for a minute undecided, then leaned over the well.

"John —" she began.

"Ma, is that you? What are you doin'?' Put that ladder down here again."

She began again. "John, for near thirty years now you've been treatin' me mean. Look at my clothes. They aren't fit for a beggar to wear. You know how it embarrasses me to have my sister visit me in that old house. I decided the other day that it was time for you to think things over a bit, so I'm goin' to keep you in the well a while where you won't be disturbed."

She almost ran back to the house. What had she done? The look on John's face! Oh! For the first time in many years Mira broke into sobs.

There was no sound from the well all day. At dusk she went out, lowered the ladder into the well and then went up to her room to watch. It seemed an age before John finally appeared on the ladder. Immediately he started down the road without a glance at the house. Mira raised the window and called, "John, where are you going?" But he paid no attention and disappeared in the darkness.

Wild thoughts assailed Mira. He was going away, never to return. Almost beside herself she went to bed and finally fell asleep. Sometime early in the morning she was awakened by loud knocking at the front door. Opening it she found four men carrying a limp form.

"Is this Cobb's house?" one asked.

"Yes —" breathlessly.

"Sorry, ma'am, but Mr. Cobb was knocked out by an auto up in town and ain't come to yet."

"Is he —"

"Naw, he'll be all right when he comes 'round."

They carried Mr. Cobb into the little parlor, laid him on a

sofa and then went away. Mira rushed to the sofa. Would he never open his eyes?

Finally his eyelids fluttered. "Mira," was his first word. Mira could have cried for joy at this name from his lips. But instead she said quietly, "Yes, John."

"I was goin' away, but I'm not now. I've been blind all these years. You was right to say I've treated you mean. But I'll make up to you for it. I'm sorry —," and his voice died away weakly.

"I know, John, just go to sleep and you'll feel better soon," was all that Mira said.

Evelyn Glidden, 1926

Lavender and Old Lace

"Lavender and old lace," — a heavy silk gown, a dainty cap, a foamy lace fichu, the delicate, old-fashioned fragrance of lavender — it is the absence of these in the make-up of the modern grandmother that so many deplore. My grandmother is like that.

She used to tell me stories of her childhood on her father's plantation in Kentucky. Her descriptions were so vivid that the prim little girl, in a full, ruffy skirt, pantaloons of lace showing beneath, with stiff little curls around her face, seemed to live again.

Grandmother went to a "Female College" in Louisville. In 1852 it was very unusual for a girl to go to college and she was the only one from her town to go away to school. She still proudly displays the diploma she received, "To Margaret Ann Phillips." A little while after her graduation her family moved to Missouri, and there she was married and lived until my grandfather's death. During the Civil War she and my grandfather were "Rebels," but grandfather stayed at home as a member of the Home Guard, because of his large family. Grandmother told me

how one day when he was going to his office some Northern soldiers stopped him and asked him if he were a rebel. When he said he was, they decided he ought to be shot. The idea did not appeal to him, so he began joking with them, and told them one story after another until finally one of them said, "Oh, he's a good fellow, we might as well let him go." That picture of the helpless Southerner, thinking of what might happen to his wife and children if he were killed, and telling jokes, seemed very pathetic to me.

I vaguely remember visiting their house when I was very little, and being asked to go into the garden and pick a rose for Grandmother. It was a square, rather high-built house of warm red brick, with a gracious white doorway, shut in all around with a high, white, picket fence. The house itself was rather austere, but the garden behind was the most welcoming, cheerfully sunny place I have ever seen. My grandmother's place seemed to be out there, walking daintily along the paths, among the riotous colors of her old-fashioned flowers, snipping larkspur and mignonette, her satiny cheeks flushed a delicate rose by the heat and exertion, rather than within the cool, dark house.

Sometimes, when I was going to a party, she took me up into her room and curled my hair around her finger with the aid of a stiff hairbrush and a glass of water. Then there was no happier child than I, none who could more proudly bob her head circled with little corkscrew ringlets. At night she used to sing me softly to sleep, her thin voice quivering a little on the high notes, but very sweet and soothing to a drowsy child.

She is surely the perfect grandmother, and I believe that the child who has not known a true old-fashioned grandmother has missed something whose value he can never guess.

Helen Sagendorph, 1925

Nakano

There is a little scene which comes to me again and again.

It is a picture full of the fragrance of summer, enhanced in my eyes by the love which I have for it. It is a barley field near home. How often have I stood on the edge of the field at dawn, when the dew still hung on the ripening ears, and heard the lark above in the clouds! Early in the morning the curling vapor on the river is seen. The river steals with still flow through the fields and at one point an old rice-mill, weather-beaten and brown, hammers out its endless rhythm.

Above the golden fields, beyond the grey river, rise the pine-woods. The lovely trees, so mysterious and gloomy, stand like towers in the morning mist. Every breeze from the woods bears the scent of fresh pines.

The song of the lark, the crowing of cocks from farms nearby, the music of the wind, the rippling of the river, all, are so dear to me! And often have I heard with a strange feeling of peace the booming of a temple gong borne on the early morning breeze. I hear it yet, its mellow golden notes floating, trembling in the silent air. Again I hear it and as it fades away into the cool misty air it echoes in my heart, "Peace, peace, peace."

Fuki Wooyenaka, 1926

Sacred

Night crawled over the walls of the gray city, cat-footed, and damp — night that seals up the wary eye of the watchful, and drugs the tired brain of the alert. It was the long-anticipated night of Manto's revenge, which he had striven for, sacrificed for, and lived for, since the night, seven years before, that his brother had been murdered by a Lhama on the steps of their consecrated temple.

Manto was a layer-of-tiles, as his father and grandfather had been before him. Occupation ordinary enough, yet somehow he lived above it. In the only home he had, that of his brother-in-law, he would sit in the evening and plot to himself, forgetting the wearisome drone of the workmen, his blistered hands, and the savage sun that burnt the work-yard from six in the morning until six in the evening. He was, moreover, possessed with an almost indomitable patience and perseverance. He had blindly obeyed his brother until the hour of his death, half in worship, half in fear, and yet with unceasing quietness and endurance. At the news of his brother's death, Manto thought only of revenge. He did not care, or even consider, the fact that his brother was a liar, or a thief, and had attempted one of the most monstrous crimes in the country, that of violating the secret order of the Lhamas, by contriving to enter their century-old temple to steal the red diamond wisdom eye from the great Buddha. He thought only that his master, his father's eldest son, had been murdered, and that as the responsibility of his honorable family lay upon his shoulders, he must uphold it, he must avenge his beloved brother, he must destroy the sacred wisdom eye for all time.

Manto was not clever, except with his fingers, and taking that only tool he possessed, the possibility of revenge had become a realization. Manto's brother-in-law owned a small pawn shop in one of the narrow little streets, and behind this there was a small patch of ground surrounded by high fire-walls, which was generally used for rubbish, old bricks, and left-overs of cheap wares. The fire-wall at the south end was double, and on the other side there were a row of dull gold, worn-roofed temples, strange gray-

gowned men, stone courtyards, gnarled and knotted trees, some over a hundred years old, and occasionally the sound of a prayer wheel, or the chant of a priest in the twilight. It was through this trick of fate, by the marriage of Manto's sister, that he had been able to get access to the ill-ordered and unkempt bit of ground, and that only perhaps twice a month. But he made the most of it in his blind way, concealing a few tools in his coat, crude at the best, and set to work boring under the great double fire-wall at the south end.

These months had grown into years, and Manto, perfectly oblivious of what he was to encounter, had nearly dug through the bottom of the second fire-wall. One night, his body half-immersed in the deep hole, he drove his metal spike right through the plaster, and slid a blistered hand into the mysterious and sacred atmosphere of the temple court. But the spike had struck something hard on the other side, and Manto, in his straightened position tried to investigate. In a moment it came to him. There was some building, set perhaps three inches from the fire-wall, hiding all traces of his labor from ill-omened eyes, and providing him with some means of entrance to the sacred recesses. It was triumph indeed! Fate seemed to be with him after all; and it was thus the night had come, when he calculated he could silently burst through into the slowly crumbling building, and at last avenge a long-dead brother, the pride of a once prosperous family.

Manto's calculations were right, and his suspicions confirmed; he broke through into a pitch-black pile of slats, and inches of dust and dirt and filmy spider web. Through a queer-shaped window on the left, a pale, dejected moon sank into a twisted bank of clouds, and from somewhere — all too near and forbidding — came the regular beat of a temple gong, heavy, measured, condemning. For a second, and a second only, Manto wavered. Then he crept over unseen obstacles and crawled through the narrow window, using every muscle of his wiry body to gain the ground in safety and in quiet. Over the cool slabs of stone in the courtyard he picked his way, and suddenly out of the grey haze loomed a black object, dim and sinister, partly obscured by the clouded hand of the night. Then the moon slipped a rim from

behind the clouds, and little shimmers of gold played over the roof of the temple, iridescent yet fading, and disappearing as suddenly as they had come, leaving Manto with a whiff of strange incense at his nostrils.

A moment later he had left the courtyard and all means of escape behind him, as he noiselessly pushed open the figured wooden door. Within, the aroma of punk sticks hung heavy in the air, and the darkness was almost frightening. He took two steps — and paused. Not a sound came to him through the thick, black night. He reached out his hand and felt another door before him, closed and bolted. Again caustiously, he drew back the bolts and the door swung open slowly. On the threshold he caught his breath suddenly. Before him lay a long, low room with a narrow carpet running up the center, and on each side of it he faintly discerned two rows of figured wooden pillars. Beyond the pillars were several small shrines of elevated, distorted-faced war gods, before which thin candles burned and punk sticks were smoking. At the far end of the hallway, he perceived an inner room enclosed by faded green curtains. Through these a light flickered low, near the ground, and Manto sensed intuitively that he was face to face with his revenge. From pillar to pillar he crept, panther-wise — his ears keen to the dreaded step that he unconsciously awaited.

When Manto pulled open the gauze curtain, he felt it to be the greatest moment of his life. Not four paces from him sat the hideous little gold Buddha with its vicious, twisted mouth and bulging eyes. He was to avenge his brother, now, at the end, for in the broad flat forehead of the spiteful image, glowed the famous, century-old, red diamond, almost pulsating in its red fire. Not a moment passed before Manto had his pick in his fingers, and laid hand to the sacred, worshipped object of his year-long dreams. Fortunately, the stone was loose in its socket, having lain there for centuries untouched, and with a little prying the great red thing fell into his fingers. Manto drew a deep breath and pressed it in his hand, while his eyes blurred slowly with red and gold and gray. He felt choked suddenly from the thick incense smoke that coiled toward the ceiling from the low urn behind the image. His leg was cramped — he moved it, and

accidentally struck the candle flickering before the shrine. The flame went out instantly — and instantly went out the flame of his own blind soul, as a cold, gray blade buried itself deep into his back.

* * * *

But Manto is avenged, for the sacred order of the Lhamas has been violated; the divine, gold Buddha terribly wronged. The priesthood must do penance for long years to come, great sufferings must be endured, and sacrifices made. The prayer wheels will be heard turning from dawn until dusk, the high priests will walk in gray sackcloth, for they have sinned: they have allowed, under their own sacred temple roof, their great god to be desecrated.

Emily Gage, 1926

Any Rags

He is a Jew, of medium height, stocky, and he has a beard. This beard is of a reddish brown color, and one of the things about him which stands out very clearly in my memory. He wears glasses and an old, battered hat, which looks as though it might have been worn since his cradle days. His coat is an old sheepskin, very ragged and not overclean; while on his feet he wears a pair of the cheapest kind of boots, with cloth tops. When he has to make change for anyone, he very reluctantly pulls out a small canvas money bag, with a pair of very dirty, greasy hands. This bag is always put back into his pocket much more quickly than it is taken out.

Katherine Stewart, 1929

The Abbot Circle

The picture of Abbot that I shall hold longest in my memory is of the circle. That was the picture that impressed me most when I looked at the catalogue before coming here, the first thing I noticed when I arrived, and will probably be the last thing I see when I leave. I think the circle fascinates us because it is so sacred. If people were allowed to walk all over it, it would not interest me nearly so much. It is not on it but around it that we spend lots of our spare time, going busily to classes or just leisurely and aimlessly walking. The appearance of the roadway around the circle tells just what is going on at school. If the road is absolutely bare that is an indication of studying indoors; if people are hurrying around it, it is between classes time; if there are several cars parked upon it, something of importance is going on in Davis Hall; if it is before breakfast and girls are running 'round and 'round, it is training time for Bradford Day; and if the Japanese lanterns are hung and there are lots of people off the circle and on, it is Commencement time.

I like best to look at the circle just after the grass has been cut. The man has spent about two hours chug-chugging about in his little engine. Behold, when he has finished, a perfect pattern! The outside part of the lawn has curved stripes, while the central part is striped straight up and down from Draper Hall to the Merrill Gates. They are dark and light green stripes and the effect is charming. The close-cropped velvety lawn is a sharp contrast in all but color to the gently rocking, lacey ivy, nearly covering the walls of Abbot and McKeen Halls. The ivy seems to be keeping time to the movements of the branches and leaves of the six graceful trees on the circle. Even the short grasses quiver a little with sympathetic feeling. The only unmoving object I see as I gaze from my window is the fire hydrant. It stands short, stocky and commonplace as though it were the guard and defender of the whole place.

Yes, I love the Abbot Circle.

Margaret Caverno, 1925

Fair Raiment

How often have I taken up a magazine and started to read what I thought was going to be an interesting story, only to find an interruption at the bottom of the page, and some such statement as this: "If you would be like the above heroine, take this course in sewing at home. For 25 cents we will send twelve easy lessons, simple directions, with illustrations; to be done at home in spare time."

One day I was roused to action. I seized my pen and sealed my fate by accepting the challenge. It was a rash act on my part. I never pretended to solve crossword puzzles and these instructions were founded upon that plan.

This is what happened to my first attempt. The heroine of the story had made over some old clothes which she found in the attic. The gown was so beautiful that she captivated the one man's eyes. So I spent one very warm forenoon upsetting the contents of all our old trunks, looking for materials for my knock-out costume. I almost gave up in despair when I suddenly spied an old, green, jersey dress that had been stylish when hobble skirts were the rage. Running down stairs hot, rather smudgy, and tired, I faced my mother's questioning gaze. The gown, she informed me, I could have if I would not ruin it in the process of remodeling. I promised, blithely, my faith in my ability was unbounded then. I ripped and ripped and ripped until it was all in puzzling pieces. Then I called it a day and went down town to buy some brass buttons to go down the front.

The next morning, I got out my instructions and my cloth and tried to puzzle out what each piece had been. The illustrations didn't show anything like them anywhere. Finally I got the two skirt pieces sewed together but the skirt and waist weren't of the right fullness to join evenly; however, with a few common pins they came together after a good many attempts. The sleeves were the next puzzle; one was longer than the other after they were all put in, but I just cut the longer off to match the shorter.

After many hours of toil the dress and I were finished—especially I. Gilt buttons may cover a multitude of sins but not

more than that. Aside from a rather short-sleeved, hanging-longer-in-the-front-than-in-the-back appearance, the dress was quite up to standard — I thought. When I tried it on for the family to admire, Father said, "If the pictures of the Belgian refugees can bring tears to one's eyes, how much sadder it is when the suffering comes near home."

Strangely enough, this first failure did not discourage me, and I have ruined several fairly presentable gowns by copying little touches that I saw in shop windows, as the instructions directed. But at last I have decided that I am not a seamstress. I prefer to hire someone to ruin my material for me. Then I have at least the satisfaction of complaining about the results, which I could not very well do to myself when I did the sewing.

Carlotta Sloper, 1926

My Stage Career

(A Childhood Reminiscence)

The curtain was about to go up on Act I of the dramatic play, "The Stolen Necklace." A "three-in-one" author, producer, and actress entered, bowed profoundly, and began to announce: "Ladies and Gentlemen, I wish to present to you this evening the famous play, 'The Stolen Necklace.' The characters are as follows: — Mrs. Vanderbilt [Mrs. Vanderbilt graciously entered and bowed.] Mrs. Astor [She bowed.], and the maid." The audience, the backbone of which was a little girl, surrounded by orchestra seats, leaned forward. Hadn't she seen every performance of this play's extended run, and didn't it become more exciting every time?

The setting of Act I was a jewelry store, with rather carelessly chosen properties, the most conspicuous being a piano and phonograph. The two society women, Mrs. Vanderbilt and Mrs. Astor, entered and approached the counter, which resembled

a piano stool. With total disregard of price, Mrs. Vanderbilt had, in a minute, bought a ten-thousand-dollar necklace, paying cash for it. After an emotional exit, the actresses answered a curtain call.

The setting of Act II also had the piano-phonograph properties, but the jewelry store had vanished. The scene was now the impressive drawing-room of Mrs. Vanderbilt. Mrs. Astor and she were engaged in a conversation foreboding evil.

"Mrs. Vanderbilt, have you heard of 'Black Pete,' the burglar, who has been robbing your neighbors?"

"Oh, oh, my ten-thousand-dollar necklace — what if he should steal it!"

"My dear Mrs. Vanderbilt, I will gladly stay with you tonight if it will make you feel safer."

"Just the thing! It is getting dark now, shall we retire?" They lay down on the drawing-room floor, which seemed a rather rough bed for women of their station. A maid entered and drew the shades, and in a short time the ladies were sleeping. As soon as their snores were audible, a door creaked, and into the semi-dark room stealthily crept a crouching, black figure. It quickly searched the room, and finding the necklace on the floor by Mrs. Vanderbilt's side, escaped with it. The noise awakened the ladies, and Mrs. Vanderbilt began to scream.

"My precious necklace is stolen! Oh, what shall I do? Black Pete has taken it!"

"Call your maid," advised level-headed Mrs. Astor. She did so, and the maid shakily entered.

"Martha, did you see anyone come in?"

"No — no — madam."

"You may go, then." Martha was leaving, when the necklace dropped from her pocket.

Mrs. Vanderbilt seized it, and dramatically announced to the audience, "The ten-thousand dollar necklace is found?" The curtain fell, amid enthusiastic hand-clapping by the audience.

Alice Hougan, 1926

Aunt May's Jim

"James Curtis Lynched." The headlines of the paper struck my eye. James Curtis! That was the son of my old nigger mammy, her only son, her greatest pride. Headlong I rushed out. Along the country road I hurried. There was the little old shanty where Aunt May Curtis lived. Her daughter opened the door for me. She looked at me with big, frightened eyes.

"Is Aunt May here?" I asked.

"Yes, mam, she's out dere in de shed wid Jim." Her voice broke and two big tears rolled down her cheeks. "Does you want to see her, mam? Ah'll get her."

"No, you can tell me. I can't understand it all. What did Jim do?"

"Oh, mam, he was innocent as a lamb. It wa'n't his fault. Really it wa'n't. He said so," she sobbed.

"But what did they accuse him of?" I asked.

"You see, mam, it was dis way. He went out wid dat bad feller, Gus. Dey got drunk, and den Gus went off and left Jim. Well, Jim was comin' home, an' he met Mars Ned. It was dark and Jim thought 'twas dat Gus, so he says to him, 'You fool!' an slaps him in de face. Mars Ned up an' grabs him. Then Jim saw who 'twas and he went down on his knees an' asked forgiveness. But Mars Ned was all pent up, an' he says, 'You'll pay for this, nigger!' Jim knew what dat meant. He came home an' told us good-by. He told us all about it. He says to us dat de Lawd would surely forgive him, for it wa'n't his fault. An' he says to us to pray for him. Den he said dat we'd see each other again in Heaben." The poor girl broke down and sobbed, and I felt as though a strong hand were clutching my throat.

"Dey came for him," she continued. "Dey took him off, down dere to de ribber. Den dere wa'n't no more hope. Later on we went down dere and got him, an' laid him down out dere in de shed. He was dead. Dey had hanged him on de bridge. First we thought he might be alive still. But he grew cold. Den we knew his spirit had gone to Heaben. Ah reckon we should ha' rejoiced, mam, but it was sad. 'Twas sad to think dat we shouldn't see him again in dis world. We'll see him in Heaben,

though, won't we, mam?" She clung to my arm and looked up to me with pleading eyes.

"Yes, you will," was all that I could say.

The beautiful autumn day had faded into night. The wind howled dismally about the little cabin. The girl sobbed softly at my side. From the shed I heard a moan. It was Aunt May with Jim. Again those words rang in my ears, "But de Lawd will surely forgive him. It wa'n't his fault."

Edda Renouf, 1926

Water—Water—Everywhere

The year nineteen hundred and thirteen stamped itself on my memory in a never-to-be-forgotten way. I was awakened one morning by Mother's saying to me in an excited voice, "Get up — get up — we have to leave the house immediately. Look out and see what's happened in the night!" Dazed, I dragged myself to the window, and saw — water — water — water — everywhere — all over the streets and slowly creeping up our front yard! My first thought was "Good; no school today!" But I soon forgot that, when I heard of the narrow escape of my Grandmother who was the last one to cross the Sixth Street bridge before it was washed away. I have never known such hustling and scurrying around in our house either before or since that time. I can still see, in my mind's eye, Dad hurrying up the stairs — carrying first a table then a chair. The water had risen to our front porch as, grabbing a few last things, we went out the back door, and headed toward our only hope of refuge, the Old Ladies' Home, on higher land and already a Mecca for many homeless families.

Probably I was the only one who enjoyed our visit there, but the old ladies were fascinating talkers, and their stories beginning "When I was a little girl — " held me spellbound. I remember

the first day, watching our neighbor's horses swimming against the strong current in their efforts to reach a footing. Boats filled with rescuers went by every hour.

After several days here Dad decided it was best that we go up over the hill behind the Home to another section of town, where his stenographer offered to give us shelter. I remember several times in the next week walking down to the bridge to see whether the water still covered it. As soon as the bridge was passable, we once again picked up our few belongings, and went to my Grandmother's across the river.

Dad's report, after his first visit to our house, was a most discouraging one. At the height of the flood the water had almost reached the second story. Everything on the first floor had been washed away, mud and a ruined piano being the only remains. Of course, the first thing I did on my return home was to run upstairs to give my dolls a hug, and announce how very glad I was they had not been carried away. We never returned to that house to live, but moved to a high section of town where we should have no more fear of floods. Since that time the Muskingum River has been very calm, and I sincerely hope that it will never again overflow its banks, and cause such terror and disturbance as it did in that memorable April of the year nineteen hundred and thirteen.

Adelaide V. V. Black, 1926

On Being Tall

A short person thinks that there is nothing in the world so good as being tall, while a tall person, at times glad of his inches, often wishes he were short. Such is the way of the world. But to come right down to plain facts — when one is tall, and can't by any surgical operation become short, it behooves him to join the ranks of either the hardened pessimist or the hopeful optimist.

Now the hardened pessimist places absolutely no faith in the future, and thus is a sulphite and a mighty hard person with whom

to live. He will not hazard the theatre because either he has been asked several times to remove his pedal extremities from the aisle (if he has been fortunate enough to draw an aisle seat), or else they have grown so numb by the time the performance is over that the main line of thought of the play is lost on him and thus a perfectly good afternoon is gone — wasted in torture. If asked to attend a novelty dance of any kind, he will inquire solicitously for the position of the lights, especially if they are Japanese lanterns. If so, he will tender a polite but flat refusal, realizing what dangers await him. His family talk over the prospect of a new car. Shall it be a Jordan Blue Boy or a Hudson Sport model? A vivid picture looms up in his mind: the vision of working himself into the driver's seat, and, after succeeding, the inability to manipulate his feet, to say nothing of the steering-wheel, a feature quite necessary for the safety of the car, not to mention its occupants. And so it goes — always something wrong somewhere.

The hopeful optimist has faith in what the future will bring him, and keeps hoping, meanwhile using his linear excess to an advantage. He insists on going to parades and delights in telling his short friend what is now passing in review. When walking down Boylston Street in a crowd he spies a friend on Tremont Street and like a seven league booter, strides off and presently joins his friend. During the war he joined the Marines and was immediately made a commissioned officer — gloating over his comrades. While at college, and only a freshman, he made the college baseball team as outfielder, playing left, center, and right field all at one time, being able to shift gloves and catch the ball in either hand as it came toward him. In fact he could circle the bases in fifteen steps, thus making many home runs a game, and surpassing Babe Ruth himself. What more could a man wish? To crown all, at the tender age of nineteen he is asked to join Barnum and Bailey's, a thrilling enough event to crown the honors of a heptagenerian professor.

But in spite of all this, there is one thing that the optimist and the pessimist join in saying, and that is, that it is positively unbearable to have some sawed-off little fellow come along and ask how the weather is up there.

Suzanne Loizeaux, 1926

Miss Pepys' Diary

April 25th

Up this morning long after the rising bell. To the table just in time to hear the head mistress ask the blessing. Breakfasted well this morning, on a half orange, bran (which I do love even though it is indeed thought to be an excellent food), and two sausages, done to a crisp brown. Then in a great hurry, to my room, though heaven! it is my undoing to run up three flights of stairs after a meal. My room-mate before me, as she eats more lightly, though she does take more nourishment than some who peck at nothing and gain slimness. Straightway to the copying of a poem written for my English class, which will run no chance of creating me poet-laureate. Through my classes fairly well, though the French mistress fairly stupifies one with her quick rendering of the French language.

April 26th (Lord's Day)

To church at a quarter to eleven, which hour, removed from half after ten, does please me little as I like time for writing necessary letters after a period of listening to a sermon and piously chanting hymns. The mood left upon me is indeed a good one in which to pen epistles to maiden aunts and dear old ladies. I have read somewhere that some one thinks we give too much thought to the sermon preached in church and not enough to the religious service, and I do think that I agree.

April 27th

Up betimes to study for my many classes, the day being filled with them. To rhythmic dancing, in which I truly am as graceful as a cow. Then to rehearsal of "A Pig in a Poke," which will be presented tomorrow night. My part is that of a country wench who has found what she believes a prince's ring. The prince comes for it, turning out to be a swineherd, and the ring but the ring of the true prince's pet hog. Horror! But 'tis a sprightly part, and no mean fun to work up.

April 28th

Up mighty betimes to study — which pleasure was foregone the night before, for need of attending an illustrated lecture on forestry. The lecturer young, and pleasing enough

to the eye. This fact stressed as the poor young man concluded his evening with a flock of girls around him, questioning him as to this and that.

Through classes in a dream, for which I blame the play. To a last rehearsal, supped, and so to the play. It went well, I am told, preceded by a charming bit of drama called "The Best Laid Plans." Through the hall lined with clapping girls, with the other *actresses*, our arms filled with flowers; and so very gladly to bed.

Edith Bullen, 1926

Life

Life has queer ways. Sometimes it reminds me of a kitten all tangled up in a ball of yarn. The more it pulls and twists, the more tangled up it becomes. Just like some people we know. They get all tangled up and can't get out. Then we come along and undo their entanglement so easily. First thing we know those very people are disentangling something for us — and so easily.

Life has queer ways.

Doris H. von Culin, 1925

My Bad Manners

Some people always have good manners; some always have bad manners. It is with them merely a characteristic, a habit. They do what they have been brought up to do. They are polite because they have been taught to be polite; or they are impolite because they have not been taught to be polite.

But with me manners are good or bad according to my moods. Some days manners seem to be the best part of life. Those days come most frequently when I have seen exceptionally bad manners. Bad manners disgust me. Or they come when I have seen exceptionally good manners. Good manners delight me. They are so much more refreshing than bad manners. But some days, when I have a grudge against the world in general, I do not care a snap for manners. They are to me a nuisance, a waste of time. I should like to hide in my own self and not bother about the rest of humanity at all. Those are the days when I know that my manners are bad. Those are my stubborn days. I cross the street to avoid speaking to a lady. I pretend not to see a lady who has entered the room, so that I shall not have to rise from my chair. It seems foolish later. But very often on those days I have more time to think my own thoughts. On those days I can let my imagination wander, and tell me beautiful stories; stories beyond everyday life, beyond daily manners.

It is a queer, inexplicable mood, that mood of bad manners. Sometimes it comes quite suddenly, like a thundercloud. Then it disappears again, and the sun shines. Manners again become an essential part of life.

Edda Renouf, 1926

The Wedding Dress

How many hidden dreams thy folds betrayed!
Each tarnished bit of lace and ribbon torn,
Sweet musk by breezes of frayed mem'ry borne,
Brings back to me clear thoughts of yesterday —
That day when I in thee was once arrayed.
How gay was I that heav'n-sent wedding morn!
O'er fifty years since thou dear thing, wast worn.
I only wish that day might long have stayed.
Now, dearest treasure, no one has survived
Who'd care thy tattered splendor to behold;
Thy rustling silk, of faded joys deprived,
To strangers would scarce seem a charm to hold;
Thou hast a thousand rosy webs revived
Of thoughts that make me feel not quite so old.

Ruth E. Davies, 1925

Beauty — A Sonnet

Sometimes some kind of beauty hurts me so
I feel the tears unbidden in my eyes.
It may be spacious beauty in the skies,
Or glowing sunset on the sparkling snow,
The reds and blues of sunset's wondrous glow,
The ocean's great impressive fall and rise,
Or night, so awful with its majesties.
Each one of these may make me turn and go
With saddened, happy feeling in my heart,
To gaze upon a soothing, healing sight
That does not tear my feelings all apart;
As when I see your head, haloed with light,
And you sit there a masterpiece of art,
A picture true, with loving eyes so bright.

Natalia Jova, 1925

In Blossom Time

(Written for Odeon)

A fragrant, bending arch of pink and white
Framing the distant hills of misty green
O'ershot with shimmering bars of golden light
That lay in silent softness on the scene.

White, graceful cloud-ships sailing overhead,
Pale rosy petals on the meadow strewn;
A carpet laid for fairy feet to tread
At twilight, or at rising of the moon.

The moonbeams light the fairies as they dance,
Whirling to bluebells' faint, but silvery chime —
For all these things, and many more entrance
The world and make it glad in blossom time.

Elaine Boutwell, 1925

A Spring Thought

Every spring a blooming youthtime
Comes to our old apple tree;
Why then only once comes springtime
To mortals such as we?

Margaret Daniell, 1925

Sunset

The sun cuts into the mountains like a torch cutting a steel plate.
The edges of the mountain tremble and fall away,
The wound gapes raw with color . . .
And then the dusk glides in and binds it up
With cool white fingers.

Elizabeth Burtnett, 1925

In May

What do the wanton breezes bring
As they blow o'er the hills in spring?
Alabaster vases of perfumes sweet
To break in homage at the feet
Of May.

What do the woodland flowers say
As they bloom so fair in splendid array?
Only a message of peace in life —
To leave the world and all its strife,
In May.

What is it that the bluebird sings
As through the ether his way he wings?
A fragment of an angel's song
Fallen from heav'n as he flew along
In May.

Fuki Wooyenaka, 1926

My Wish

Oh, if I were a water-nymph,
I'd have my fountain home
In velvet depth of cool green woods
Where mortals never roam.

Where only birds in colors bright,
Or soft, sad, shaded hues,
In strident voice or liquid notes
That fall like freshening dews,

Poured forest talk into my ear,
And beasts, long, lithe and strong,
Would crouch low at my feet and drink,
Thank me, and then go on.

And all day long, till even when
Night let her soft veil fall,
I'd in my marble basin stand
Tossing my silver ball.

And when at last the day was done
And purple shadows crept,
I'd stretch myself on mossy bank
And sing until I slept.

Edith Bullen, 1926

Night Secrets

"Swee Woo!" the wind softly whispers,
"Swee Woo!" it says to the trees,
And the trees, overjoyed with the secret,
Bend and answer, "Swee! Woo!" to the breeze.

The ferns on the brook's mossy edges
Catch the secret and nod with delight,
They hover, and murmur an instant
To the deep water, patched with moonlight.

All the forest soon knows of this secret,
'Tis talked of and nodded about,
A storm is approaching, and "Swee Woo!"
Is the wind's joyful signal, no doubt.

The rain gently touches the forest,
It sprinkles its flower-strewn floor,
But the sun shyly creeps o'er the meadows
And the wind can sing, "Swee! Woo!" no more!

Patricia Goodwillie, 1926

A Kitten

Wise as an oracle, still as a statue,
Eyes, gleaming and green as the deep forest owl's,
Gaze into the fire and past it
As into Eternity.

Why do you sit thus, my own tiny kitty,
Imposing though small, and so indefinable?
Have you a soul and a heart that can love,
Or do you sit there, a senseless gourmand,
Wondering what delicacy dinner will bring?

Katherine Haskell, 1929

If — !!

If I were only
Teacher's pet!
Think of the bully
Marks I'd get!
Many an "A,"
An occasional "B,"
And never that awful
Tell-tale "D."
But I'm not yet the
Teacher's pet!
Let's overlook the
Marks I get!

Dorothy Bailey, 1926

Items of General Interest

We record with much sorrow the death in New York City early on Easter morning of Frau Hedwig Cramer. She had been in failing health for more than a year, but had been able to continue her teaching at Hoboken Academy up to a few weeks before her death. She had probably never quite recovered from the mental strain and anguish she suffered during the years of the war. Her sister wrote that she had led a lonely life, her Christian Science books her only solace.

Those of us who were in school during the years she taught here, from 1910 to 1919, remember vividly her unusual personality, her great reserve and independence of spirit, her gracious and thoughtful ways. She was an excellent teacher, demanding painstaking work from her pupils and giving them much of her enthusiasm for German literature. She had exceptional ability as an artist, as everyone will agree who saw the very beautiful scenery she painted for her production of "Wilhelm Tell."

Her death will give sorrow to many Abbot girls who will remember Mrs. Cramer with gratitude and affection.

The following note of thanks from Miss Schiefferdecker for the gift sent her this spring by some of her old girls will be of interest to many readers of the COURANT. Miss Schiefferdecker is still at Schloss Pretzsch, Pretzsch-a-d-Elbe, Germany, and would certainly appreciate letters from any of her old pupils.

Meinen lieben treuen ehemaligen Schülerinnen und den andern guten Freunden spreche ich hiermit auf diesem Wege meinen innigsten Dank für Ihr wertvolles Geschenk aus. So viel Liebe hat mich wirklich sehr gerührt. Wir leben jetzt in Deutschland fast in einer ernsteren Zeit als in den Jahren während des Krieges, da so viele Leute und ich auch durch die traurigen Verhältnisse alle unsere Ersparnisse verloren haben. Ich gedenke Ihrer aller oft und viel mit grosser Liebe und wünsche nur ich könnte Sie noch einmal wiedersehen.

Mit den herzlichsten Grüssen und nochmaligem Dank für die freudige Überraschung die Sie mir bereitet haben, bin ich mit den herzlichsten Grüssen für Sie alle.

Ihre stets getreue Lehrerin und Freundin.

NATALIE SCHIEFFERDECKER

In order to appreciate more fully Dr. Kammerer's lecture on March 14, on the Inheritance of Acquired Characteristics, the Philomatheia Society spoke to the school, March 12, on Evolution. There were several very interesting papers, and at the end the lecture was illustrated clearly by a few lantern slides. The value of this was certainly appreciated when we heard Dr. Kammerer two days later.

Abbot has something else of which she may well be proud. On Sunday, the eighteenth of January, Dr. Morton told us more of her "Serbian Children" and finished her talk by presenting the Kossovo Medal to Abbot Academy. The medal was one of fifteen given by the Serbian Red Cross to those persons or institutions that had done most for the Serbian students. Miss Bailey rose to receive the medal and a diploma given in the name of Peter the First of Serbia. We are very proud and happy to be so honored.

Gifts to swell our Loyalty Fund are continually coming in. Those who ran the Bazaar or took any part in it must feel well repaid for their hard work when they realize that, with the faculty recital, over \$1000 was made for Abbot.

Also the German Department gave to the school \$20, which it made from the play, "Ein Amerikanisches Duell," to buy new scenery.

Now one does not have to wait until she has an average of 88 in her studies to have the thrill of hearing her name read in chapel and of being clapped. There is a new system of Honors by which the names of all those who have A in any one subject are to be read in chapel; the lists are posted on the Bulletin Board for all to see and admire. It is certainly an incentive to work to see on how many of the lists one can have one's name.

Miss Janet Davison, who was formerly librarian here, writes from Columbia, Missouri (1005 Cherry St.):

"I have a job as visiting teacher in a rural county, working with problem children (educational and behaviour problems) in 96 rural one-

room schools. I live in Columbia, a charming University town of 15,000, very Southern in its characteristics; and "ford" out on my beat. I'm partly financed by the Commonwealth Fund in its Prevention of Delinquency Program — on a three-year demonstration which I hope to work out into a permanent thing. Boone County is one of three counties in the United States to have this demonstration, so it's a job to be a bit proud of. I teach a course in the University on Problem Children and otherwise do many kinds of things."

This year a "new departure" from our usual Gym Exhibition was made. Instead of having the classes go through various exercises, we had a "meet" between the "Rebels" and "Redcoats". The competition was great, as everyone tried much harder for her team than she would have if working for herself alone, but in the end the "Rebels" triumphed. Miss Sweeney is to be congratulated on having trained the teams so well. She has recently been made a member of the Boston Executive Committee of the Women's Division of the National Amateur Athletic Federation.

On Saturday, May 16th, Miss Howey was guest of honor at a luncheon given by the Connecticut Abbot Club at Hartford.

School Journal

Calendar

JANUARY

- 23 Morning Chapel. Lecture by Miss Burt on "The Eclipse."
Miss Bailey takes party of girls to New London to see the eclipse.
- 25 Chapel. President Marshall of Connecticut College on "God's Eternal Youth."
- 26 Morning Chapel. Miss Kelsey on "The Wonder of the Eclipse."
- 27 Miss Bailey takes Athletic Association on a sleighride.
- 28 Miss Friskin plays in Abbot Hall.
- 31 Senior-Middle Tea-Dance.

FEBRUARY

- 1 Chapel. Rev. Markham W. Stackpole on "The Meaning of Friendship."
- 2 Seniors leave for Intervale.
- 3 Party for Day Students.
- 5 Seniors come back from Intervale.
- 7 Hall Exercises. Mrs. Merrill of the Lowthorpe School of Landscape Architecture on "Landscape Gardening as a Career for Women."
- 7 Chapel. Dr. Clarence A. Barbour of Rochester University on "The Significance of the Book of Job."
- 8 A. C. A. Bible II gives "The Story of Ruth."
- 10 Recital. Miss Friskin.
- 11 Reception for Faculty by Seniors.
- 12 Mr. Edgar G. Raine on "The Real Alaska."
- 13 Morning Chapel. Miss Alice Twitchell on "Abbot Girls in the Field of Foreign Missions."
- 14 Abbot Club Luncheon. Hotel Vendome, Boston.
- 15 Dr. E. Victor Bigelow of the South Church, on "Jealousy."
- 17 Reading by Miss Morgan. "As You Like It."
- 22 Miss Bailey takes party of girls to Lawrence to hear Fritz Kreisler.
- 24 Miss Friskin plays at Bradford Academy.
- 25 First Lenten Service. Miss Bailey on "Lenten Sacrifices."
- 28 German Department presents "Ein Amerikanisches Duell."

MARCH

- 1 Chapel. Miss Hartshorne on "The Work of Tsuda College."
- 3 Violin Recital by Miss Nichols.
- 4 Second Lenten Service. Miss Bailey on "Knowing God through Work."
- 7 Recital by Mme. Ratan Devi.
- 8 Chapel. Rev. Burleigh Mathews on "My Experiences in India."
- 10 Senior Class presents "She Stoops to Conquer."
- 11 Third Lenten Service. Miss Bailey on "Knowing God through Joy."
- 12 Morning Chapel. Miss Carpenter on "Our Relation to Old Abbot Girls." Symposium on Evolution by Philomatheia Society.
- 14 Hall Exercises. Lecture on "The Inheritance of Acquired Characteristics" by Dr. Paul Kammerer of the University of Vienna.
- 15 Chapel. Miss Bailey.
- 18 Fourth Lenten Service. Miss Bailey on "Knowing God through Trouble."
- 19 Spring vacation begins.

APRIL

- 1 Spring vacation ends.
- 5 Chapel. Rev. Charles H. Oliphant.
- 8 Fifth Lenten Service. "Knowing God through Christ."
- 10 Good Friday Service at Christ Church.
- 12 Chapel. Easter Service. Miss Bailey.
- 14 Recital by Mr. Howe and Miss Florence Howe, Soprano.
- 18 Dr. Clarence A. Barbour on "Sincerity".
- 19 Miss Friskin plays in McKeen Rooms.
- 21 Corridor Stunts.
- 22 Gym Meet. Shakespeare Class goes to see Jane Cowl in "Romeo and Juliet."
- 25 Pupils' Recital.
- 26 Miss Mary Lord on "Northfield."
- 27 Lecture on Forestry. Mr. Canterbury.
- 28 English V Plays.

MAY

- 1 May Breakfast.
- 2 Hall Exercises. Miss Marjorie Greene on "Occupational Therapy."
- 3 Chapel. Miss Marion Coats — "On doing the little bit more."
- 5 Faculty Recital.
- 6 Abbot's Birthday. Bazaar of Six Nations.
- 9 Hall Exercises. Recital by Mr. Howe and Miss Friskin.
- 10 Chapel. Miss Kelsey on "The Spirits of Old Abbot Girls."
- 12 The Spanish department presents "El Palacio Triste."
- 13 Geology Trip to Nahant with Miss Burt and Miss Kelsey. Miss Bailey and Miss Mason take Wellesley College Seniors to Wellesley.
- 16 Rhythmic Pageant. Society Banquet.
- 17 Chapel. Rev. J. Edgar Park.
- 19 Recital. Mrs. Burnham.
- 20 Field Day.
- 23 Senior Promenade.
- 24 Chapel. Miss Margaret Slattery.
- 26 Recital by Vocal Expression students. "A" Society Trip.

Lectures

True stories of noble achievements are always inspiring and the tales of accomplishments in foreign lands are very fascinating too.

Miss Hartshorne's talk on Tsuda College, Japan, was one of great interest. She spoke to us of its humble beginning, of how a young Japanese girl educated in America returned to her native land and founded this Christian Women's College, which is growing steadily. In spite of the earthquake of 1923, which disabled it financially, the school continues to grow, a living tribute to its brave founder.

We have had the great opportunity of hearing Dr. Kammerer of Vienna, who spoke to us on the "Inheritance of Acquired Characteristics." The lecture was illustrated by photographs of his own experiments, which he carried out in the pursuance of this subject. The wonderful conclusion he made that acquired characteristics could be inherited was obtained from evidences which he drew from experimenting on butterflies, salamanders and some inferior sea-animals. At the close of his lecture he placed himself at the disposal of the audience to answer any questions concerning his talk. His visit was one of great interest to us.

On the evening of February twelfth, Mr. Raine the explorer, lectured to us on Alaska. His many slides and interesting stories made us forget where we actually were, and our imaginations carried us from Seattle to cold Alaska. A thing which surprised us almost more than anything else was to see slides of the most beautiful vegetable and flower gardens! Alaska has its warm months, just as our country has, we learned. We were fascinated by accounts of the life and customs of the Alaskans, but we literally held our breath when Mr. Raine told us of some of his thrilling experiences in their snow-bound country.

Mrs. Merrill, from the Lowthorpe School in Groton, talked to us on the subject of Landscape Gardening on February seventh. Year by year more girls are taking up this profession, she told us, for there is an ever-increasing demand for the landscape gardener. Some of our old Abbot girls, in fact, have been very successful in this work. The colored slides which were shown us of the lovely old house in which the students live, and those of the attractive gardens which the girls have planned and cared for made us feel that we knew the Lowthorpe school almost as well as if we had been to see it. Who knows but what some of us may become better acquainted with it in the near future!

Mr. Canterbury's lecture on the "Conservation of Forests in America," illustrated by motion pictures, was very interesting but, besides that, it brought home to us the beauty and the use of forests and the great importance of trying to preserve the American forests, not only for the use of our own times but for the coming generations.

"Occupational Therapy" was the subject of Miss Marjorie Greene's lecture on May second. At the outset we were most of us extremely ignorant as to what Occupational Therapy is, and Miss Greene, realizing this, gave us a very interesting explanation of the work. It was during the war when thousands of wounded soldiers were lying idle in the hospitals that Occupational Therapy originated. The men were given things to do with their hands, such as weaving and basket-making, and, in most cases, great improvement was soon noticed in their conditions. After the war, calls still came into the bureau of Occupational Therapy for civilian cases, and so the work has been carried on and has been very successful. Miss Greene said that there is a wide field for girls who wish to train to become Occupational Therapists. Probably more than one of our girls has been helped by this lecture to decide what she is going to do when she steps out into the "wide, wide world."

Miss Kelsey's last talk on the old Abbot girls was especially interesting, although all her talks are full of charm. She spoke of the girls who left to make homes, to go to other lands as missionaries, and those who made a career here. Among these girls were writers such as Kate Douglas Wiggin, who called herself an "Abbot Girl," Alice French (Octave Thanet), Mrs. Ellen Emerson Cary who went to Japan as a missionary. Abbot gave to these the spirit of making life beautiful for others; she still gives and will always give it, while her grateful daughters will return the gift by love and loyalty.

Concerts

The Boston String Quartet gave the second of the Abbot Academy Recitals here on January 24. The program began with a quartet of Ravel's, which was followed by some of Glazounow and Dvorak, ending with Haydn's Quartet in D major. The playing was exceptionally good, but the program itself was not so colorful perhaps as we might have expected, and there was not quite enough variety to suit some of us.

Miss Friskin gave her first recital of this year on February tenth. We had been looking forward to hearing Miss Friskin for a long time, and our waiting made us appreciate this recital only the more. Somehow it has seemed that this year Miss Friskin's playing is more sympathetic than ever, and her shadings of tone still more delicate. Her last selection, a Polonaise of Chopin's, was perhaps the one we were best able to enjoy, because it was more familiar than some of the others. We hope that we shall have the pleasure of hearing Miss Friskin again soon.

The Violin Concert given by Miss Marie Nichols on March third was one of the most charming of the season. Miss Mary Swaene accompanied her in an exceptionally vivid and colorful program. Beginning with Tartini's Sonata in G Minor, there followed several slow, beautiful selections, such as Scott's Elegie and Hadley's October Twilight, working up in the end to the Scherzo Tarantelle by Wienawski. The feeling with which Miss Nichols plays makes her music live longer to those who have heard it.

On March 7, Madame Ratan Devi gave us perhaps the most unusual recital that we have had this year. She first sang to us a collection of enchanting English and Irish folk songs, which she concluded, to our delight, with the favorite negro spiritual "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." When the curtain rose again, she was dressed in Hindu costume of enflaming silks, and her next group were some classical East Indian Songs which she had collected herself. She accompanied these songs on her tamboura, an instrument of four strings, that gives the droning sound of thousands of insects on a hot day. This was the background for her weird mythical music. Her last selections were Kashmir Folk Songs, which she sang unaccompanied, in scarlet Kashmiri folk dress. The whole program was strangely fantastical, and made even more vivid by the descriptive touch she gave in explanation before each song.

The fourth faculty recital was given April 14, by Mr. Howe and his cousin, Miss Florence Elizabeth Howe. Mr. Howe on the organ played a group of Wagner, Archer's "Intermezzo," and "Caprice de Concert," ending with a sonata of Guilmant's. It was an especial and unusual pleasure to hear Miss Howe, soprano, and she sang several charming songs. Beginning with two of Mozart and Wagner, she continued with a few of Mr. Howe's own compositions.

The second Pupil's Recital was given here on April 25. The piano music was mostly classical: Mozart, Grieg, Debussy, Chopin, and Schumann, which were exceptionally well played. The violin selections were from Mozart, Weber, and Jenkinson. There were perhaps more songs than usual in the recital, each one charming in itself, and serving to make the concert more of a success.

In hall exercises, May 9, Miss Friskin and Mr. Howe played together the first movement of a symphony of Brahms. Each step of this was carefully explained by Mr. Howe before it was played, in order that the school might have a deeper appreciation of the selection, and of other symphonies in the future.

One of the most beautiful recitals that we have had this year was given by the faculty on May 5, as one of the celebrations of Abbot's Birthday, for the Loyalty Endowment Fund. The concert began with a violin sonata of Mozart by Miss Nichols and Miss Friskin. Miss Friskin later played selections from Bax and Howe, and together with Mr. Howe a symphony for organ and orchestra. Mrs. Burnham's singing was enthusiastically enjoyed, and her songs delightful. The school also took part in the concert with a repertoire of Silver,

Coleridge-Taylor, and Moussorgsky. Mr. Howe closed the recital with Elgar's Pomp and Circumstance March by request of the students.

Mrs. Burnham's recital on the 19th of May was a varied and delightful one, the music in the program ranging from classical selections to simpler lyric songs and negro melodies. It would be hard to say which was the lovelier, the stately beauty of the more classical selections, the simple loveliness of the lyrical spring songs or the haunting tenderness of the negro spirituals.

Entertainments

The Senior-Mids gave three one-act plays on Tuesday evening, January 20th. They were well chosen and contrasted most happily with each other. The first, "Antiques," was a humorous bit of character-sketching and was very whimsical. The character portrayal was well done and the story ended a great surprise for the audience.

A Chinese Play, "The Turtle Dove," was given next. It was decidedly unique and everybody enjoyed it immensely. It was well played and the atmosphere was intensely dramatic as well as romantic. The plight of the two lovers was followed with great sympathy by the enthused audience and the advent of the God of Fate was a surprise and a relief to their friends on the other side of the footlights.

"The Wonder Hat" was a charming little Harlequinade. Columbine, Harlequin and their associates never fail to delight an audience and especially when portrayed as well as they were that evening. Punchinello succeeded in bringing about as much trouble as usual and Harlequin seemed to have a particularly hard time getting out of trouble, and, incidentally, his hat. Margot did all she could to prevent disaster, and it ended harmoniously, — as all stories should. We congratulate the Senior-Mid Class and thank them for a very pleasant evening.

"ANTIQUES"

MRS. LYDIA SPROWLS	Anstiss Bowser
AMELIE BOYDEN	Katharine Clay
CLAIRE VAN NESS	Ruth Stafford

"THE TURTLE DOVE"

CHORUS	Alice Hougan
CHANG-SUT-YEN	Priscilla Perkins
THE MANDARIN	Frances Flagg
KWEN-LIN	Mary Sun
THE GOD OF FATE	Patricia Goodwillie
THE PROPERTY MAN	Saye Hirooka
THE GONG BEARER	Cynthia Hunt

"THE WONDER HAT"

HARLEQUIN	Edda Renouf
PIERROT	Sylvea Shapleigh
PUNCHINELLO	Gracie Griffin
COLUMBINE	Geraldine Rickard
MARGOT	Frances McDougall

A one-act German play, "Ein Amerikanisches Duell", was presented by the German department on March 3rd.

Two young and ardent suitors sought the hand of a charming young lady, who kept them both at a distance and treated both alike. They agreed to a duel, in the American fashion of drawing lots, the winner being given a clear field and the backing of the loser. The heroine had her own ideas concerning the winner

and loser and tried strategy of her own making to test them. The loser won and the winner lost, proving that the old saw of "he who laughs best, laughs last," is still true.

The play was very interesting and well done and we should be delighted to have the German department entertain us again. Personen:

HELEN VON STERN, EINE JUNGE WITWE	Margaret A. Creelman
FREIHERR VON RODEN	Edda Renouf
ALFELD	June M. Hinman
CHARLOTTE, ZOFE BEI FRAU VON STERN	Dorothy Beeley

Tuesday evening, March 10th, the Senior Class presented Oliver Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer." This play "that never grows old" was most enthusiastically enjoyed by a large audience. The realistic way in which it was given added even more to the original humour of the well-known performance. Each individual actor deserves particular credit for her part in making the play a most decided success. The cast:

SIR CHARLES MARLOW	Elizabeth Righter
YOUNG MARLOW	Margaret Hawkes
SQUIRE HARDCASTLE	Annie Dunn Estes
GEORGE HASTINGS	Virginia Thompson
TONY LUMPKIN	Elizabeth Burtnett
DIGGORY	Phyllis Yates
ROGER	Mary Simpson
DICK	Elizabeth Ward
THOMAS	Hildegard Mittendorff
STINGO, LANDLORD OF "THREE PIGEONS"	Helen Sagendorph
SLANG	Talita Jova
MAT MUGGINS	Evelyn McDougall
TOM TWIST	Sarah MacPherran
AMINIDAB	Frances Howard
MRS. HARDCASTLE	Elaine Boutwell
KATE HARDCASTLE	Doris von Culin
CONSTANCE NEVILLE	Eleanor Bodwell
FIRST MAID	Manon Wood

On the evening of April 21st, we witnessed the last group of corridor stunts. The first floor wing gave an impressive presentation of an Abbot Faculty meeting, in which we were naturally very much interested, and from which we gained illuminating glimpses of the inner workings of these gatherings. The second and third floor front gave together an "Extravaganza," in which were contained acrobatic tumblers, a dramatic reading of "Barbara Freitchie," a presentation by the Barrymore brothers of "Pyramus and Thisbe," and finally a touching illustration of the way we look and act and *sing* in choral class. It will be hard to improve upon these corridor theatricals; they set a high-water mark in "stunts."

There is a certain charm and thrill when the curtain rises on a play given by our amateurs and more so when it is one written by one of our Seniors.

In the "Best Laid Plans," by Evelyn McDougall, a young girl's dream of fame in the great city is shattered by the timely intervention of her father, who finds out a trap laid by bootleggers and rescues his daughter from the clutches of the suave leader of these lawless men, thus proving in the poet's words that "the best laid plans o' men gang aft agley."

This charming play was followed by a quaint and fanciful play, "A Pig in a Poke," by Elaine Boutwell. It is the story of a young girl who dreams of her prince. She finds the prince of her affections, though he was only a swineherd, and they lived happily ever afterward.

In the first play, Gertrude Craik ably played the part of the mother, Pauline Humeston the charming daughter, Gertrude Drummond the hearty sea-captain and Elizabeth Smith the handsome villain.

In the second play Ruth Katzmann took the part of Neighbor Twankey, Carlotta Sloper the practical mother, Edith Bullen the ravishing young dreamer, and Ruth Copeland the swineherd.

Miss Howey and her youthful playwrights were enthusiastically applauded for the plays which afforded such a delightful evening.

"El Palacio Triste" presented by the Spanish department under the supervision of Miss Mathews, was a very delightful play, refreshing in its simplicity. This is the story of a Queen who, after the death of the King, continues to live in the palace with her one daughter and three sons. One day the princess wanders away from her English Governess and is not to be found. The sorrow and consternation is great. One day the princess returns; she tells her mother and brother of the happy life she led in the woods in a tiny house. She urges them to go back with her. So, leaving the old grandeur of the palace, they go away to lead a simpler and happier life.

Don Lopez, the learned teacher of the prince, was played by Jean Donald, Barbara Bloomfield was the Queen-mother; the princes, Reinaldo, Augusto and Juan, were Priscilla Chapman, Elizabeth Hoffmann, and Norma Coggins; Geraldine Rickard played the part of the Princess Marta, and Carlotta Sloper that of the English Governess.

The play was acted well and there was action and expression in the players to make the play interesting to those who were unacquainted with Spanish.

Why is it that the stories of the Bible never grow old? It must be because they are so simple and so full of charm. So with eyes afresh to the old story of Ruth, we saw the lovely scenes acted out by Bible II on the evening of February 8th.

"As You Like It" was made very real to us by Miss Morgan's reading of it in February. Her characters were most vivid and as distinct from each other as though she were herself as many different personalities. It was splendidly done and rarely have we enjoyed an evening more, for she can change as rapidly from a boisterous country wench to a young princess as she can from enthusiasm to dejection.

On the fifteenth of April, Alice Cole and an efficient committee organized a very successful Kaffee Klatsch and dance in Davis Hall for the benefit of the Bryn Mawr Music Endowment.

Saturday afternoon, May 16th, we had the pleasure of seeing the Rhythmic Dancing Exhibition of Miss Manship's pupils. The pastel shades of the costumes made delicate contrasts, adding to the beauty of the graceful group dancing. The dances were very lovely, even though they did not have the advantage of their usual outdoor background.

Athletics

Wednesday, May 20th, was the Field Day to which the Seniors annually challenge the Senior-Middlers. The day started with the tennis doubles match, which was won by Elizabeth Burtnett and Doris von Culin. After we had seen that, we went to watch the clock-golf game, which Barbara Nelson won for the Seniors. Just before luncheon came the basketball game resulting in a sweeping victory for the Seniors. After luncheon came various track events, then baseball, won by the Senior-Middlers, and hockey, which resulted

in a tie after a long struggle. Last of all came the tug-o'-war, which went to the Seniors. The score for all events was: Seniors—72, Senior-Middlers—39. The day itself could not have been more beautiful, and at the end we felt that we had done our best and fought a good fight for our classes.

Honor Roll—first Semester

Lucy Sanborn	95
Ruth Perry	92
Margaret Creelman, Evelyn Glidden, Mary Simpson	91
Ruth Davies, Edda Renouf, Helen Sagendorph	90
Shirlie Austin, Dorothy Beeley, Anstiss Bowser, Virginia Gay, June Hinman, Katharine Keany, Hildred Sperry, Ruth Stafford	89
Louise Anthony, Evelyn Bailey, Adelaide Black, Ruth Farrington, Elizabeth Lincoln, Elinor Mahoney, Frances Merrick, Marguerite Neville, Margaret Nivison, Susan Ripley	88

THIRD QUARTER

Lucy Sanborn	93
Edda Renouf	92
Mary Simpson	91
Margaret Creelman, Gertrude Drummond, Evelyn Glidden, Ruth Perry	90
Dorothy Beeley, Elaine Boutwell, Hildred Sperry	89
Shirlie Austen, Elizabeth Burtnett, Ruth Davies, Barbara Donnell, Virginia Gay, Katherine Haskell, Katharine Keany, Elizabeth Lincoln, Frances Merrick, Helen Sagendorph	88

POSTURE HONOR ROLL — FEBRUARY

Seniors — Hildred Sperry, Doris von Culin, Elizabeth Ward.

Senior-Middlers — Adelaide Black, Caroline Bridgman, Frances Flagg, Josephine Gasser, Alice Hougan, Pauline Humeston, Elinor Mahoney, Geraldine Rickard, Fuki Wooyenaka.

Junior Middlers — Margaret Creelman, Katherine Haskell.

Juniors — Susan Ripley, Anne Sutton.

Preparatory — Elizabeth McAllister, Emmelyn Wright.

Commencement Program

JUNE 6-9, 1925

Saturday	7:15 p.m.	School Rally.
	8:00 p.m.	Draper Dramatics.
Sunday	10:30 a.m.	Commencement Sermon, South Church, by Reverend Raymond Calkins, D.D.
	7:30 p.m.	Vesper Service and Organ Recital.
Monday	12:00 m.	Alumnae Reception and Luncheon, McKeen Hall.
	4:00 p.m.	Senior Reception.
	8:00 p.m.	Musical.
Tuesday	10:30 a.m.	Tree and Ivy Planting.
	11:00 a.m.	Commencement Exercises. South Church — Address by Dr. John Mason Tyler, Professor Emeritus of Biology at Amherst College.

Alumnae Notes

Abbot alumnae living in Andover observed the Birthday by giving a tea to the faculty on May 8, at the home of Marion Kimball, †1920. This was a hearty expression of appreciation and loyalty. Mrs. Annie Smart Angus,

chairman of Andover Birthday Committee, and Marion Kimball received and Mrs. Kate Buss Tyer poured. Mrs. Edith Dewey Jones, president of the Association, Mrs. Annis Spencer Gilbert, chairman of the L. E. F. Committee, and the wives of Trustees living in Andover, were among the guests.

Died: April 12, 1925, Frau-Hedwig Engell Cramer, teacher of German in Abbot Academy 1910-1919.

An annual catalogue of the school for 1856-57 has recently been received from Dr. George McClean, of Springfield, nephew of Miss Maria J. B. Browne, principal at that time. He found it among family papers with a Monthly Report blank covered with pencilled jottings which he thinks were notes for an address to the students, and considers "very solid food." He has a heavy silver tray, marked "Abbott Female Academy, 1857," which was probably a gift from her pupils.

Patrick J. Dwane, whose death occurred on April 10, was for twenty years a faithful helper at Abbot Academy, leaving in 1894. The oak mail box in Draper Hall, a convenience so familiar as to be hardly noticed, was his gift when the building was furnished. Of late years he and his wife have given valued service at Miss Porter's School, Farmington, Ct.

Died: In Newark, N. J., May 1, 1924, Adelheid von Bodemeyer, wife of James Waite Howard, teacher of German at Abbot Academy, 1886-88. Her daughter writes: "She always loved Abbot dearly and was happy to attend the reunions in New York as long as she was able to go out."

Died: In Boston, March 1, 1925, Leonardo Campagna-Pinto, husband of Corinne LaBrecque (teacher of French Conversation 1913-16 at Abbot Academy).

1852

Died: June 6, 1924, Mary J. Abbott, wife of the late Atkinson Varnum, of Lowell.

Died: March 23, 1925, Martha Walter, wife of the late Daniel W. Walker, of Canton, Ill.

1854

Died: In Glen Ellen, N. J., February 19, 1925, Georgette Russell, wife of the late Marshall L. Ramsdell.

1856

Died: In North Andover, January 31, 1925, Frances Farnham, wife of the late Abijah P. Fuller.

1857

Died: In Andover, October 23, 1924, Elizabeth Jenkins, wife of the late James P. Butterfield, sister of Mary Jenkins Flint, 1841, and Margaret F. Jenkins, mother of Bell J. Butterfield, 1888, and Polly Butterfield Whittemore, 1895, and grandmother of Priscilla Whittemore, now a student in Abbot Academy.

1860

Died: In Siena, Italy, May 3, 1924, Katherine E. Wright.

1862

Died: In Andover, February 23, 1925, Alice Wakefield, wife of the late Rev. Rufus Emerson. She studied one year at Mount Holyoke, and was preceptress for seven years at the Emerson College of Oratory. The death, three years ago, of her only child, Professor Mary Alice Emerson, of Boston University, was a great blow to her, from which she never recovered.

1864

Died: February, 1924, Sarah E. Martin, wife of the late Charles H. Ingalls, of North Adams.

1870

Died: March 16, 1924, Annie B. Clark, wife of Dr. William H. Whiting of Barre.

Died: July 17, 1923, Mary E. Herring, wife of the late David S. Dockham, of Manchester, N. H.

Died: December, 1924, Ida I. Nute, wife of Edward J. Goodwin, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

1872

Died: In Augusta, Me., July 21, 1924, Fanny W. Holmes, wife of Leslie C. Cornish.

1876

Many tributes have been paid to the far-reaching work of Mrs. Augusta Billings Taintor since her death in December. It has been proposed to create a Taintor Memorial Parsonage Fund, to be administered by the Congregational Church Building Society, of which she was a secretary, and used for a purpose very dear to her heart, namely, making loans to small churches for the building of parsonages.

1877

Died: In Andover, January 25, 1925, Hattie E. Harnden, wife of the late Dr. John A. Leitch, and daughter of Harriet Tucker, 1850.

1879

Died: In Pasadena, Cal., February 26, 1925, Jessie E. Wright, wife of William T. Streeter. It is pleasant to recall Mrs. Streeter's delight in visiting the school last fall after an absence of many years.

1881

Died: December 6, 1924, Mary S. Edwards, wife of Strickland L. Kneass, of Philadelphia, Pa.

1885

Ruth Hatch Shiverick and Mary Newton have tried to bring about a reunion of the class this year, but have met with so many obstacles that they have decided to wait until next year and celebrate next June with their friends of 1886. This seems a most sensible plan, and should work out very pleasantly. In a similar way 1894 is coming this year to be with 1895.

Mrs. Annie Lawrence Perley is doing secretarial work in New York City. Her business address is 386 Park Avenue.

1888

Esther Smith has been appointed special policewoman in Andover.

1890

Died: December 1924, Olive Wheaton, wife of William C. Corbett, of Palo Alto, Cal.

1892

Mrs. Ida Soule Prophett's husband has recently died. She and her eleven-year-old daughter have been this year with her son, who is teaching in Brookline.

1897

Edith Poor Brennan took a cruise in the Mediterranean with her sister during the winter.

Grace Feeney is business administrator with Stern Brothers of New York City. One of her duties is the teaching of psychology as applied to salesmanship, preparing the selling staff to help customers to make wise selections. Miss Feeney studied at the School of Salesmanship, now the Prince School of Store Service and Education, Boston, and has since taught basic principles of selling in Slattery's, Boston, Macy's, New York, and in Newark, N. J.

1898

Margaret Whittemore is instructor in the department of Home Economics at the Southwest Missouri State College, Springfield. Her mother's death, last fall, was deeply felt in Andover. She had for many years contributed largely to the social and intellectual interests of the community.

1900

Charlotte Shipman (Mrs. Charles Benjamin) and her sister Florence, 1902, both of Montpelier, Vt., have spent the winter in California.

1901

Anna Farrell (Mrs. Roy W. Merrill), who has been secretary of the Chicago Abbot Club, has recently moved to Minneapolis, where her address is 234 Ridgewood Avenue.

1905

As a tribute to Professor Douglas Crawford, husband of Frances Tyer, a Memorial Library in English and American Literature has been established at the College of Business Administration, Boston University, where he had been a brilliant and beloved teacher. In support of the fund for this purpose, the Crawford Memorial Lectures, five in number, were given in Boston during January and February, by men prominent in the study or teaching of literature.

1907

Born: To Mr. and Mrs. Ray P. Hall (Oena Whyte), a son, Edward Steele, January 18, 1925.

1908

Born: January 30, 1925, a son, Richard, to Rev. and Mrs. Sidney Lovett (Esther Parker), of Boston.

1909

Florence MacCreadie has been with her mother at Hollywood, California, this year, keeping house for her uncle. She writes that her "roots are in Massachusetts" and that she would like to hear all the Abbot news.

1910

Ruth Newcomb is in charge of the children's activities and educational program in a new social service venture in New London, undertaken by Connecticut College students.

1911

Henrietta Wiest and her sister, Katherine, have sold their house, which was quite too large for them after their parents' death, and are living nearby at Pinehurst Apartments, 269 East Market Street, York, Pa. Last summer Henrietta was "camp mother" and Katherine was camper at Camp Ponemah, Kent, Conn.

Born: December 26, 1924, a son, Louie Snow, to Mr. and Mrs. Louie Snow Jones (Jessie Wightman), of New Britain, Conn.

Married: Shaw-Schnabel. In Butler, Pa., February 4, 1925, Frances (Huselton) Schnabel to John Wilson Shaw. Address, Wilksburg, Pa.

1912

Hazel Goodrich (Mrs. Clarence Waugh) has moved to Andover, and is living at 1 William Street, Shawsheen Village.

1913

Born: March 15, 1925, a daughter, Ellen Grier, to Mr. and Mrs. Edwin P. Buchanan (Marian Bayley), of Pittsburgh, Pa.

Married: Garside-Holt. In Andover, April 15, 1925, Emma Estelle Holt to Thomas Harrison Garside. Address, South Main Street, Andover.

Ethel Rand, who has been teaching in Maynard and at Northfield Seminary, is now teaching English in the Malden High School.

1914

Frances Dowd has announced her engagement to Mr. Edward A. Chittenden, Jr., of East River, Connecticut, Yale, 1922.

1915

Marion Hamblet has a research position in a broker's office in New York. She is studying labor conditions in different countries and other factors which influence investments.

Born: March 18, 1925, a son, Robert Blake, to Mr. and Mrs. Bertrand B. Salzman (Esther Sheldon Shinn), of New Haven.

Born: February 1, 1925, a daughter, Miriam, to Mr. and Mrs. William D. Leetch (Madalen Dingley), of Chevy Chase, Md.

1916

Born: May 9, 1925, a son, Henry Harrison, 2nd, to Mr. and Mrs. Philip L. Randall (Katharine Odell), of North Conway, N. H.

Eugenia Parker is leader of a girls' club in Mount Vernon Church, Boston, and of a troop of Girl Scouts in Winchester. She expects to be counsellor at Camp Andover, a camp for city children in Andover, this summer, and to teach in Honolulu next year.

1919

Born: January 9, 1925, a daughter, Charlotte, to Mr. and Mrs. James H. Eaton (Mildred Frost).

Married: De Kalb-Greeley. In Nashua, N. H., January 1925, Margaret Thornton Greeley to Rosmund Walker De Kalb, class of 1924, Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The bride studied at the Boston Museum and at the Julian Studio, Paris. Mr. De Kalb was a student of Stanford University at the outbreak of the World War and enlisted and served in the Navy.

Born: March 28, 1925, a daughter, Edith Stark, to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Abbott (Gertrude Stark), of Hartford, Ct.

At Newburgh, N. Y., February 19, 1925, a son, Douglas Gordon, to Mr. and Mrs. Clark Smith (Helen Wygant).

To Mr. and Mrs. F. C. P. Blodgett (Dorothy Korst) on March 27, 1925, a daughter, Dorothy Korst.

1920

Lillian Grumman is much interested in her work with Girl Scouts. She has recently been caring for three children whose parents have both died.

Born: April 15, 1925, a daughter, Marjorie Downs, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas D. Christian, Jr. (Marjorie Downs), of Brighton.

Born: March 19, 1925, a son, Thomas James Henderson, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bishop (Florence Matile).

Florence Matile Bishop, whose little son is about two months old, writes of her life at Beattock, Dumfriesshire: "We are in the Lowlands and have the

characteristic low, rolling hills. Just now they are covered with sheep and little tiny white lambs. My husband's grandfather left him the lovely old place we are living in now. The River Evon flows through the grounds, which gives us wonderful trout fishing."

Married: In East Aurora, N. Y., January 26, 1925, Mary Osborn Evers to Schuyler Ver Planck Vought.

Born: November 25, 1924, a son, William Parker Holliday III, to Mr. and Mrs. William Parker Holliday Jr. (Caroline Elizabeth Wilkinson) of Memphis, Tennessee.

Katherine Hamblet graduated last June from Connecticut College and has been continuing her major study, taking a course in Physical Education at Teachers College, Columbia.

Married: In Ypsilanti, Mich., March 7, 1925, Susan Eugenia Dodge to Paul Overton Glover. Address Fayette, Ohio.

Charlotte Vose graduated last year at Miss Wheelock's School and is teaching kindergarten in Bangor, Maine.

1921

Miriam Bickford has been teaching this year at the Potomac School for young children in Washington, D. C.

Married: In Gloucester, February 28, 1925, Alice Gorham Hallett to Temple Ayer Bradley.

Elizabeth McClellan graduates from Smith and Frances Keany from Vassar. Elsa Baalak is in the graduating class at the University of Chicago, and Mary Harrison graduates from Simmons.

Elizabeth McClellan has been elected to Phi Beta Kappa at Smith. She expects to study architecture in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology next year.

In the graduating class at Wellesley this June are Marion Cleveland, Harriet Edgell, Katherine Knight, Elizabeth McDougall, Carol Perrin and Elizabeth and Henrietta Thompson.

1922

Married: Bilty-Burford. January 24, 1925, Mildred Burford to Goodlette Bilty.

1923

Engaged: Mary Estella Throckmorton to Lawrence Elton Swenson.

The Thompson twins gave a tea at Smith for Abbot 1923 and 1924 girls, in celebration of the Birthday.

Ruth Holmes has been acting in "Nothing but the Truth" at the Copley. On May 8, there was an Abbot theatre party at the play to celebrate Abbot's birthday.

1924

Engaged: Eleanor Robbins to John Alfred Barringer.

Susanne Smith is freshman class president at Boston University College of Practical Arts and Letters. Early in the year, she was appointed by the Dean leader of one of the groups of twenty-five into which the class was divided. These leaders keep the Dean in close touch with class affairs and with student thought generally.

Laura Bliss was on the Honor List for the first half-year at the University of Vermont.

Engaged: Margaret McKee to George Cushing Jones.

Marjorie Williamson made her debut at a recital given by the Vestoff Serova School of Russian Dancing, at the Town Hall, New York City, April 18. Her solo was a toe dance, "Lady Marjorie," in costume of the 1860 period. She also appeared in four group numbers.

Polly Bullard has been elected Vice President of her class at Smith.

Abbot Academy Faculty

- BERTHA BAILEY, B.S., PRINCIPAL.
Psychology, Ethics, Christian Evidences
- KATHERINE ROXANNA KELSEY, ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL
Mathematics
- NELLIE MARIA MASON
Physics, Chemistry
- REBEKAH MUNROE CHICKERING, B.A.
History, English
- MARTHA MELISSA HOWEY, B.L.
Literature, History of Art
- MARY ETHEL BANCROFT, B.A.
English
- RUTH EVELYN MARCEAU, M.A.
Latin
- OCTAVIA WHITING MATHEWS, B.A.
Spanish, Bible
- HELEN DUNFORD ROBINSON, B.A.
Latin
- RUTH STEPHENS BAKER, M.A.
French, German
- MRS. MARIE (DE LA NIEPCE) CRAIG
French
- HELEN DEARBORN BEAN, B.A.
History
- HELEN FRANCES BURT, B.S.
Mathematics, Astronomy, Geology
- MME. LOUIS RIEST
French
- MIRIAM HAGUE, B.A., M.Ed.
Chemistry
- BERTHA A. GRIMES
Household Science
- NORA SWEENEY
Physical Education
- EDNA BARRETT MANSHIP
Rhythmic Expression
- BERTHA EVERETT MORGAN
Vocal Expression
- WALTER EDWARD HOWE, B.Mus.
Director of Music
- KATE FRISKIN
Pianoforte
- MRS. RUTH THAYER BURNHAM
Vocal Music
- MARIE NICHOLS
Violin
- MRS. BEATRICE WHITNEY VAN NESS
Drawing, Painting
- FANNY BIGELOW JENKS, B.A.
Secretary to the Principal
- JEAN HOPE BAYNES
Financial Secretary

DOROTHY HOPKINS, B.S.
 Librarian, Curator of John-Esther Art Gallery
 OCTAVIA WHITING MATHEWS
 Supervisor of Day Scholars
 FLORENCE BUTTERFIELD
 House Superintendent
 RUTH STEPHENS BAKER, M.A.
 In charge of Sherman Cottage
 RUTH EVELYN MARCEAU, M.A.
 In charge of Draper Homestead
 MARY BISHOP PUTNAM
 In charge of Sunset Lodge, Supervisor of Cottages
 CHARLOTTE E. JOHNSON, R.N.
 Resident Nurse
 MARION CURTIS LITTLEFIELD, M.D.
 Examining Physician
 JANE BRODIE CARPENTER, M.A.
 Keeper of Alumnae Records

Lecturers

MRS. MERRILL	MISS MARJORIE GREENE
MR. EDGAR G. RAINE	MR. CANTERBURY
DR. PAUL KAMMERER	

Speakers

MISS KELSEY	REV. CHARLES H. OLIPHANT
REV. MARKHAM W. STACKPOLE	MISS MARY LORD
DR. CLARENCE A. BARBOUR	MISS MARION COATS
MISS ALICE TWITCHELL	REV. J. EDGAR PARK
MISS HARTSHORNE	MISS MARGARET SLATTERY
REV. BURLEIGH MATHEWS	REV. E. VICTOR BIGELOW
PRES. MARSHALL	

Concerts

MME. RATAN DEVI	BOSTON STRING QUARTET
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School Organizations

Senior Class

<i>President</i>	EVELYN McDougall
<i>Vice-President</i>	MARION QUAIN
<i>Secretary</i>	MARGARET CAVERNO
<i>Treasurer</i>	JEAN GORDON

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<i>President</i>	FRANCES FLAGG
<i>Vice-President</i>	EVELYN GLIDDEN
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<i>Vice-President</i>	CAROLINE SIMONDS
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<i>First Vice-President</i>	VIRGINIA THOMPSON
<i>Second Vice-President</i>	NATALIA JOVA
<i>Day Scholars' Vice-President</i>	PATTY GOODWILLIE
<i>Secretary</i>	SARAH MACPHERRAN

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<i>President</i>	RUTH DAVIES
<i>Vice-President</i>	ELIZABETH MARY WARD
<i>Secretary</i>	EMILY LYMAN
<i>Treasurer</i>	ANSTISS BOWSER

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<i>Vice-President</i>	DORIS VON CULIN
<i>Secretary</i>	ELIZABETH BURTNETT
<i>Treasurer</i>	MARY SIMPSON

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<i>Basketball</i>	VIRGINIA THOMPSON
<i>Tennis</i>	DORIS VON CULIN

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<i>President</i>	DORIS VON CULIN
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	BARBARA BLOOMFIELD

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<i>President</i>	MARION QUAIN
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Abbot Dramatic Society

<i>President</i>	ANNIE DUNN ESTES
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	GRETCHEN VANDERSCHMIDT

Philomatheia

<i>President</i>	MARGARET HAWKES
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	ELIZABETH MARY WARD

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